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WATSON'S MAGAZINE

121 WEST 42D STREET NEW YORK

WATSON'S MAGAZINE

THE MAGAZINE WITH A PURPOSE BACK OF IT

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TED FLAACKE, Advertising Manager.

November, 1906

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 16, 1906, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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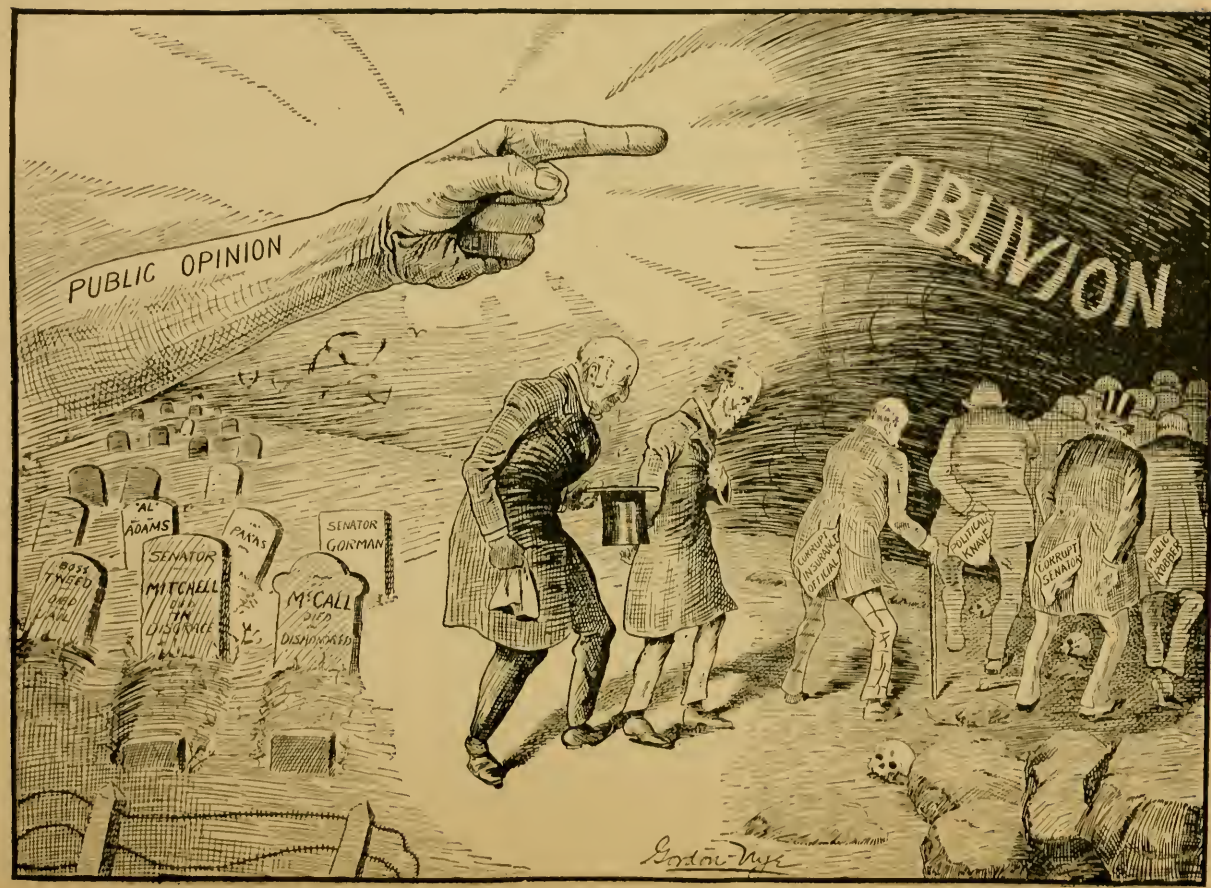
TERMS: $1.50 A YEAR; 15 CENTS A NUMBER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WATSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VI NOVEMBER, 1906 No. 1

Editorials

EXPLANATORY

HON. THOMAS E. WATSON is no longer connected with WATSON'S MAGAZINE. This is a matter both for regret and congratulation.

For regret, because Mr. Watson is a most brilliant writer, whether in the field of politics or history.

For congratulation, because Mr. Watson is too dogmatic, abusive and narrow in his relations with other reformers and radicals, who must be credited with as much sincerity as he claims for himself. And because Mr. Watson has never learned, and will never learn, the knack of co-operation with others. He is a hard worker, a brilliant writer, a good lawyer, a most successful farmer—occupations where he is either an autocrat or working alone.

Magazine making requires harmonious co-operation of many persons; and while someone must lead, yet it must be along lines agreed upon beforehand—and not done on impulse and whim. Mr. Watson does most things impulsively, and on this Magazine has made a record for deciding today that this thing should be done, and tomorrow countermanding it. This alone would make him an impossibility as head of a magazine, even if he were on the ground; but with him in Florida or Georgia, such vacillation at long range simply intensifies the difficulty.

This is said in all kindness, for Mr. Watson is a genius, and his name will live, in all probability, long after most of his contemporaries are forgotten. But the genius is usually a difficult person to work with—and Mr. Watson is no exception to the rule.

* * * * * * * * *

After the election of 1904 Mr. Watson and Colonel W. D. Mann entered into a written contract wherein Mr. Watson was to edit a magazine at a salary of $6,000 a year for the first two years, and $8,000 for the succeeding two. He was to have absolute control over its political policy. He was to write not less than 3,000 words for each number.

Colonel Mann agreed to finance the publication, to furnish managing editors,

advertising and business managers, and to print not less than 100,000 copies each issue for the first three months.

A corporation was formed with capital stock of $125,000. Mr. Watson agreed to buy some of the stock, but changed his mind next day and refused to take it. He was given $25,000 of fully paid-up stock, however, in the transaction wherein the corporation bought the Watson-Mann contract. Colonel Mann, as agent for others and for himself, purchased the remaining $100,000 of stock, and has paid the same at par in cash; whereas Mr. Watson paid no money for his stock.

Work was at once begun and the first number (March) issued late in February, 1905. Our readers know the history from that on as far as concerns the Magazine itself. They know what it contained and whether they liked it.

No magazine is expected to become a paying proposition short of the second year, and frequently it takes longer. Those financing the Magazine went ahead vigorously, advertised heavily in the newspapers, sent out hundreds of thousands of letters, and, when the unsold news-stand copies came back, sent them out as samples. In short, worked hard to give the Magazine a big boom.

The subscription list grew at a satisfactory rate, because the circular letters and samples were sent first to Populists who had voted for Mr. Watson. But the news-stand sales did not increase satisfactorily, giving some grounds for believing that Mr. Watson's editorials were not liberal enough to attract those who do not affiliate with the People's Party.

By August, 1905, those financing the Magazine had paid in more than $50,000, all of which, including the earnings, had been expended in paying the printer, buying manuscripts, meeting the weekly pay-roll, doing circulation work, etc. Mr. Watson had been paid part of his monthly $500 stipend, but there was a balance due him. It grew $500 bigger each month. It was the dull season for magazine work, and, knowing Mr. Watson to be a comparatively wealthy man, and in view of the fact that he was getting all the publicity, and risking none of his own money, it was not considered a heinous offense to let him wait for his unpaid salary.

But he viewed it differently and made numerous complaints, charging a breach of the contract. These were usually couched in picturesque language not at all calculated to promote a harmonious state of affairs at the office.

For the first three or four months Mr. Watson came up to New York once a month and stayed about a week each time. About the second month he began to interpret a clause in the contract as giving him absolute control, not only of what he wrote and of political articles generally, but also to discharge any employee, employ whom he wished, and in all things do with the property

as though it were his personally. But common fairness ought to dictate that the business affairs of the Magazine were rightfully the prerogative of those who furnished the money. They, unfortunately, permitted him to have his own way in a great many business matters, until he came to believe, or, at least, to act as if he believed, what he said in reply to a criticism of Clark Howell: "*I* am the magazine." Doubtless his familiarity with French history influenced the form of this expression.

A single example of this interference will suffice: Originally Dr. J. H. Girdner was selected as associate editor, and J. A. Edgerton was a member of the staff. Mr. Watson, early in the life of the Magazine, requested that his son, J. Durham Watson, be employed in a clerical capacity at a merely nominal sum, say, $5 per week for a while. "I wish him," said the elder Watson, "to be employed so he can learn the business. I will pay his salary myself until he makes good." It was not long until Mr. Watson cut Mr. Edgerton's salary in half and a little later discharged him. Young Mr. Watson was then given Edgerton's place and by presidential order given a boost in his weekly wage. Then Mr. Watson began a campaign to oust Dr. Girdner, who immediately resigned when he saw the drift of Watson's endeavors. From time to time, by presidential order, young Watson's salary was raised, and he was named as associate editor, although he was not experienced either as a writer or editor. All other members of the staff were paid salaries fixed by the board of directors. Young Watson's was increased about every ten weeks by his father's orders.

As time went on the breach between Mr. Watson and the Magazine's backers widened—and all on account of that balance due for salary. Finally, in November, 1905, he came to New York and, as president of the corporation, attended a meeting of the board of directors, called to devise ways and means for carrying on the Magazine until it should reach a paying basis. After much discussion, it was decided to raise $25,000 more, Mr. Watson agreeing to contribute $5,000, not outright, but to allow his salary claim to accumulate to that amount, while the others were to come in with cash $20,000.

The next day Mr. Watson placed his salary claim in the hands of a New York lawyer for collection, and notified the editors that they should thereafter communicate with him through his attorney. After returning to Georgia he wrote editorials for the January, 1906, number and sent them to his lawyer, to be delivered to the editors when payment of his salary claim should be made. This, naturally, caused confusion at the office. But his claim was not paid, and preparations were being made to go to press without the editorials—when a telegram came releasing them.

For a time, during the busy part of the subscription season this year, a

check for $125 was sent Mr. Watson each week—and during that period comparative quiet reigned at the office; but when the dull season came on again, and office receipts would no longer permit sending the weekly check, then began a repetition of the scolding about his salary claim. Every effort has been made to get him to come to New York and have matters straightened out in an amicable way; but he has persistently refused to come. And, having refused to furnish editorials for this number, or another instalment of "The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson," we are obliged to reorganize the company and go along without him. He may think it will be like Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out—but there are people who can see a pretty good play in Hamlet after the prince is eliminated.

Mr. Watson has acted very much as though he wished to wreck the Magazine. If so, he will fail; for we intend to go ahead and make it better and stronger than ever. The owners of the Magazine, who backed Mr. Watson to the extent of more than $115,000, he not putting in a dollar, are too serious and too thoroughly committed to the enterprise to allow it to suffer because of the defection of any one man. There are other men who understand political economy and reform and who can write. We intend to get the best of these to help us make WATSON'S MAGAZINE, not the personal organ of any individual, but a forum wherein every sincere man with a message may be heard.

This number must not be regarded as a fair sample of what we can do. It was prepared on short notice, after repeated efforts to effect an amicable settlement with Mr. Watson.

Yet we can say now what we intend to do, and in what spirit.

We shall not attack the humblest man because he disagrees with us.

We shall attack no man as a man, though we shall have no hesitation in using club or rapier, whichever the handiest, on those that pose as men, meaning fakers, fourflushers, timeservers, shams, self-seekers and liars.

We extend a hearty welcome to Radicals, of what tribe soever, who are honest and sincere. In a word, we aim to be comprehensively Radical, not factionally so.

In the last analysis such a faith comprises the whole idea of Populism, or progressive democracy, which cannot mean anything except the political belief that maintains and fights for the greatest good of the greatest number. That it means no more and no less is witnessed by the ever glorious, if unequal, struggle of all genuine reformers during the past thirty years.

Some say the People's Party is dead—and they say it with the smugness of prophecy. Grant, for instance, it be dead—do not the immutable truths on which it was founded still survive and flourish?

Men change, men die, parties change, parties die—but truth is ever on the way, and no force in the universe can turn it from its course.

The whole tremendous upheaval of conscience in the American people, whose cries and counter-cries have resounded on the seven seas, is the fruit of the patient, persistent plodding of reformers, by night and day, in season and out.

The time of harvest draws near. Nineteen-eight is only two years away.

Politicians will wait for vote-catching issues of the next Presidential campaign. Reformers know that the paramount question is already plainly to be read as the writing on Belshazzar's wall:

"THE PEOPLE OR THE PLUTOCRATS?"

This, after all, is the eternal question. Bound up in it are all others; the railroads, the currency, the trusts, the tariff, the rights of labor, direct legislation, imperialism.

It is our confidence of long standing, that genuine democracy is the solution of this problem. Therefore, we wish to emphasize strongly the assurance that our particular editorial policy shall be on the lines of real progressive democracy.

We shall be glad to have all reforms discussed in our general pages, and shall make it our business to give, as no magazine gives or has given, a clear and faithful exposition of all radical political philosophies. We seek not evil in men, but the just and true in principles. We are here to build, not to destroy and gloat over our cleverness as we point to the ruins.

Just as long as we abide by our Magazine motto, "equal rights to all, special privileges to none," just so long shall we grow to be a power and a standard in the land.

We realize the responsibility we undertake. We are keenly alive to the fact that at the third great crisis in the history of the United States of America, now impending, we go to the people and say:

"We bear the evangel of political and social salvation. Believe in us, whose whole wish and highest aim is to tell the truth in all things, and to discover the lie."

Such serious thoughts transcend the limits of mere politics. They lead unerringly to the other function of this Magazine, which is to be an honor and a household word in every home.

The Family and the State; Home and the Homeland. In the twain lie all life's duties, all life's happiness.

In the home our responsibility is no less great than in the voting booth.

To say truth, our purpose is to keep home and voting booth closer together. We shall be better citizens then, and as better citizens we shall have better government.

Our stories, poems, departments, all shall be as they have been, proper and entertaining for the impressionable mind of youth, and a solace and stimulus to those of elder years.

Promise is easy. Performance denotes the man. To performance all our energy shall be driven, asking of you, readers in whatever part of this broad land, the attention and encouragement you have always so generously given.

Lo, the new day dawns!

Rates of Postage

Those four "insuperable obstacles" which, according to former Postmaster-General Wanamaker, prevent the passage of a parcels post bill—the Adams, American, Wells-Fargo and the United States express companies—are constantly at work to cripple the efficiency of the Post-office Department and thus divert business to themselves. One can hardly blame the officers of these companies for trying to get all the business they can, and at the highest rates the traffic will bear, but in view of the methods employed, they certainly deserve severe critic m.

Ever since Congress enacted a law establishing a postal rate of one cent a pound for newspapers and magazines, these "obstacles" have been persistently at work to modify it. The wonder of it all is why they permitted the law to be enacted in the first place.

At the last session a joint commission was appointed to investigate, consider and report to Congress by bill or otherwise its findings regarding second-class matter. The Senate members of the commission consist of Hon. Boise Penrose, chairman, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas H. Carter, of Helena, Mont., and Alexander S. Clay, of Marietta, Ga. The House members consist of the Hon. Jesse Overstreet of Indianapolis, Ind., vice-chairman John J. Gardner, of Atlantic City, N. J., and John A. Moon, of Chattanooga, Tenn. The secretary of the commission is Henry H. Glassie, Colorado Building, Washington, D. C. Mr. Glassie is an attorney, having been employed by the Post-Office Department to conduct its suits against publishers.

The Third Assistant Postmaster-General, in his annual report for 1902, proposed that "the solution of the whole problem is that a new postage rate be created and applied to all publications now admitted to the second class, except daily, tri-weekly, semi-weekly and weekly newspapers and, for all others a rate of postage of not less than four cents per pound." This proposal reappeared in each annual report since 1902. It is based on the statement that the deficit is caused by second-class matter, because "two-thirds of all mail matter is second class, and only pays 4 per cent." of the post-office receipts. The Fitzgerald bill, now before Congress, calls for a five-cent rate and several other measures advocated demand eight cents.

The Periodical Publishers' Association, an organization of magazine and weekly newspaper publishers, representing all the prominent periodicals in the country, suggests that the com-

mission recommend to Congress the creation of a permanent postal tribunal on the lines of the Interstate Commerce Commission to deal with problems in postal classification, as the other commission deals with railroad rates. Such a commission, it is contended, would speedily settle disputes which now cause so much friction between the Department and the publishers, and at the same time would rid the second-class mail of the many sheets masquerading as periodicals, while really nothing more than gratuitously circulated advertising mediums. The effect of such a clearance would greatly reduce the deficit from second-class mail handling and would render abortive further agitation for an increase in the second-class rate.

The Publishers' Association will suggest that such a commission be composed of three members, one of whom should be familiar with the publishing business. It should have jurisdiction over all matters of postal classification, with an appeal only to the United States Circuit Court. It should have the right to deny the use of the mails to violators and to pass on all applications for admission to second-class privileges.

The Commission met at the Holland House, New York, on October 1, and was in session three days. Briefs were presented by the Publishers' Association and by several individuals. It is not known what action will be taken by the Commission, but Senator Clay was not present at the sessions and it seemed that Congressman Moon was about the only friend at court who could be counted on by the publishers. Overstreet is known to favor increased rates, and Senator Penrose can safely be counted on to assist the "obstacles."

* * * * *

The best answer to the charge that the postal deficit is caused by second-class matter comes from Wilmer Atkinson, of Philadelphia, who has for many years published the *Farm Journal*—the most successful farmers' paper in the world. At considerable expense to himself he has published three little booklets of some forty pages each, entitled "Job Jobson, No. 1, Job Jobson, No. 2," etc. To show that the deficit is caused by something else, Mr. Atkinson quotes from the annual reports. In 1897 the Post-office Department carried 310 million pounds of second-class matter and had a deficit of $12,000,000. Five years later, in 1902, there were 454 million pounds of second-class matter and a deficit of less than $3,000,000! Evidently, if second-class matter is to blame, the less of it that is carried the greater the deficit! An *increase* of more than 46 per cent. in second class seemingly caused a *reduction* of 75 per cent. in the deficit.

Since 1902 the deficit has increased—but not because of the newspaper rate. For, notwithstanding the Third Assistant's campaign for higher rates, he said in his report for 1903: "It is evident that, were it not for this extraordinary expenditure (meaning for free rural delivery), the postal service would now be about self-sustaining. It is believed that as soon as the free delivery service is fully established the increase in the expenditure, on account of that service each year, will not be more than the normal increase of other items of the service, and that within a short time after such normal conditions obtain the postal service will again be self-supporting."

* * * * *

"Let it not be forgotten," says Mr. Atkinson, "that publishers pay the Government $20 per ton for their papers; doesn't it seem enough, when the Government is so generous toward the railroads, that it pays for transporting 1,000 pounds of leather, locks, etc., for every 100 pounds of letters? There are those who would require publishers to pay $80 per ton for their papers. Mr. Fitzgerald's bill calls for $100 per ton, but there is a louder clamor for $160 per ton (8 cents per pound).

"It is no unusual thing for the railroads to haul live hogs from Chicago to Philadelphia, a very inconvenient as

well as unpleasant kind of freight. The hogs have to be fed and watered on the way, they cannot be stacked one upon another, so require much space. What do the railroads charge for this service? Is it $160 per ton? No. Is it $80 per ton? No. Is it $20 per ton? No. They do it for $6 per ton, and are glad of the job.

"The present rate of postage on second-class matter is right," he continues. "It is high enough, it is right for publishers, right for men engaged in the business of the country, right for the United States of America. The present rate actually pays the Government in dollars and cents all things considered. It would be wrong to tax one publisher a higher rate than another and it would prove a public calamity to make it more costly for the people to obtain their literature by a higher Government postage tax. All indecent newspapers should not be carried at all; all others should stand on an equal footing, with no increase of rate."

It is not—or ought not to be—the purpose of the Government to make a profit on carrying second-class matter. The dissemination of news and literature is educational, and even if publications were carried absolutely free the real gain to the nation would be immense. However, paying three times the price per ton that is paid on live stock, it would seem that one cent a pound is ample; that is more than pays expenses. Or would, if the Government made reasonable contracts with the railroads. There is every reason to believe, however, that with a railroad official high up in the department, the railroads get more per ton for hauling the mails—all classes—than for any other freight they carry. The table following is taken from Professor Parsons's book, "The Railways, The Trusts and The People," and may be relied upon:

For carrying the mails (Adams estimate), 12.56 cents per ton-mile.

For carrying the mails (on the Post-office estimate), 27 cents per ton-mile.

For carrying express generally, 3 to 6 cents per ton-mile.

For carrying excess baggage, 5 to 6 cents per ton-mile.

For carrying commutation passengers, 6 cents per ton-mile.

For carrying dairy freight, as low as 1 cent per ton-mile.

For carrying ordinary freight in l. c. l., 2 cents per ton-mile.

For carrying imported goods, N. O. to S. F., .8 of a cent per ton-mile.

For carrying average of all freight, .78 of a cent per ton-mile.

A conservative estimate by Professor Parsons shows that the Government now pays annually some $24,000,000 too much for carrying the mails—or three times the deficit for 1904. If this could be eliminated, the post-office, at present rates of postage, would yield a profit of probably fifteen to twenty millions a year. Or rates could be reduced; penny postage established; probably a half-cent a pound rate for publications; a parcels post; and postal savings banks. But with railroad men in charge of the department and in Congress, there is little hope at present.

The present line of attack is against the magazines chiefly, for they would give an enormous amount of business to the express companies if the postal rate were 5 cents. Back in 1904 John Brisben Walker in the *Cosmopolitan* made the statement that between New York and Boston the express companies were carrying magazines for one-fifth of a cent per pound, and between New York and St. Louis at nine-tenths of a cent. The weeklies and more frequent issues are to go scot-free now—but once let the camel get his head inside the tent and he'll go in with his body. They are not menaced today; they will be two years hence, or sooner, if Congress is permitted to pass the Fitzgerald bill, or some similar one, unchallenged. The "obstacles" work all the time. Publishers must not fall asleep. Make it clear to your Congressman that the present rates of postage of second-class matter are right and should be

maintained. Make him understand, (to quote Mr. Atkinson), that——

"*Publishers, one and all, should take their stand upon the immutable principle that Newspaper Circulation is not a crime, and it is not a fault, that neither a law on the statute books, much less arbitrary power outside the law, should ever be invoked to curtail the liberty and independence of the Press, which are a sacred inheritance from the Fathers; or to cripple Newspaper enterprises or bankrupt those engaged in this noble calling.*

That to send their papers into the very confines of the Republic, into every home, however rich, however humble, to brighten and to bless, is a great and beneficent work, worthy of all praise and all honor—worthy of the nurturing care, rather than the antagonism of Government."

Mr. Bryan's Statement

SINCE his declaration in favor of public ownership, at the Madison Square Garden in August, Mr. Bryan has been assailed by many Democratic politicians and newspapers with corporation collars, or predilections, to say the least. This at length brought forth a formal statement from Mr. Bryan, which he read at a public meeting at Louisville, Ky., September 11. In order that our readers may know his position, we quote what appeared in the press the next day.

Believers in public ownership, who have been waiting patiently for a number of years to see Mr. Bryan finally take the step he has, will feel disappointment to find the acknowledged leader of Democracy so excessively modest and cautious regarding the question. He does not *know* that it will be an issue. True, but does he *think* it will? He did not *know* that the failure to secure free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 would create a fearful panic, but he thought it would—and wasn't a bit bashful about saying so. He does not even *know* whether public ownership *ought* to be in the platform, and cannot tell until he knows what Democratic voters "think upon the subject."

In a sense Mr. Bryan is right. Democracy means majority rule, and if the majority want public ownership they ought to have it, and the minority ought to acquiesce. The contrary is true. But how is Mr. Bryan to know the majority's wish? At the end of a hard fight in a national convention, made up chiefly of railroad attorneys?

Mr. Bryan is much too modest as to his position. He has traveled in foreign lands and studied the question. He is something more than one Democrat. He is the acknowledged leader of his party today, though Judge Parker ought to be such according to old-time rules. Mr. Bryan knows better than hundreds of thousands of his fellow-Democrats whether we *ought* to have public ownership, and whether a public ownership plank ought to go in the Democratic platform of 1908. His saying even that he thinks it ought to go in would convince thousands of men who are undecided yet, who are puzzled to choose because of the plethora of illogical argument on both sides.

We must, however, applaud him when he says: "I would not be honest if I did not frankly admit that observation has convinced me that no such efficient regulation is possible, and that government ownership can be undertaken on the plan outlined, with less danger to the country than is involved in private ownership as we have had it, or are likely to have it."

Mr. Bryan's statement, in part, is as follows:

"I then proceeded to outline a system of public ownership whereby the ad-

vantages of public ownership might be secured to the people without the dangers of centralization. This system contemplates Federal ownership of the trunk lines only, and the ownership of local lines by the several states. I further expressed it as my opinion that the railroads themselves were responsible for the growth of the sentiment in favor of public ownership, and said that, while I believed that the Rate bill recently enacted should be given a fair trial, we might expect to see railroads still more active in politics unless our experience with them differed from the experience we had had with franchise-holding corporations.

"This statement of my views has been assailed by some as an attempt to force these views upon the Democratic party, and by some as an announcement of an intention to insist upon the incorporation of these views in the next Democratic national platform.

"Let me answer these two charges. I have tried to make it clear that I expressed my own opinion and I have never sought to compel the acceptance of my opinion by any one else. Reserving the right to do my thinking, I respect the right of everyone else to do his thinking.

"If you ask me whether the question of government ownership will be an issue in the campaign of 1908, I answer I do not know. If you ask me whether it ought to be in the platform. I reply I cannot tell until I know what the Democratic voters think upon the subject. If the Democrats believe that the next platform should contain a plank in favor of government ownership, then that plank ought to be included. If the Democrats think it ought not to contain such a plank, then such a plank ought not to be included. It rests with the party to make the platform and individuals can only advise. I have spoken for myself and for myself alone, and I did not know how the suggestion would be received. I am now prepared to confess to you that it has been received more favorably than I expected. There is this, however, I do expect, namely, that those Democrats who oppose public ownership will accompany their declaration against it with the assertion that they will favor government ownership whenever they are convinced that the country must choose between government ownership of the roads and railroad ownership of the government.

"I still advocate strict regulation, and shall rejoice if experience proves that that regulation can be made effective. I will go further than that, and say I believe we can have more efficient regulation under a Democratic administration with a Democratic Senate and House than we are likely to have under a Republican administration with a Republican Senate and House, and yet I would not be honest if I did not frankly admit that observation has convinced me that no such efficient regulation is possible, and that government ownership can be undertaken on the plan outlined with less danger to the country than is involved in private ownership, as we have had it, or as we are likely to have it.

"Among the reasons that have led me to believe that we must in the end look to government ownership for relief, I shall mention two or three. First and foremost is the corrupting influence of the railroad in politics. When the President, following the Democratic platform, insisted upon regulation, he was met with the opposition of the railroads, and every point gained in favor of the people was gained after a strenuous fight.

"I have no idea that the railroads are going to permit regulation without a struggle, and I fear that their influence will be strong enough to delay, if it does not entirely defeat, remedial legislation.

"Another reason which has led me to favor government ownership is the fact that the people are annually plundered of an enormous sum by extortionate rates; that places are discriminated against and individuals driven out of business by favoritism shown by the railroads. You say that all these things can be corrected without inter-

ference with private ownership. I shall be glad if experience proves that they can be corrected, but I no longer hope for it."

Thanksgiving Nineteen Six

At this season, according to custom, the President issues a proclamation, appointing the fourth Thursday of November as a day of thanksgiving. This proclamation is effective in the District of Columbia, in the territories and in those states which have made Thanksgiving Day a holiday by statute. In them the Governors also issue proclamations. Soon turkeys will be ripe, and the cranberries that keep Cape Cod from being infamous will show their ruby gleam in the keen air. In the big cities Charity and her natural sister, Self-Advertising, will lavish a hoard of food and drink on them that hunger and thirst, until even the starvelings are glutted. Self-Advertising then forgets all about them till Christmas, her next opportunity for publicity. But Charity is true to her task all days, though we know of her only on the exceptional ones.

In the country wives and daughters will plan and study and labor for weeks to make pantry and larder teem and glow with things to eat. At such times pa and the boys are as useless and as much in the way as at a birth. And they have to keep off the track, too, or a catastrophe is sure to happen. It makes a man fairly gasp to consider the ingenuity, the judgment, the memory, the craft that women use in the kitchen. Their very talk is full of puzzling words and phrases, and the rapt manner of them at their office has the mysterious seeming of some rite cabalistic.

All a man is good for then is to hitch up and drive twenty miles to fetch Jim and Aunt Sarah and the children, and on the way back, coming roundabout, get Cousin Emma Lovett and her brood. Yes, we're going to have Cousin Emma, though she didn't act very nice after George died, but she's all alone with the four young ones now—it's their first Thanksgiving without— Then: "Pa, why will you pester me with questions? Me slicin' onions, too. You know how weak my eyes are gettin'."

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The cynic smiles at the Thanksgiving proclamation and says he hates all holidays. The vegetarian shows the hard-boiled whites of his eyes, and bemoans the eating misdemeanors of Americans on all days. That fourth Thursday in November, though, is a sheer relapse into barbarism.

It is a physically painful fact that most of us do eat too much on that day. But the pain goes away; and let us hope that with it vanishes the worse ill of misunderstanding and unkindness that has been aching between us and our Cousin Emma Lovett.

What's a little indigestion between friends! Where's the imprudence of an extra slice of white meat, *with* dressing, and a second helping of the all-conquering plum pudding, if we learn meanwhile to bury a meanness or two which has been making us ignoble and bilious, when we thought ourselves proud and upright.

We are busy so many other days in the year, earning what we shall never spend, getting what we must leave behind, let us for a few hours of respite stop earning, stop getting and just live and think.

All right. But what have we to be thankful for?

We haven't made as much money during the past year as we had hoped to, but we haven't starved, we've got health, and we've got something to do in life.

There's the biggest of all things: To have something to do in life. Suppose we are poor, and not as robust as we have been—have we still something,

however unimportant in a noisy sense, that we feel we must do? Then we have all Carnegie or Rockefeller has. Don't you believe it? Consider Harry Thaw, the most tragic, most pitiable example of the man who had nothing to do. Don't you know that if; by some Arabian Nights' transformation, he could wipe out what has been, he would gladly eat a Bowery hobo's spread on the fourth Thursday of this November, and be willing to be a sandwich man for the remaining score and ten of years that ought to be coming to him? Put yourself in his place. Then you'll know.

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Still, as we have been told so often, which doesn't make it less true, no human lot is so abject as to be without a compensatory ray of hope. The trouble is, we look too much for hope at the glittering tinsel of the world, and not within, to that stranger self of ours, which recks not of mere material good.

We see the success of our rivals, and the mist of envy and disappointment rises before our eyes. Their outlook is likewise obscured as they contemplate the men who have succeeded beyond their height. So we mope along, unconscious of the real success that lies within our reach, once we cease sighing for the moon. After searching for the secret of happiness over the world, the philosopher found it when he returned to his own humble threshold.

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Suppose, however, that as human beings we have found ourselves, that we do know the real values from the false—what have we to be thankful for as Americans?

Mr. Dooley might say: "We have to be thankful fer that we're not convict sinnytors, extradited bank prisidents, suicided prisidents of a thrust compinny, that we were niver thrusted wid annythin', an' niver ixposed be annywan but our wives."

We look back on the year nineteen six, and remember the insurance iliad, packing-house horrors, land frauds, bank scandals, railroad criminality, and all the deposits reformers have unearthed to shock patriotic nostrils.

We have been shamed in the eyes of the nations, and they did not hesitate to point the finger at us. For particular reasons England and Germany did not point long. Our humiliation was none the sweeter; but we had the satisfaction of discovering for them the beam in their eyes, while they were busy with the mote in ours.

We have been unhappy over this airing of dirty linen, but we are glad we got it out at last; and if there is any group of men in the country who should give thanks on this fourth Thursday in November, it is that loyal, long-suffering band known in general as Reformers. Through the years they have been ridiculed and scolded in the papers, and ruined, when it was possible for the other side to compass their ruin. They have borne ignominy, endured poverty and, like the stoic Romans, have brought their sons into the world to the same heritage of conflict and bitterness. Many have died without even seeing from afar that Mt. Pisgah toward which they marched so bravely.

To their souls peace, and to their memory all the honors of war. The remnant of the Old Guard, ere yet they enter the last sleep, now see the turning of the tide of victory. All the world is beginning to love a reformer. The conservatives are becoming radicals. A Republican President preaches against the plutocracy. He even suggests that we must find a way to curb enormous fortunes. Ye gods! Suppose, not as President, but merely as nominee for that office, Mr. Bryan or Mr. Watson had said such a thing! "Incendiary," "seditious," "socialistic"—all the inflammable adjectives in the dictionary would have blazed like tow in conservative papers from Key West to Seattle.

We believe Mr. Roosevelt is honest, we know that he is human as milk; and he has said these things because, being so human, he knows what the people want, far, far better than all the slick politicians he went up against

when fate and not the politicians thrust him into his high office.

The lines are clearly drawn between him and the stand-pat type of Republican, who wishes in the depth of his soul that Roosevelt had really ridden up San Juan Hill, for then, perhaps——?

He didn't, though; and without meaning to be more than the greatest Republican President that ever happened, he has become an instrument of the people. We believe Mr. Roosevelt has said many things that he knew he alone could not do, and that his party never would do. As a matter of fact, in many instances he has voiced the mind of the people, for Mr. Roosevelt is a popular hero, and a hero has to live the part. In this case it has done the hero good. No man, as President of the United States, can live up to the ideal of the people and not become a greater man. Mr. McKinley was a shining exemplar of this truth.

Yet even when Mr. Roosevelt's words were mere words, they bore the authority of his station and they sank deeper into the hearts of the people than the keenest ferret of political craft can reach. Moreover, he said them just at the psychological moment—one of his many talents. All in all he has helped reform in a subtler way than he ever could dream of.

As far as expecting any reforms to be carried out by his party, or its Morganatic spouse, the Wall Street Democracy, one might as well look for pearls in a can of oysters.

So let us not be foolishly elate with the advances reform has made in the historic two years since Alton B. Parker was put up as a mock and a hissing. Let us be thankful for what we have got—and go in and get more. It will be a long, hard fight before the people get their due, but they will get it soon or late—and a man need be no astrologer to scan the present skies.

Let us be thankful, then; and let us eat a good dinner in amity and cheer!

How Many Parties

The Independence League, although not yet a year old, and having no official place on the ballot, is taking a leading part in the New York State campaign. Its candidate for Governor, Mr. Hearst, has also the Democratic indorsement and, although the gamblers are betting 3 to 1 odds against him, it looks now (October 22) that he will surely win. The league has indorsed Moran in Massachusetts, and has a ticket in California. The People's Party has tickets in Montana, Nebraska (fusion), Kansas, Missouri and Indiana (straight). The Prohibitionists and Lincoln Republicans have combined on a ticket in Pennsylvania. And throughout the country are numerous leagues, federations, municipal ownership parties, citizens' parties, home rule parties, etc., etc.

It is not too much to say that never before was witnessed such political chaos. Party lines are badly broken, and many new parties are being formed. The question naturally arises. Will any of these new parties gain prominence or become permanent in politics? Or stated another way, is there room in the United States for more than two great parties?

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Political parties as we now know them were not contemplated by those who drafted the Constitution. They are the legitimate outgrowth, extra-Constitutional, it is true, of a desire on the part of the masses to share more fully in Government. Largely through the influence of Hamilton, and less so of Madison, our Constitution provides numerous "safeguards" against the "mob" exercising its power. The President and Vice-President are not voted for directly,

but are chosen by an electoral college. Even today, but for the power of public opinion, any of these electors may vote for whomsoever he choose for President and Vice-President. Nomination of Presidential electors by party convention is of modern origin. Selection was made by the state legislatures for many years—in Rhode Island as late as the early '70s.

United States senators are chosen by the several state legislatures in joint session. In some states provision is made for popular vote on choice of senator—merely suggestive to, but not mandatory upon the legislature. Public opinion has not reached the compelling force here that it has in the case of Presidential electors; but it might be made sufficiently strong so that no legislature would dare to vote counter to the popular will. This was fully discussed by Albert Griffin in a recent number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

Members of the United States Supreme Court are still further removed from the clamor of the "mob." The President appoints; the Senate confirms; the place is for life.

These matters having been thoroughly discussed by several writers in WATSON'S, our present inquiry is whether the party system may be improved. Whether we shall continue what is practically a two-party system, whether we shall have more than two, or none at all, as we now understand the term.

Since the rise of the party system—which dates back to Jackson's time—there have been a good many "third," or minor, political parties; but as far as concerns real participation in government, ours has been essentially two-party. Prior to Jackson's time, Federalist and Republican, but not clearly defined. Then Democratic (successor of Jefferson's Republican Party) and Whig. Then Republican and Democratic. The Free-Soilers (or Abolitionists) at one time bade fair to become formidable; but the impending struggle between North and South caused the dissolution of Free-Soil and Whig parties as well. Out of the fragments of these, with a large portion of the Democratic Party, was constructed the Republican Party, which has been in almost continuous control for nearly fifty years.

At another time the People's (or Populist) Party made a phenomenal growth, carrying 22 electoral votes in 1892. But the Democratic Party in 1896 went so far along the road of Populism that the dissolution of the People's Party—or rather, its absorption by Democracy—was wellnigh inevitable. It is true that many of the Populists had seen the old Greenback Party destroyed by Democratic friendliness, assumed or genuine it matters not, and were determined not to be caught again. But it is not always easy to detect the counterfeit; and, besides, very many Democrats were in hearty sympathy with Populist demands. So a union of forces was natural.

The real strength of the People's Party in 1896 will never be accurately known. Bryan and Watson were the Populist nominees; Bryan and Sewall the Democratic. In some states, as in Nebraska, a division of the electoral ticket was made. In others, as in Kansas, the entire ticket was for Bryan and Sewall. But it is reasonable to suppose that the Populist vote was even greater than in 1892.

The fusion, however, had accomplished the downfall of the People's Party. It became a mere annex to Democracy in most states, although it was still strong in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and other Western states. A split occurred in the National Committee meeting, held in Lincoln, Neb., early in 1900, resulting in two People's Party conventions, both held the same day: One (the Bryan wing) at Sioux Falls, S. D.; the other ("mid-road") at Cincinnati. Bryan and Towne were nominated at Sioux Falls; Barker and Donnelly at Cincinnati. Most of the Southern Populists held with the mid-road wing; most of those north of Mason and Dixon's line were with Bryan.

During the 1900 campaign, and for some three years thereafter, there was much bitterness between the two factions—which helped to decimate the Populist ranks. Many openly affiliated with the Republican and Democratic parties; a goodly number became Socialists; some "took to the woods" and became free-lances. A truce was patched up at Denver in 1903 which resulted in a convention at Springfield, Ill., July 4, 1904, whereat Watson and Tibbles were nominated.

But no "third" party has ever risen to any considerable degree of strength, then declined, and then recovered. Barker and Donnelly polled 50,373 votes in 1900, but there is no way of telling how many the Bryan wing cast, as they were all counted as Democrats. Watson and Tibbles polled 117,183 in 1904, which is probably much smaller than the combined vote of the two wings in 1900.

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Will any third party of the future be able to maintain its position, continue to grow, and become a permanent factor in American politics, without destroying one of the old parties? In other words, do conditions in this country justify more than two great parties? We believe they do.

A political party must fundamentally voice the beliefs—not of *all* the people, for that is impossible—and stand for the economic betterment of part of the people. The very fact of two parties shows that all the people cannot reach an agreement as to fundamentals, or measures calculated to insure "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Granting, then, that there is sufficient clash of interests to warrant two parties—is there sufficient to warrant three or four? We believe there is.

The Republican Party, with its protective tariff policy, is a true representative of what might be called the manufacturing interests, as distinguished from agricultural or landed interests. The Democratic Party logically should represent the latter. That it does not really do so is the fault of our party system. It must eventually become truly representative of this interest, or give place to a new party that is. Most of the minor parties that since 1868 have made any headway have been a protest against Democracy's failure to be so representative. Hence, their disintegration whenever Democracy seemed true to its mission.

It may be objected that there are Republican farmers and Democratic manufacturers, and that the division made is faulty. Granted. Millions of men do not see far enough beneath the surface—or are too busy earning a mere living to try—to know where their true interests lie, or what party best represents them. And many who *know* nevertheless pose as members of another party in order to keep it from being dangerous to their real interests. The best evidence of this is to note what happened when Bryan was nominated in 1896. The beneficiaries of tariff and other special privileges bolted; and many thousand Republican farmers had a glimpse of their true interests, and voted for Bryan.

If we grant, then, that a political party must stand for the economic betterment of a great portion of the people who have similar and kindred interests, it must be evident that neither of the old parties truly represents the wage-earner, as such. Many wage-earners, however, have other sources of income, and a strict division is, of course, impossible. It is not true—except in a remote degree—that the interests of employer and employee are identical. Every dollar saved by a cut in wages is a distinct gain to the employer, other things the same, and a distinct loss to the employee. Every hour cut off the day's work, other things the same, is a loss to the employer, and a gain to the employee. High-priced breadstuffs and cattle and cotton and wool are a gain to the farmer and stock-grower—a loss to the wage-worker who has to buy. Low-priced clothing, boots and shoes, hardware, lumber, etc.,

are beneficial to the farmer and stockman who has to buy them—detrimental to the wage-worker who helps produce them, and at times, to the employing manufacturer himself.

The Massachusetts Republican, who buys hides and manufactures them into shoes, wants "free hides" and "protected" shoes. It is the other way around with the Iowa Republican who produces hides and buys shoes.

Nothing, then, is more apparent than the clash of interests. It is seen everywhere. It exists wherever one man buys and another sells. But this, of course, is only on the surface. Deeper down one can see at least three distinct great divisions or "classes," as our Socialist friends call them:

1. The "captains" of modern industrialism with their railroads, their Steel Trust, their Standard Oil Trust, etc.—a mere handful as to votes; but with an immense army of propertyless wage-workers, ready to shout themselves hoarse for a "full dinner pail"—but an army which is fast being educated as to its real position.

2. The "middle class," made up of those who labor on their own account; who own some productive property; who own their homes; who may or may not employ others—merchants, farmers, stockmen, miners, fruit growers.

3. The "proletariat," or those who own no productive property and who must depend on wages for a living.

The lines of cleavage are not clearly drawn, and doubtless never will be, but it seems evident that with the education of the propertyless wage-workers, by means of unions and the Socialist Party, the time is not far distant when three instead of two great parties will contend for supremacy in this country. This can do no harm, and it will check the power to rob now possessed by the great captains of industry. And as the middle class suffers most from these robberies, it cannot—or ought not—look with disfavor upon the growth of Socialism.

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Proportional representation, however, must be secured—along with direct legislation and direct nominations—before tri-party government can be made effective. The People's Party once had a number of members in both House and Senate of Congress; but the Socialists have not one as yet, although they cast some 400,000 votes for President in 1900.

The People's Party made an honest but ineffectual effort to combine the wage-workers and middle class. It failed, because of the clash of economic interests. The Socialists will also fail to combine middle class and proletariat. They will doubtless have the support of some who are not wage-earners; but never to any great extent, never enough to offset the number of proletarians who will continue to shout for the big fellows.

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If we were to attempt a forecast of the future by judging present conditions it would be:

1. The Republican Party still standing as the only true representative of predatory combinations of wealth—but greatly changed as to the personnel of its membership; reinforced by thousands who now call themselves Democrats, and reduced by thousands who are really democrats, and haven't yet found it out.

2. The Democratic Party—possibly. But more than likely a new organization made up of a dozen factions, leagues, and minor parties. Whatever the name, however, it must be really Democratic.

3. The Socialist Party.

Nearly every foreign country has three or more parties represented in its legislative body. Conditions here seem to warrant a similar state of affairs—and many, who have no political axes to grind, confess that a three-party system is preferable to two. With proportional representation it is feasible. Without it there is always the incentive for two weaker parties to combine against the one in power—which reduces the number again to two, no matter what names are used.

Competition

BY EDWARD HOWELL PUTNAM

(*Reprinted from The Public, Chicago*)

"You come to church and worship today, yet tomorrow you will go out and compete!" The preacher really believed that he was uttering a terrific arraignment of the business men of his congregation!

"To compete" was, in his view, to oppress! He was no ordinary preacher. On the contrary, he was a man of exceptional scholarship and extensive reading, profound in moral philosophy, and uncompromising in his loyalty to truth, as he saw it. He sincerely believed that "competition" was immoral.

Another able preacher is quoted as saying: "If it is duty to compete . . . then the battle for self must go ever grimly on, the strong must subdue the weak, the rich the poor, the able the unable!" That is, if business is to be done competitively, then "the battle must go ever grimly on," etc.

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Now, the earnest sincerity of these clergymen is beyond question; they really think that they "know what they're talking about." In their opinion competition is, necessarily, oppressive. They are as sure of that as Cotton Mather was of witchcraft, or as Urban was of Galileo's sacrilege. They see competition in actual operation, and the pain of it horrifies them. A crowds B to the wall; for which he ought to be ashamed of himself! C sells goods for less than D is able to, and the latter goes bankrupt; oh! the wickedness of C! Mind, C the "able" crushes D the "unable." And how does he do it? Why, by *imparting* more good than D could for a given return. C the "able" grows rich by accepting less for his service than D could accept! In other words, D would have starved on C's income, but the latter gets rich on it! He grows rich, and "subdues" poor D!

But meantime where is D? Isn't he somewhere out in the crowd, a potential beneficiary of C's low-priced service? He was formerly selling shoes at two dollars a pair, but C's competition cut them down to one seventy-five. That was the straw that broke poor D's back. While D was dominant everybody had to pay $2.00 for shoes; but now that C the "able" is getting rich on a price 25 cents less than D the "unable" charged, anybody—everybody—saves 25 cents on each pair of shoes purchased. It looks as if everybody but C and D were benefited by this result of competition; and our preacher seems to think that even Mr. C is a large beneficiary—he is the "strong," the "able," the "rich" man who "subdued the weak" Mr. D!

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Besides, isn't there something else than selling shoes that D can do? And if he does any other kind of work, can't he save 25 cents on the shoes he purchases, as well as the rest of the people? In other words, is it not plain that the competition between C and D has exhausted itself in placing each where he will be most serviceable to society?

Suppose that C had not competed for D's place—the price of shoes would not have fallen; D would have continued in the shoe business, prosperous at the expense of his customers. Suppose also that C had started up a shoe store, building up a big trade without selling to any of D's customers, but only to newcomers, with increase of population. C could sell at a cut of 25 cents in price, but, being sentimentally opposed to "competition," he maintains the old price, which enables D to keep his head above water, while he, C, makes a profit equal to D's, plus 25 cents a pair for shoes, which he would surrender to the purchasers but for his aversion to the wickedness of "competition"!

Now, then, under these circumstances, will not C grow "strong," "able" and "rich" very much faster than he would if competition were in play?

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And now comes E, a bright clerk in C's employ, who, perceiving how great a profit C is making, starts in on his own account, cuts the price 25 cents, thus compelling C to do the same, and driving incompetent D out of the business.

What would you have? Must everybody keep on paying $2 merely to enable D to occupy a place that he is manifestly unfit for? Must D's incompetency be permitted to stand in the way of society's securing the higher service of C and E?

Remember, the general chance for employment is greatly improved by the cut in price of shoes. The purchasing power of the customers in reference to other things is increased by 25 cents for each pair of shoes purchased. The demand for other things will therefore be increased that much, and D stands a better chance of getting a job than men like him did before. Therefore society as a whole is better off than before. D has suffered some loss, no doubt; but the "competition" that thrust him out of the shoe trade has improved the general situation, in which he stands an equal chance with men of like abilities.

Now, shall we advance the price of shoes 25 cents a pair in order to set D up in the shoe trade again? Shall we undo the work of competition?

"The battle for self goes grimly on," to be sure. We do not deny that. But we see (or ought to see by this time) that it must be something else than "competition" that makes it a "battle," a "struggle for existence," or anything, indeed, but a healthful and universally beneficent rivalry in social service.

You thought it was "competition" that was the cause of the "struggle." Try and forget it. Strenuous, extreme competition is not the cause of the struggle; it *is* the struggle.

It is not denied that the conditions complained of exist. The "battle for self" goes grimly on, the strong subdue the weak, the rich the poor, the able the unable—that is to say, inordinately strenuous competition is an existing fact. Also, it is admitted that this condition ought to be remedied. But it cannot be cured by people who regard competition as anything less than an inevitable element of social co-operation. Common sense dictates the competitive placing of individuals in the social machinery, and Socialism itself affirms that fact.

The fact of competition arises from individual differentiation; that is the cause of competition. Unless you can cast all men in the same mold you cannot prevent competition; for competition is the concrete expression of individual differentiation. It is rivalry.

And under perfect freedom, competition would exhaust itself in the placing of individuals where they belong, economically, and therefore where their social service would be greatest.

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But the condition of "perfect freedom" is wanting in the present regime. Society is not "competing" in the distribution of its whole product, but only as to that remainder of its total product, after Monopoly and Special Privilege have taken "all that the traffic will bear."

Destroy all private monopoly and special privilege, and the total product of industry would then be distributed competitively; that is to say, the billions of dollars' worth of wealth which is now extorted from us by the monopolists would be distributed competitively —equitably—enriching all society, banishing want and the fear of want, and so, naturally, reducing competition to a healthful rivalry, which would exhaust itself in determining the place to be occupied by the individual in the social mechanism, under conditions wherein the ablest would supersede the less able only by imparting increased benefit to society. And even so the less able would not be disemployed; only shifted to the place that he

was best fitted for—to the place wherein he would be most productive, with the assurance of his being able to take out of the market, for his own uses, the full equivalent of what he put into it.

It is not competition that oppresses, but absence of competition. In the distribution of the enormous values that private monopoly abstracts from the common wealth, without giving anything in return, competition plays no part.

YOUR RESPONSIBILITY

DON'T look to society as a mass to remedy the wrongs that are rooted in your own dooryard. Start in *yourself* and help weed.

Stand ready ever and always to give *yourself*—not money, not food, not cast-off clothing, though these have their values, too—but *yourself* to the uttermost farthing.

Feel yourself alone in the world with the man in want. You'll help him.

Feel yourself alone in the world with the woman in despair. You'll comfort her.

Feel yourself alone in the world with the shivering, half-clad child. You'll feed and warm and *love* it.

Let each of us take up and shoulder our Individual Responsibility!

F. L. BERRY.

ILL fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. He knows not his own strength that hath not met adversity. That which happens to any man may to every man. But it is in his reason what he accounts it and will make it.

BEN JONSON.

ONE person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

R. L. STEVENSON.

At the Gate of Hope

BY LEN LOW

THE pall of the approaching storm began to settle over the hills. The guard-towers stood in silhouette against the black background as though chiseled from the angry heavens. A hush, deep and insistent, hung over the great Folsom prison. Nature's token of impending wrath was at hand.

In the ravine below the prison, a hundred convicts toiled. Chilled and wet, they swung their heavy hammers with deadened muscles, or pried with ill-directed energy at the great stones. To and fro they moved, spiritless automatons, acting the will of an offended Law.

The guards, alert and watchful, paced along the path above them. Well they knew the deep, smoldering ferocity that lurked in those silent, moving forms.

At the end of the line of convicts nearest the river toiled two, a little apart from the rest. One was a life-timer, whose gray hair and bent shoulders told that he was long past the meridian of life. The glistening eye, the full face, and above all, the restless energy that moved the giant frame of the other, spoke the bloom of manhood. A noiseless confab was passing between them.

"The storm will soon drive us in," said the life-timer. The other did not answer, his eyes moving covertly over the hills; the guard-towers, the prison, the approaching storm—nothing escaped them.

"Say," continued the life-timer, "are you still——?"

"Yes, I am," interrupted the other, alternate flashes of hope and despair on his clear-cut features.

"Oh, give it up!" said the elder.

"No! I'll not rot in this living hell!"

"You'll not get to the top of that hill," interrupted the life-timer. "I tried it once and they carried me back on a stretcher."

"I'll not try," was the cold answer. The river lapped and purred its way through the deep gorge far below them. Their eyes met; the life-timer shook his head and was silent. The clouds now settled and enveloped them, fierce gusts of wind shrieked and tore through the gullies, carrying thin sheets of stinging spray. The prison, the guard-towers, the surrounding hills were swallowed up in the rush of the storm, but the cry of the guards, "Line up! line up!" rang out sharp and clear.

"Do you expect aid?" asked the life-timer. "I expect nothing," answered the other. "Good-bye, then, and luck," said the life-timer. Without answering, the man, with a quick motion, slid head-foremost over the bank into the deep cut. Dirt and sand filled his mouth and eyes as, bruised and battered, he reached the bottom, but when he arose the dead, hopeless look had given way to one of intense action.

His whole being was vibrant under that impelling desire—to escape, to be free!

"In one minute I can reach the mouth of the cut; in two more I can gain the bend. If the alarm gun sounds before then, it's the river! the river!" he reasoned, as down the cut he dashed over rotting sluice-boxes and through thick clumps of manzanita. Twice he fell on the jagged rocks, causing cruel wounds, but he was up again, spurred on by the maddening desire of freedom, the haunting fear of the pursued. He reached the mouth of the cut and turned down the river under the fringe of willows; still the alarm had not arisen. His breath came in hoarse, deep gasps like that of a dying animal, but he did not pause.

The wind bellowed and roared; cataracts from the open sluices of heaven were dashed to earth, rebounding to be driven along in filmy wraiths; the God of storms was with him! He reached the bend and sank down for a short respite. For a few seconds he lay, pressing the bounding heart within. His body was bruised and cut, and blood trickled out upon the sand. His hat and one shoe were gone, his clothes were torn in a score of places. He saw it all in a vague way and his reason asked whether he were still human. A few long-drawn breaths and he was up again.

The early winter night, hastened by the enveloping storm, had begun to settle, and still the warning gun was silent. Hoarding his strength he started swiftly westward along the river that rippled and sang at his feet and seemed to call to him, "Come with me, come with me," but with a grim, determined smile he answered, "Not yet—not yet."

Suddenly there was a lull in the storm and echoing sullenly down the gorge came the roar of the signal gun, telling those free and those in bondage who heard that a convict had escaped. Then everything was again swallowed up in the onslaught of the storm; it was as though Nature had held her breath to give him warning.

At the first sound he turned quickly up the bank, his eyes in feverish haste seeking some mark of recognition. A cry of joy escaped him as he saw he had passed the last guard line. The river murmured and sang to him, but its voice had lost its enchanting call. A goal he had set for himself—a goal he would reach or die.

He left the river and, passing through the thin line of timber, made his way into the open fields where he could travel swiftly and without danger. He crossed the county road and moved parallel, taking advantage of every byway to hasten his progress. The wind had died away, but the rain beat ceaselessly down.

Falling and rising, filled with a desire that knew not despair, the convict struggled on, mile after mile. At times he passed close to some farmhouse, from the windows of which gleamed an alluring light. How happy they were! and a wailing sob arose within him at the thought of that peace so far from him now. By and bye these lights became less frequent, till at last he was alone with the darkness and the storm, and he knew the midnight hour must be close at hand. At times he moved through long lanes of leafless peach or cherry orchard that bordered the highway, but after a while these grew smaller and smaller, mutely telling him of his nearness to Sacramento. Over the railroad track, past the little station of Brighton, on through the vast gardens of the Italians, till the twinkle of the distant lights of the city showed through the falling rain. With the acute sense of the hunted, he skirted the city on the south, stealthily moving from cover to cover, still shielded by the incessant rain, till with trembling limbs he stood on the great levee that guarded the city from the waters of the flood.

For a moment he gazed out upon that rushing, foaming expanse that almost topped the summit where he stood. It purred and lapped at his feet and to his reeling brain again came the pleading, "Come with me, come

with me." He staggered a few paces and sank down among a pile of earth-filled sacks under the lee of the levee. His great frame seemed numb and dead, but his mind worked fresh and fast. The deep gash in his head had ceased bleeding and only at times came sharp, piercing pains.

As he sat hugging the slimy sacks the rain ceased, the lowering clouds raised and he could see before him the panorama of the sleeping city. The electric lights, swaying to and fro with the falling wind, cast weird shadows that rose up as if in menace only to disappear silent, magic-like. His mind was clear now and a calming reason brought with it the touch of cold reality. Before him lay the silent city. So near to this multitude he fancied he could hear the rhythm of their peaceful slumber, yet a world apart from him were they. Far across the twinkle of lights rose the white column of the state capitol. How bright it showed under the girdle of lights at its cupola! Above them and against the skyline loomed the great golden ball symbolic of the wealth and strength of the mighty state. Ah, that gold! how as a boy he had looked at it wonderingly and entranced; how as a man he had become defiled by the same power! An involuntary gesture as though to turn these thoughts escaped him. Had he not dishonored it all!

He looked again and sought the city between that glistening column and where he crouched. There lay—ah, he could see it plainly now—a little white cottage wherein even now slept the suffering wife and their two babes. There were the two elms standing in the little grass-plat before the house. They had planted them together, watching their growth, noting the coming of the first leaf in the spring, and its dropping in the fall. They were surely large now, and their branches must cast a cooling shade. And the red and white oleanders, each in its corner of the yard, what volumes of blossoms must burst forth now! In his thoughts he passed up the violet-bordered walk. He could see her yet as she arose from among them, her white hands grimy with the soil while she laughed in dismay and held her sweet face up to his for that never-failing welcome. Again he lived, and walked arm in arm into that nest of happiness, through the little parlor which bore evidence of the potent touches of her magic; her guitar leaning pretentiously here, his books in evidence there. Ah, that little parlor had sometimes given him a pang then when he thought of all he had taken her from, but, when his look or word betrayed his mind, how her Ruth-like answer, "Thy way shall be my way," would thrill his heart! He bowed his head; a thousand times had he seen all this, yet now when so near it seemed more than he could bear. Would he go to her once more before leaving the city forever? Could he risk it? The clock far away on the cathedral chimed thrice. Yes, he would go! Numbed and sore he arose and for a moment stood gazing across the city.

Suddenly there appeared near him a thin, white streak that ran hissing to the foot of the levee. Larger and larger it grew, louder and harsher the hissing. Stupidly he stood staring as though entranced, then the truth came to him at last—the levee was giving way! He turned and fled, a new fear filling him. Should he cry the alarm and meet his doom? Never! Then there arose before him the vision of the little cottage of which so late he had dreamed. He paused and turned as though struck by a blow. It was their all; for that he would stay!

The little stream had now grown to one several feet wide; every second the bank was breaking away at each side. With an inarticulate cry as of an enraged animal, the convict bent his huge back and grasping one of the bags of earth that lay near in long tiers, hurled it into the break. It paused a second, trembled, and then went hurtling down the embankment, swept along by the ever-growing waters. At once he saw the folly of thus acting. Catching up the second bag of earth he laid it near upon the cap of the levee,

then another and another till fully twenty lay near the crumbling bank.

Fast and with insane fury he worked, the bones of his giant body creaking as he hurled the sand bags about. Without pause he caught up one and sprang into the break, the chilling water reaching to his knees. Sinking the bag beneath him he bore his great weight upon it. Another and another followed till all within his reach were gone, but he had gained, for the bags held firmly on the bottom and he could scarce keep back the cry of joy. Again he rushed wildly upon the tier of bags, tearing them from their place as if they were playthings; again he stood on the now shaky foundation. This time the last bag wellnigh topped the hungry waters and a grim, exultant smile shone on his ghastly face, but his arms moved slower, his legs trembled at times as though loth to bear his great bulk, the wound upon his head gushed forth afresh and ran a thin, warm stream down upon the striped shirt. He staggered down the bank and sought the bags. Was he growing blind? No, he had got the last.

For a second his heart seemed to pause. Was he to meet defeat with victory so near? He had thought it was in his power to save the levee and then fly unmolested. To call meant capture—aye, death, for he had vowed never to return alive. There must be other bags near! He groped under the shadow of the levee, the water urging him on. Yes, here they were at last, but so far from the break! A dozen bags he knew would stop the flow. He stooped, raised one in his arms and staggered up the slipping incline. A half-hour ago it were as a feather; now it bore upon him as a thousand pounds, but he clung with the grim resolve not to give up. When he had placed it on the summit of the quivering tiers he sank down for a moment, shedding tears of anger at his weakness. A noise as of a thousand storms commingled roared in his brain, weird shapes and shadows passed before his fevered eyes; was it the visage of death? But again the white walls of the cottage arose before him and he moaned aloud, "I will not die!"

He crawled to the water's edge and drank with short, gasping sobs. He dabbled his hands and wet his fevered, blood-clotted face. It seemed to give him back his strength, and again he staggered down the bank. This time his efforts were rewarded, and like one in a drunken glee he laid the last bag, only to sink back exhausted behind the shaking bulwark.

The clock on the cathedral tower struck five. He heard and knew its import. Already the dawn was streaking the east beyond the blue line of the Sierra Nevada. A milk wagon rumbled by in a nearby street, and far away, he heard the whistle of a locomotive. The city was awakening. He knew his chance had fled forever, but somehow that fierce, burning desire to escape had left him—he only wanted rest—rest.

He felt the tier of bags tremble and vibrate as the flood poured past; his wavering reason told him they would not hold for long. He must call aid—he would give up at last!

Raising himself by holding to the grimy bags, he glanced along the levee. In the growing light he saw the figure of a man approaching. He called aloud, his voice sounding strange and a harsh to his failing senses. The watchman ran forward, peering down upon him.

"A break! A break!" he cried, glancing from the shaking bags to the city.

"Yes," answered the convict weakly, "I've stopped it for the time—get aid—it will not hold for long."

The watchman flew down the levee, crying the note of alarm. The city awoke to the danger that threatened. Men rushed to the water-front from all sides. Those that came first saw the officials take from the ground the body of a man that scarce seemed human. They found him sitting behind the bulwark he had erected, his broad shoulders braced against it as though to hold it with his very weight.

His hands hung limp and motionless, his life-blood covered his face and blotted out the black number on the striped shirt that designated his position of dishonor. Many knew him even then, and knew that he had saved the city. He had canceled his debt.

The Treasury Department

BY J. C. ROBERTS

RECENT developments have been sufficiently clear to indicate that the Government of the United States is not run in the interests of the people who pay the bills.

The investigations that have been inaugurated, although they have developed more iniquity than was charged, have not been pursued with such diligence as would show an earnest desire for a thorough cleansing of the Augean stables, and some of the guilty parties escaped.

Some few were punished, but when the whole body is tainted it is not reasonable to expect any healthy reform without the infusion of new blood.

Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow's report shows that Congress itself is not above suspicion, and corruption is known to exist in every department of the Government. The indictment of a few members of Congress and senators did not create any new conditions in the body politic; probably the evils for which they were punished still exist.

The Land Department invites careful investigation into the methods in vogue in the Interior Department. Naval frauds have been noticed and slightly investigated, and but few, if any, punished.

There is no hope for any improvement or reform from the party in power, for the simple reason that the present party has been practically in power for forty years, and if guilty of corrupt methods they have grown gray in their evil-doing—it has become a second nature to them. Thousands of them think that the party in power owns the Government, and look upon all who oppose the party as personal enemies. They belong to the party, the party owns the country—this is their creed.

Under these conditions the American people, not as partisans, but in the spirit of the broadest patriotism should demand a thorough and careful investigation of all departments of the Government, not so much with a view to punish the guilty parties, as to find out to what extent corruption exists, and to correct existing abuses.

The most important of all investigations which the people should demand is the Treasury Department; there has been no full and efficient investigation since 1861.

There have been two partial investigations and the reports of both are alarming.

One was made in 1869 by a committee of the United States Senate, of which Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, was chairman; and the other was also made by a Senate committee, in 1880, of which Senator Davis, of West Virginia, was chairman. Both of the reports were very unsatisfactory, and both were suppressed as far as possible, whether from the fact that they were too disreputable to give to the public, or for the reason that the facts presented would reflect upon the integrity of the party in power.

If these reports were true, there is

no officer of the Government who can give the amount of the national debt, nor do the books of the department show the amount, and the reports show that between the Edmunds report in 1870 and the Davis report in 1880, the conditions, in the Treasury, instead of improving, grew constantly worse, and that when the last report was made a condition existed that was not only disgraceful to the department, but seriously reflected upon the integrity of the Government official who had charge of the Treasury Department.

The Edmunds report showed that there were enormous discrepancies amounting to millions of dollars in the fractional currency accounts, the amount of which they could not ascertain, which the committee states may have occurred without any criminal misconduct on the part of anyone, but whether they did so occur or not, the committee was unable to find out, though the opportunity was given.

The committee, according to their own statement, accomplished but little so far as fixing the responsibility for the shortcomings of the department.

In respect to the duplicate issue of bonds, the committee was entirely satisfied that the duplicates were duplicated in the Treasury and not out of it, and they were certain that these duplicates were printed both face and back in the Treasury, and that they were sealed and signed in the Treasury. The amount, of course, is unknown.

The books and accounts were so carelessly kept, and contained so many erasures and changes of figures, as to render them unreliable.

The Edmunds report closes as follows:

"The committee have inspected the operations of the bureau as thoroughly as possible, and have examined many witnesses in relation to it, whose testimony is returned herewith. They have also informally conferred with and examined many others. The result is that while we cannot find that the persons in chief charge have been guilty of any criminal or intentional wrong toward the Government, there has been inexcusable neglect and carelessness in the methods and operations of the bureau, which furnish abundant opportunities and temptations to fraud and crime by the persons connected with it. How it will turn out remains to be determined when loans are withdrawn, but as to fractional currency particularly, if any fraud has occurred, it can never be ascertained from redemption unless the frauds have been of enormous amounts."

It will be seen by this report in 1870 that the condition of the Treasury Department was a disgrace to the Government, and the committee itself could not find to what extent crime, if any, had been committed.

It is a shameful thing that in a Government as wealthy and intelligent as ours, where the best system of bookkeeping in the world should exist, that the accounts were in such a condition that an investigation at that time failed to be satisfactory, even to the committee who made it, and from their report one would imagine that they quit in disgust.

But instead of being improved in consequence of the Edmunds report, the system of bookkeeping became worse, and the report of 1880 shows a still more scandalous condition of affairs.

The Davis report shows that in 1870, by order of the Secretary of the Treasury, the register's office went back to 1833, and showed a statement for each year up to 1870 largely increasing the amount of the public debt, an increase for 1869 of ninety-nine million dollars, and for 1870 of ninety-four million dollars. The result was that, notwithstanding the large difference between the statements of secretary and register in the official report of 1870, in the official report to Congress in 1871 the statements of these two officers are found to agree, by the register changing and increasing his account so as to correspond with the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and these changes and increases still exist.

It is also shown that one item of

over six million dollars does not appear on the day book or register, but was added to the ledger of final entry, in order to make the accounts agree. These changes were made upon the order of the Secretary of the Treasury, and the national debt increased to amount of two hundred and forty-seven millions of dollars. The above is but a small item and is public property.

It is what is not known that should demand the attention of the people.

On page 25 of the Davis report the testimony shows that the treasurer keeps the money received for bonds, principal and interest all together, and that he cannot tell from the books of his department how much was received for principal or how much for accrued interest.

The treasurer pays the interest on bonds, but he cannot give the amount of the bonds outstanding.

The treasurer pays all coupons presented if genuine, but he does not know whether or not duplicate bonds are paid by him or by the sub-treasuries elsewhere.

There is no question but that Government bonds were issued in duplicate. To what extent is unknown, as they were issued unlawfully.

The committee found in the nine ledgers of final entry examined 2,527 erasures and changes of figures, not involving a few thousands of dollars, but enormous sums amounting to many millions of dollars; also, entire leaves of the national ledgers of final entry were cut out and destroyed, without any explanation, and the reasons are unknown.

The committee closes the report as follows:

"The committee reported erasures and apparent alterations upon the ledgers of the secretary, treasurer and register, extending to thousands, some of them affecting millions, of dollars. Entire leaves are cut or torn from some of the books. Official reports from the War, Navy and Interior departments, covering amounts received and expended by them respectively, do not agree with the amounts charged by the Treasury Department to them. But the committee did not investigate the cause of such discrepancies. No officer in the Treasury Department can furnish from the books a statement of accrued interest and bonds. The total and net receipts and expenditures, as reported by the secretary, comptroller and register, at the close of the fiscal years differ widely from the treasurer's report thereof. The secretary's and treasurer's statement of the sinking fund of all bonds purchased therefor, and deducted from the public debt, for the years 1869 and 1870 differ widely. The original, permanent, indefinite appropriation warrant for 1869, transferring from the Treasury nearly four hundred millions of dollars, has scratches and apparent alterations on its face, affecting items amounting to more than two hundred million dollars. Smaller original warrants for 1868 and 1870 cannot be found, and are said to have been missing for several years. The subject-matter of inquiry has been so extensive that although the committee has given it much labor and earnest attention, they feel satisfied that much has been left undone."

From the above extracts of the report herewith submitted it will be seen that a most disgraceful condition exists in the national Treasury. Whether money has been surreptitiously taken from the national Treasury or not will possibly never be known.

When we consider the importance of money in elections, and the vast amount necessary to change conditions, there is apt to be a suspicion that in their zeal for partisan success the Treasury Department itself, with the assistance of its distinguished officials, did not hesitate, at a critical period, to use the people's money to carry a doubtful election in doubtful states. During the contest over the Presidential succession in 1876 it was broadly hinted at the time that the Secretary of the Treasury furnished the money to defraud Mr. Tilden of his seat in the White House. Now is the time for the people to enter a protest against the system that has prevailed

in this department of the Government. Elect a Democratic administration, and demand a thorough investigation of all departments of the Government, bearing in mind that the investigations which are referred to above are admitted by both the committees to have been incomplete; therefore, there has been no thorough investigation since the war. It is true there has been a so-called Democratic administration since the war, but that administration did not count. Mr. Cleveland was so thrifty himself, and so intensely interested in his bond deals and the Wall Street interests, that he had no inclination to interfere with public servants who were following his example.

The reports that were had prove that there is no telling from the books of the Treasury Department the amount of the national debt, nor the amount of the money outstanding, nor the amount or character of the bonds issued, nor the amount of interest paid upon the national debt—in fact, if the two reports that have been made are true, the Treasury books of the United States are a sort of go-as-you-please concern, whose figures may be changed to increase the national debt statement at the will of whoever may hold that important folio.

Miss Lois

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD

SHE had the beauty of an old-fashioned dahlia. Prim as her Quaker casing was, uncompromisingly upright as her slender form held itself, she was yet—like the flower—crowned with gold, and no satin petals were ever smoother than the sleek glory of Miss Lois's wonderful hair

But if she ever felt the stirring of a natural vanity, I, her frequent visitor, could never discover it. The long tresses were concealed by a cap, and the quiet, beautifully gentle eyes, in spite of silky lashes, never shot a coquettish glance at any man in Dormerville. Although Miss Lois was not yet thirty-five, she was not only indifferent to men—she feared them sincerely.

Since my arrival in Dormerville, a year previously, to live with my cousin, Mrs. Glen, I confess that I had been the recipient of very satisfactory attentions from more than one agreeable man in Dormerville. But I never dared take a man friend with me on my visits to Miss Lois, for she had freely confessed that such a proceeding would strain our relations sadly.

"Miss Lois, I do wish you liked men," I said mournfully on one special evening, as I sat enjoying her sponge-cake and a big glass of ice-cold buttermilk, fresh from the cooling embraces of the big Georgia spring which formed her dairy. My appetite is always dainty before the opposite sex, but every girl of eighteen knows how jolly it is to be greedy when you're alone with a woman. "They would be sure to like you," I continued encouragingly.

A look of alarm sprang into her blue eyes. She dropped, in her neat lap, the napkin she was hemstitching.

"Thee knows that would be worst of all!"

"To have them like you? Oh, now, Miss Lois! You don't know what good times they can give you."

"Thee knows they frighten me," returned Miss Lois, quietly picking up her work.

"But why?"

Miss Lois flushed over her pretty, creamy skin.

"They—they are so big, so strange—with those deep, terrible voices—and so stern."

"That's all put on," I said airily. "Men are just big babies. I should like to see one scaring me! Why, Miss Lois, I've been engaged to three at one time!"

"Child, child," cried Miss Lois, "does thee play with fire so lightly? I cannot understand thee! How can thee drive and dine and play with men when so many earnest women would be glad to have thee near them?"

"Miss Lois, earnest women are well enough. But just let me tell you that all women—except you—have only one use."

"Only one use, child?"

"To fill in the chinks of one's time when there aren't any men around."

"Thee does not mean thy wild, wild words! I am training my two charges to stay away from the boys of their age. I cannot bear to have them associate."

A vision of the black-eyed twins, Miss Lois's ten-year-old wards, seen piously exchanging heart candy-crackers with the two Rayburn boys, rose before me, but I said nothing. I knew that Miss Lois was doing her best to fashion her dead sister's children in the right way, even though that sister, who had run away from Quaker influence to become a Methodist wife and mother, had left them a heritage of wilfulness.

"Boys are so rude, so impetuous, so abrupt," continued Miss Lois, "that girls should be kept apart from them carefully. Though my husband thinks otherwise."

In the surprise occasioned by her words, I spilt my buttermilk and choked on my cake.

"Your *husband*—Miss Lois?"

She blushed scarlet. "Then thee did not know?"

"How could I? Everybody calls you 'Miss Lois.'"

"That is true."

I was dying of curiosity by this time, and I burst out impulsively:

"Oh, dear Miss Lois—tell me about it! That is—unless it's painful. Not that anyone's the least bit ashamed of divorce nowadays——"

"Divorce!" Miss Lois repeated the words in a tone of shocked remonstrance, "*I* divorce anyone—even a man!"

"Then what have you done with him? Is he down in the cellar?"

"Child, thy frivolity will do thee great harm yet! My husband is overseas. Nay, we are not separated through any quarrel. It was in this manner. My sister died and left the twins. As soon as I heard the sad news I hurried down from Pennsylvania to claim them as my own. For what could a man do with two delicate little girls, barely four years old? I said to David Moffit, 'Thee shall give me the children, and they shall grow up in my care at the North.' But alas! I could not make him see reason. All he would say was, 'Stay here with the children, Lois, until I come home again, and then I will tell you what may be done.'

"Therefore I stayed. He voyaged in many waters, going out from Savannah. Nor did he return for eighteen months. Then, his hands filled with gifts and money, he entered abruptly when we least expected him, and for six dreadful months he remained in the village, visiting the children each day and lavishing worldly toys upon them, against which I protested in vain. Nor would he form any plan about the little girls, being filled with the remarkable obstinacy of men. Thee knows, Amy, they cannot reason."

"That's what they say about us," I answered, cutting another slice of the golden sponge.

"Nay, it is they that have no logic. For he saw how fearful I was of his ways, yet he would persist in coming near me, in making me presents, in saying comforting things of my care of the children, and in praising my man-

ner of keeping house. And—and—his taste was very poor, for he distressed me much by calling my hair sunshine, and my eyes blue cornflowers—thee has never heard such foolish, worldly talk. Thy youth would save thee."

I choked again on my cake.

"Oh, poor man! Oh, Miss Lois, don't you see——"

But when she turned her innocent, inquiring gaze on me I could not continue.

"At last a terrible thing happened." She cast down her work and pressed her slender hands nervously together. "David came to me and said, 'Lois, marry me, and then you may have the girls as your own.'

"I cried out on him, 'Oh, David, David! Has thee forgotten my sister?'

"And he said doggedly, 'No, Lois, I love her memory still. But I love you better than ever I loved her.'

"I looked at him and my courage rose, dreadful as he seemed, for he was tall and deep of chest and his voice like the rolling thunder, and his eyes had a fierce light.

"'David,' I said, 'shame on thee! Is not a man's heart shaped in one piece? Is thee quite a castaway to dream thee could love two women? Oh, David, David!'"

"Oh, but, Miss Lois," I interrupted, "they—" I stopped.

Tears were filling her eyes.

"Alas, child, how wicked of me to tell thee this! But my heart has never opened to anyone as it has to thee. Yet I would not draw thee into too deep knowledge of evil."

"Poor David—he wasn't evil," I said stoutly. "Listen, Miss Lois. Once I was in love with two men—my own self!"

"Child, thy mad prattle assumed to comfort me is as nothing. Yet he stood cruelly to his offer. I must marry him, or I should not have the children. And now I loved them like my own flesh!"

"What did you do?"

"For many nights I wept and prayed. Then an inspiration came to me. And I went straight to him and said, 'Is thee a man of thy word?' And he answered, 'Yes, Lois.' Then I said, 'I will marry thee and never look on another man. But when thee has set thy ring on my finger thee must go away and never dwell under this roof, nor hold communion with me unless I bid thee.'"

"What did he say?" I asked breathlessly, fancying the explosion John Lock, for instance, would make on such a proposition.

"He grew quite white, save where his great hairy beard covered his face. For a few moments he stood wordless. And then the growl of his voice seemed softer than usual, and he said:

"'It shall be as you say, lass. But I claim the right to come home now and then and ask if you're ready for me.'

"Thee may guess how thankful I was for such an easy way out of the difficulty! We were married immediately, for I was more than anxious to hurry him away."

"Well, but, Miss Lois," I observed as soon as I had recovered from my astonishment over this arrangement, "wasn't such a marriage dangerous? Suppose you were to—to see another man and—and fancy him?"

"How could a married woman fancy a man other than her husband? Thee does not understand how fast marriage binds. And now, child, thee has my history. Wasn't it well done?"

"I'm sorry for David," I said bluntly. "Where is he now?"

"Sailing. During my sister's life he gave up the sea. But I am sure he is very happy to get back to it. For the stormy waters are well adapted to men; they are wild and turbulent like themselves."

"Commend me to a good woman for unconscious cruelty," I murmured under my breath. Then aloud: "Miss Lois, you are incorrigible. And so I don't have to call you Mrs. Moffit?"

She shuddered.

"No, no, child. Call me Lois, as thee has done."

"I'm ready to help gather the green peas for tomorrow," I suggested, rising and dumping my crumbs into the fireplace. Whereat we put on sunbonnets and spent an industrious half-hour in the orderly garden, rifling the tumbled green vines of swollen pods.

Then we picked a great bowl of strawberries, that the twins might feast on their return from school that afternoon. Returning to the house, we shelled the peas, and then, in the pretty kitchen, we began to hull the scarlet berries which would soon go deliciously with a pitcher of Jersey cream.

I remember I had just found an extraordinarily large and luscious berry, and was trying to decide whether to enhance the heap with such a juicy climax or pop it into my mouth, when a voice, deep, rolling, but not unkindly, a really splendid *basso profundo*, hailed us outside the wicket gate:

"Rose Cottage, ahoy!"

Miss Lois started up, the green strawberry caps showering unheeded from her lap.

"My husband!" she cried, in the tragic tones of one proclaiming "Wolf!"

I rose also, and we faced each other quite pale from mutual excitement.

"Child, child," she said agonizedly, "what shall we do?"

"Let me go out and meet him for you," I suggested boldly, being indeed more than curious to see the dreadful David. "Shall I bring him in?"

"Yea, yea, he must come in! 'Tis his house after all! Nay, wait, Amy—will thee first hand me my wedding ring out of yonder cracked teapot on the shelf while I unfasten this apron?"

I hastened to produce the fat, polished circlet while Miss Lois stripped off her checked apron. As she slipped the ring on her finger the deep voice outside hailed us again:

"Rose Cottage, ahoy!"

Hurrying out I saw a great, broad-shouldered man, who was frantically trying to make his bicycle balance while he rode round and round near the gate. When he saw me he jumped off, rolling the wheel beside him, and came inside the yard.

"Did Lois send you out to me, my pretty lass?" he asked, with a friendly admiration in his eyes which at once established him in my good graces.

"She did. She says you may come in," I returned graciously.

His face, with its faithful brown eyes, lit up gladly.

"Oh, thank you, lass!"

"For a little while," I added, not wishing to raise false hopes, and I saw his countenance cloud heavily.

"'For a little while'! And it's months since I set foot here! But never mind! Wait till I get my bag, lass. It's strapped to the stern of this queer craft. Why, I've lost it—a blue bag, full of knickknacks for Lois and the kids. I left my trunk at the hotel, you see."

"There's a blue heap lying on the hillside," I answered, pointing up the declivity he had just descended.

He mounted instantly, though with some difficulty, explaining that his craft was a clipper, but knew neither starboard nor larboard, making navigation uncertain. As he dashed recklessly off it was easy to see he had not long been accustomed to riding. However, he made gallantly up the steep hill, secured his bag and turned to come down. Then it was that the bicycle got the upper hand, and, the brake refusing to work, came tearing down at a rate which no ship will ever dream of equaling.

Down, down it shot like the proverbial arrow! The sailor, finding nothing else to do, began wildly ringing his bell, so that when Miss Lois, scared by the incessant sound, hurried to the piazza she was just in time to see the wheel, the sailor still madly ringing, dart straight for her picket fence, hit the centre of a post, buck off with the ardor of a bronco, and pitch the newcomer into the air, flinging him clean over the fence into the very middle of a choice rose plot!

Doubtless no harm would have been done, except for careless me. But alas, I had left a heavy iron rake lying in the rose bed, and when the back of the sailor's head struck this with terrible force as he landed the concussion left him senseless across the beaten roses.

We two terrified women got him into the house somehow; we are both tall and strong. We managed to lay him on the sofa and then, with confusion and horror in my guilty soul, I ran for the doctor, leaving Miss Lois alone with a man!

Comforting myself that it could not be so very much after all, I hurried the doctor back to Rose Cottage. For surely a little, little thing like the corner of a rake could not hurt a big strong man, accustomed to fight with ocean storms.

When we reached the cottage I began to feel secure, and when the doctor began his examination of the still figure I boldly assured Miss Lois that all would be well.

My cheerful predictions were not so readily verified. That rake came near gathering the sailor in as relentlessly as it would the dead leaves of a past season. Brain fever set in, and through long, long days he raved and raved of Lois, Lois, only Lois.

And Miss Lois tended him with a faithfulness hard indeed to put into words. Her smooth cheeks grew thin, her blue eyes very weary, but she never faltered. At last one day the crisis passed and her charge was pronounced out of danger.

Miss Lois and I, alone together in the kitchen, wept tears of thankfulness.

"And you've quite forgiven me," I pleaded, "for nearly killing him?"

"Child," stammered Miss Lois, and I saw that she was blushing, "I have no need to forgive. I am thy debtor!"

Her debtor for what? Could my Miss Lois be glad because a man had suffered? Had dislike so soured her gentle breast?

I was called away that afternoon by my aunt's sudden attack of rheumatism and I did not get back to the cottage for many a day. When I did come I found the invalid sitting in a big armchair, eating broth with much satisfaction, and gazing adoringly over his bowl at his nurse, who stood flushed and strangely pretty beside him.

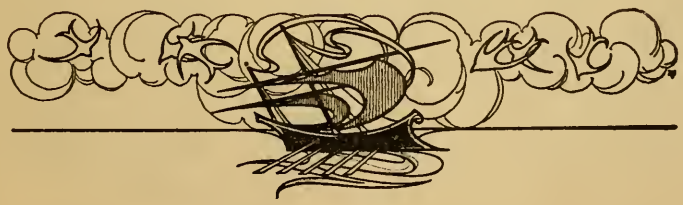
"Oh, Mr. Moffit," I cried, "I'm *so* sorry about that rake!"

"Lady Lass," thundered the sailor in his booming tones, "I'll have you a rake made of gold and set with pearls for a breastpin. That instrument got me the best harvest I'll ever glean! Tell her, Lois."

"Why, Miss Lois," I cried, and flew to her side. "Is it—are you really——?"

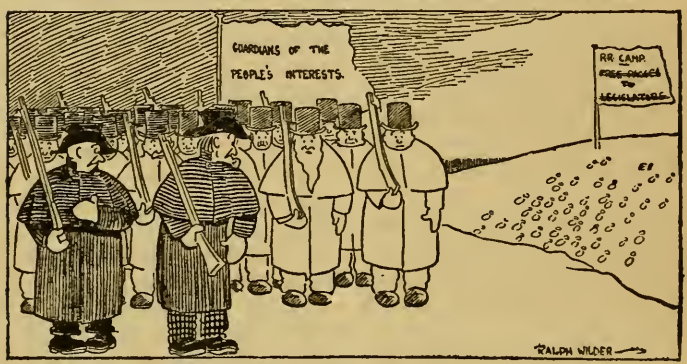
Through the pink color on her face the lovelight shone radiantly. She caught me and whispered in my ear:

"Child, thee was right—young as thee is! Men are just babies. I cannot send him away—he needs my care."



DOES THE RAILROAD PASS INFLUENCE LEGISLATION?

THE LINE-UP OF THE PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE WHEN TRANSPORTATION WAS FREE.



AFTER THE PASSES ARE CUT OFF.

Wilder, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Uncle Sam: Congress Made Them—The Judge Only Opens the Box.

Morris, in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A Twofold Suit

BY WILLIAM WATERMAN

ABNER FOWLER stamped on to the little back porch, carefully brushed the snow from his feet and ankles with an old and stubby broom, and then entered the kitchen where Aunt Salome was busy getting supper. He hung his coat and cap on a nail behind the stove, placed his heavy woolen mittens on the hearth to dry and sat down in front of the open oven door to remove the heavy woodsman's rubbers and several pairs of thick socks, which served to protect his feet against the cold and wet of the winter's snow.

"Very cold out?" inquired Aunt Salome as she dexterously removed hot sour-milk biscuits from the baking-tin and heaped them up in a steaming pyramid on a plate ready for the table.

"Wind's risin' a little," replied her husband, "but guess it ain't goin' to freeze much. Wish it would stiffen up some so's I could commence haulin' by Monday."

He pawed around among a varied assortment of flatirons, holders, mittens and other family possessions in the little cupboard in the chimney corner, pulled out a warm pair of carpet slippers, shuffled his feet into them and then ambled across the room to the sink for his ante-prandial ablutions.

"Where's Almy?" he spluttered a little later from the folds of a roller towel attached to the pantry door.

"She's upstairs gettin' ready for the dance over to the Corner tonight. Loring's comin' for her right after supper."

Abner turned fiercely from the towel and faced his wife.

"She ain't a-goin' a step to no dance with Lote Dinsmore! That's settled."

"I'd like to know why not; she's been goin' to dances and sittin' up with him all winter, hasn't she?" was the surprised reply.

"Don't make no difference! She ain't a-goin' with him any more. And if he comes hangin' round here next Sunday he'll get sent about his business!" The old man strode angrily across the room to the little looking-glass between the windows and began brushing his few remaining locks of hair.

A tall girl entered the room. She was dressed in the best fashion of her people, all in white, as befitted her dark hair and eyes, and simply, as befitted her station; yet, in spite of dress, country breeding and all, a striking figure in that humble home.

"Who are you jawing about now, pa?" she asked quietly. But the troubled look in her eyes showed that she knew already.

"About that feller of yourn. And you might just as well go back upstairs and take off them clothes, for you ain't a-goin' to no dance with Lote Dinsmore tonight."

"I promised Loring I would go with him, and I'm going," the girl replied with determination.

"Don't you talk back to me, Almy Fowler! I mean what I say. I won't have any of Zeke Dinsmore's breed chasing after my daughter from now on, and you might as well make up your mind to it first as last."

"Why, what on earth has happened to ye all at once?" the older woman ejaculated as she took the chairs from their set, prim row against the wall and placed them around the table.

"This is what's happened," snapped the angry father, and he drew from the pocket of his trousers a folded and crumpled rectangle of pale blue paper

which bore an unmistakably legal aspect.

"I've been sued, that's what's happened!" continued the excited farmer, shaking the paper in the women's faces. "Sued by Zeke Dinsmore for trespass, and this here's a summons to appear in court over to Ellsworth next April and answer to his lyin' claim."

"Why, you hain't been cuttin' on the Peters lot agin, have ye?" asked Aunt Salome in a reproachful tone.

"Yes, I have, and I don't know any reason why I shouldn't. Hain't I got a warrantee deed of it clean to the brook, I'd like to know?"

"Yes, I s'pose you have, but what's the use stirrin' up a row with your neighbors over a little piece of second-growth swamp thet ain't worth fifty dollars, wood and all? You know Zeke said he'd sue ye if ye cut a stick before the surveyors was put on. And after they run out the line I thought that was goin' to be the end on it." The old woman took off her apron and hung it over the back of a kitchen chair.

"You know well's I do them surveyors cut off a good three acres of my land and give it to Zeke," sputtered the husband. "D'ye suppose I'm goin' to stand that? No, siree! I'm goin' to have my rights and if Zeke Dinsmore wants law I'll give him all he's lookin' fer!"

"But s'posin' ye git your rights 's ye call 'em, it'll cost three times 's much the land's worth and make a lot of hard feelin's to boot. I'd ruther live in peace fer my part, even 'f I didn't have quite so much bog land and alder bushes to take care of. Come, set down and eat your supper. It's gittin' stun-cold." Aunt Salome was already pouring the tea.

"You'd let anybody that wanted 'em take your eye-teeth and never raise a holler. But I ain't built on that plan. I won't let Zeke Dinsmore or anybody else bulldoze me. What's mine's mine, and I'm goin' to stand up fer it." Abner's jaws snapped viciously together in the half of a well-buttered biscuit.

"Who's Zeke's lawyer?" his wife inquired.

"That little snipper-snapper of a Holbrook at the upper village. He thinks he knows all that's wuth knowin' about law, but I guess old Squire Fletcher will learn him a thing or two 't he didn't know before by the time he's through with this mess." Fowler jabbed his fork into another biscuit by way of emphasis.

"Yes, an' by that time old Squire Fletcher'll have the whole Peters lot an' a good share of the rest of the farm. Better settle it up peaceably 'thout any lawin', accordin' to my way o' thinkin'." Aunt Salome sipped her tea with an air of virtuous protest.

"D'ye s'pose I'd go near Zeke Dinsmore now's he's gone and sued me?" snapped Abner. "Well, I guess not! If he'd come to me like a man an' had it out with me it might have been different. No, siree! This lawsuit is goin' to be fought out to the bitter end. Zeke'll find there's others can hire lawyers, if they hain't got quite so much money as him."

"Well, I s'pose you'll have your own way about it," Aunt Salome sighed. "But what's the sense in interferin' with Almy and Loring? Jest because you and Zeke have got to have a fuss and spend a lot of money goin' to court and makin' fools of yourselves ain't no reason why the young folks sh'd be brought into it. They ain't to blame because their fathers ain't got no more sense than to git into a row over nothin'."

"There, there, Salome, ye've said enough." Abner's voice foreboded danger. "I know what I'm about. Almy ain't a-goin' to have herself made a laughin'-stock, not if I know myself. Jest as sure as she keeps on a-goin' with Lote Dinsmore after this lawsuit gets out, folks'll say old Zeke is makin' fools of the whole family."

The evening meal was now well under way. The farmer and his wife had gone on talking and eating with impartial attention. The daughter had fled to a favorite corner in the little sitting-room, where a window

looked out upon the winding country road, and in solitude was fighting back tears of disappointment and rebellion.

The rasping notes of the conjugal dialogue which reached her ears through the partly closed door only served to intensify the fever of revolt that was rising within her.

Presently her father's head appeared in the doorway.

"You might jest as well come along out an' eat your supper," he told her. "There ain't no use in poutin' or pudgikin'. There'll be more dances, and I guess Lote Dinsmore ain't the only feller in Carrington."

"That isn't any reason why I should go back on my promise," the girl replied, with a spirit that surprised herself no less than it astonished her father. Perhaps the fact that already far down the road she could just recognize the best turnout in the township speeding along toward the farmhouse may have added to her usually scanty stock of courage in his presence.

"That'll do!" snapped Abner with blazing fury. "I don't want to hear another word out of ye tonight. And what's more if I hear of yer havin' anything more to do with Lote Dinsmore, I'll horsewhip ye jest as sure as I'm a-standin' here! Now you remember what I say," and the old man slammed the door behind him by way of emphasis to his parting admonition.

Fowler was known as a hard man with his family and Aunt Salome still mourned in secret the loss of a handsome son, who had gone West several years before because he could not "get along" with his father. But the wills of father and daughter had rarely crossed each other, and with her growing up the little household had come to know a gentler atmosphere. And so the storm, when it came, broke the more fiercely and with more startling effect.

For even old Abner received the shock of his life when, lantern in one hand and milkpail in the other, he looked out of the woodshed door at the sound of bells.

A horse and sleigh stood at the corner of the house just where the path from the front door ended in the driveway. Loring Dinsmore sat in the sleigh holding the reins, and Alma, wrapped for the ride, was just stepping in beside him.

"Get out of that sleigh and go into the house this minute!" the father yelled in a fury of rage, starting toward the team with quick strides.

"Drive on, Lote," said the girl quietly, as she pulled the robe about her, resolutely turning her face away from the house where her mother stood at a window, weeping, and from her angry father standing there in the lantern light against the shadows.

The young man pulled the reins taut, chirruped to his ready steed and the sleigh moved rapidly out of the dooryard toward the road and the darkness beyond.

"Almy Fowler," yelled Abner after them, waving his encumbered arms in impotent fury, "unless ye come back here and do as I tell ye, ye're no daughter of mine! And don't ye never dare darken my doors again!"

But the sleigh went on into the darkness, carrying a flushed but resolute-faced girl who clung closely to her lover's arm and gave no sign that she had heard.

When the chores at the barn were finished that night Abner found his easy-chair in its accustomed place and his slippers were warming on the hearth beside a pitcher of steaming cider. On the sitting-room table a yellow, nappy dish was rounded up with rosy-cheeked apples; but the woman who sat on the other side of the shaded kerosene lamp, busily patching the holes in her husband's mittens, was drawn of face and the traces of tears were still fresh on her furrowed cheeks.

The evening passed in silence. Several times the woman lifted her head from her work and looked across the table as if about to speak, but the stern, uncompromising lines of the figure in the easy-chair repelled her.

Presently Abner rose, shuffled across the room and began to wind the clock.

"Why don't you go to bed?" he grunted.

"Why, I was waitin' for you," she answered.

"Wal, ye needn't wait any longer 'cause I ain't goin' yet. I've got work to do tonight."

"Work? Why, Abner, what d'ye mean?"

"I mean I've got to turn my own daughter out o' doors if she comes back after what I told her, and I s'pose she will—she's that stubborn."

"Oh, Ab, ye don't really mean that! She'll be sorry she didn't mind ye when her mad's over. And she's the only child we've got left, Ab. She's our own little girl that we've worked so hard for all these years. Oh, no, ye don't mean that, father, ye don't mean that!"

The woman's voice broke into a sob as she finished.

"Yes, I do mean just that. No child of mine can disobey me as she did and be my child any longer."

"But think of the shame of it, Abner. And the middle of the night, too. Ye wouldn't treat a dog that way."

"And I never had a dog yet that wouldn't mind when I spoke to it. She's made her bed, now let her crawl into it. If she prefers Zeke Dinsmore's tribe to her own folks, she can look to them to take care of her. I'm done with her. Now you go 'long to bed and stop your snifflin'. My mind is made up and nothin' you can say will change it. If you hadn't encouraged her in havin' her own way so much, prob'ly this wouldn't never have happened."

And the heartbroken mother went obediently from the room, too stunned, apparently, to notice the injustice of this last fling of her worldly lord and master.

It still lacked something of midnight when the sound of bells proclaimed the approach of a sleigh along the highway. Abner rose and, going to the window, shaded his eyes with his horny hands and gazed out into the night.

The bedroom door opened cautiously.

"Abner," the wife's voice was plaintive and pleading.

"You go back to bed and shet your mouth," was her husband's angry answer as he turned from the window.

"But Almy, our little girl, Ab—you won't do nothin' you'll be sorry for? For my sake, Abner, please don't!" The petition ended in a sob.

"You heard what I said. Now you go! And I don't want to hear no whimperin', either. Almy Fowler is no daughter of mine, nor yourn neither, after what she's done tonight."

The creaking of the sleigh-runners as they crushed the crisp, dry snow could now be distinctly heard. The bedroom door had closed and Abner paced the floor in nervous expectancy. The bells ceased, there were hushed voices in the yard and the sound of footsteps approaching the front door.

With a quick stride Abner was at the door and threw it open. His daughter stood just outside, and beside her the stalwart form of Loring Dinsmore loomed against the darkness. The father's bulky form barred the entrance. A bundle of clothes tied about with newspapers and strong twine was in his hand.

"Here's your duds, Almy Fowler," he cried, thrusting the bundle into her arms. "Now take 'em and git! I never want to lay eyes on ye again."

The girl, too dazed to reply, turned with bowed head to her lover.

"And as for you, Lote Dinsmore, if ye ever come on my premises agin, I'll hev the law on ye. I've said my last words to ye both. Now go!" And the angry man started to close the door without waiting for a reply.

Before he could do so, however, he was pushed violently backward and the door was thrown wide open.

"Hold on, Ab Fowler, and listen to me!"

It was his wife who spoke, and in a tone of voice he had never heard before. As she stood there in the dim light of the little entry, her scanty clothing reinforced by an old shawl

thrown over her head and shoulders, the light of a new resolution shining from her eyes, he could scarcely believe his senses.

"I'm goin' to have a word to say about this thing before it goes any further," she continued. "I've worked for ye, Ab Fowler, for thirty years, and I've helped raise yer children. I reckon I've got some rights that ye'll have to listen to! Ye driv away our son with yer pesky temper and yer stinginess, but ye ain't goin' to drive away our daughter 'thout I go, too! What are ye thinkin' of anyway, turnin' a girl out into the world in the middle of the night? Ain't ye got no pride nor no conscience? Shame on ye, Ab Fowler!"

"She's made her bed and she can lay on it, as I told ye before," the husband replied sulkily.

"Well, she won't lay on it alone, not so long as her mother's alive and can protect her! Now hear me, Ab Fowler, once and fer all. If Almy goes away from this house tonight, I go, too! You'll find that I can make up my mind as well as you can."

"Mother," cried the girl between the sobs that had now come to her relief, "don't have any trouble on my account. Lote will take me down to Aunt Abby's tonight and I can stay there till I can find a place to work somewhere."

"You're going home with me," answered her lover in a determined tone, "if you have to go anywhere. But if your father's got any man at all in him, he'll think better of what he's said."

"I ain't rakin' no advice from *you*," spluttered Abner angrily. "Come, Salome, git along into the house before ye git your death o' cold," he added, his partially recovered self-possession asserting itself.

"It don't matter none if I do," the wife retorted. "Death wouldn't be half so bad as the disgrace of seein' my own daughter turned outdoors this way. Besides, I've told ye once, and I mean what I say, if she goes, I go, too. It's lucky I never sold mother's place, for that will give us a roof over our heads, and I guess we can support ourselves 'thout workin' any harder than we've worked here an' no thanks for it either. Now what do you say, Abner, shall Almy come in or shall I go out?"

"You can both go to Tophet for all of me! I ain't stoppin' of ye. But if ye go, ye can't never come back, now mark my words."

For answer the woman stepped across the threshold and, taking her daughter's arm, moved silently down the path.

"You'll be sorry for this night's work, Abner Fowler," Loring volunteered as he turned to follow them.

"Don't ye give me none of yer sarse now. I've stood enough from you and your kin. You git out of my yard now jest as quick as the Lord'll let ye!"

The old man shook his fist in the other's eyes. "You heard me, now git!" he reiterated, taking a step forward as if to enforce his command by bodily violence.

The young man gave a quick glance toward the waiting figures in the sleigh, and then with a sudden movement seized the irate farmer by the shoulder and pushed him headlong into a snowdrift beside the door.

"P'r'aps that'll cool ye off some," he chuckled as he ran down the path and jumped into the sleigh. Then he tucked in the robes about the shivering women and drove away.

The day before Thanksgiving the Ellsworth court-room was filled to overflowing. The trespass suit of Dinsmore *vs.* Fowler, continued from the April term, had been on trial for two days. Young Holbrook, aided by a city lawyer, had examined a large number of witnesses for the plaintiff, and now the defense was being put in under the skilful generalship of Squire Fletcher.

It had for some time been evident that the case would turn upon the location and identification of certain old landmarks. Thus far Dinsmore had the best of it by the force of the testimony of the surveyor and his assistant who had run the new line. They were naturally jealous of their professional

sagacity, and had made out a strong case in favor of the contention that the original line between the two pieces of land was substantially followed in their survey.

Fowler's contention was that the brook formed the real line and that the ancient landmarks, referred to in the old deeds, so indicated. These landmarks, however, had long since disappeared, and as the property in question was a long distance back from the traveled way it was difficult to find witnesses who remembered much of anything about them.

The last witness for the defense had been examined. He was one of the oldest residents of the neighborhood, and Squire Fletcher had built strong hopes upon the value of his testimony. On direct examination, in fact, he had located the necessary landmarks with precision, and had made out a remarkably strong case for the defendant. But under the skilful cross-examination of the city lawyer he had hesitated and wavered and qualified his statements to such a degree as to make his story of little importance. The defense had failed.

None realized the failure more keenly than did Abner Fowler himself. As he sat there in the court-room waiting for the next step in the trial, he foresaw the inevitable triumph of his enemy, now hated by him the more keenly because of the loss of wife and daughter, which had followed so rapidly the first hostile movement, and the blame for which, in his stubborn pride and anger, Abner laid at Ezekiel Dinsmore's door.

Lost in bitter reflection the old man hardly noticed that a well-dressed stranger, young, tall and bearded, had crossed the space inside the bar and was whispering earnestly in Squire Fletcher's ear.

He was brought out of his reverie by the voice of his attorney, who rose and addressed the court, stating that the defense would call one more witness.

Abner had just time to note the look of confident expectancy which lighted the countenance of the old lawyer and the answering look of surprise and nervous perturbation which passed across the faces of the opposing counsel, before he understood that the stranger was to take the stand and that something entirely unexpected and unprovided for in the previously laid plans of the contest was about to happen.

And then the customary preliminary questions were propounded to the witness.

"Your full name, please?" Squire Fletcher's voice was calm and self-contained, but to his excited client, who sat beside him grasping the arms of his chair and gazing at the witness-stand, it seemed as though the profile of the court stenographer, who sat with poised pen waiting to catch the name, was emblematic of the waiting world, hanging breathless on the answer of the witness.

"Henry Morton Fowler," came in firm tones from the man on the stand.

Abner Fowler half rose from his chair and stared in gaping astonishment at the witness. Then he sat back again and with bowed head listened to the questions and answers which followed.

"Your age?"

"Thirty-two."

"Residence?"

"Morton City, Oregon."

"And what is your occupation?"

"Attorney-at-law and mayor of Morton City."

"Are you the son of the defendant, Abner Fowler?"

"I am."

"How long ago did you leave home?"

"Ten years last February."

"Previous to that time had you lived at your father's home in Carrington?"

"Yes."

"And are you familiar with the land described in the plaintiff's writ and with the boundary line separating your father's property from that of the plaintiff?"

"I was familiar with it from boyhood until I went away."

"Will you please tell the jury, then, just what you remember concerning that boundary line and explain how you are able to fix its location?"

The witness, in straightforward narrative, told of many fishing excursions in early youth along the brook, and with circumstantial and convincing detail described several little incidents which had served to fix in his memory the presence and location of the landmarks to which the previous witness had testified.

He told how he had once stood upon the ruins of an old fence in the brook-bed to fish, and had slipped from the slimy surface of the decaying rails and fallen headlong into the water; of a hollow stump, with peculiar markings, which had frequently served for a cache for a part of his trout string or for his lunch of gingerbread and apples; and of other marks which stood out clear and distinct in his memory of boyhood.

The city attorney dismissed the witness without cross-examination. He knew that there was little hope of getting the clear-eyed, confident young man confused, and appreciated the danger of aiding him to strengthen and emphasize his story. He must rely on his powers of argument to bring home to the jury the significance of the young man's relationship to the defendant.

As Henry Fowler came down from the witness-stand the crier adjourned the court for the noon recess and father and son met face to face.

The old man held out a trembling hand which the young man seized and pressed in a warm, firm grasp. And then the two walked out of the court-room together.

The trial was ended that afternoon. Squire Fletcher and the city lawyer argued in turn, the judge charged the jury, and then the twelve men retired to deliberate upon their verdict. Ezekiel Dinsmore, a little, squizzled man, with close-cropped gray beard and pale blue eyes, stood in the vestibule calmly whittling a piece of shingle and chatting with his neighbors. But Abner Fowler was plainly nervous. The trial had been long and Dinsmore in his confidence had brought many witnesses. An adverse verdict meant the payment of a big bill of costs and, what was even more galling to the old man's contemplation, it meant defeat.

He kept his seat in the now nearly deserted court-room, and listened uncomprehendingly to the pitiful evidence of a little woman in black, who was seeking divorce from a drunken and brutal husband.

And then came the tense moment, when the jury filed back into their places on the panel and the verdict was read aloud by the clerk. It was only when he felt his own hand clasped in the fat, pudgy hand of Squire Fletcher that the old man understood that he had won. And then a smile broke across the uneven surface of his weatherbeaten face, for the first time since that winter night when his wife and daughter had together gone out of his life.

An hour later father and son were driving across the hills toward home. Most of the conversation between them since that first meeting in the court-room had been of the most commonplace kind. The old man had felt it difficult to broach the subject of the changes in the old home, and while he had wondered that Henry did not inquire for his mother and sister, he had nevertheless felt grateful for the respite.

But now he knew that the time had come for an understanding between them.

"How long have you been in Maine?" he asked.

"Two days." The young man was looking away across the fields, and Abner could not see his eyes.

"Have you been home?"

"Yes."

The old man was becoming nervous.

"Then you must have heard—about —your mother and Almy," he faltered.

"Yes." The son's face was still averted.

They rode for some minutes in silence, except for the rattling of the wheels over the frozen ground.

Then the young man faced about and laid his hand upon his father's arm.

"You did wrong, father," he said quietly. "but it isn't any use to talk about it. We have a great deal to forget, you and I, and the sooner we do it and begin anew, the better. Now I've something to tell you," he went on, without waiting for a reply. "When I came home day before yesterday I brought you another daughter. My wife and I found the old place deserted, but we didn't go away. I knew where the key was kept in the old days, and so we took possession.

"Afterward I heard all about the trouble from the neighbors. Then I went and got mother and brought her home. She didn't want to come at first, or rather she seemed afraid to come, but I told her I would make it all right. So she is there now waiting for us, and I don't think she will go away again, do you, father?"

Abner Fowler's eyes had become suspiciously bright as he listened, but he did not reply.

Instead, he turned the horse into a cross-road that branched off from the main highway leading to the Fowler home.

"Why, where are you going, father?" the son anxiously inquired.

"I am going to invite Lote and Almy home to Thanksgiving dinner. Geddap there, Robin. What in tarnation's the matter with ye?" and the old man reached for the whip that he might give proper vent to the emotion which he could no longer control.

The Working Child

BY JOHN SPARGO

[Editorial Note.—The following article is a chapter in the remarkable book by John Spargo entitled, "The Bitter Cry of the Children," and is hereby reproduced by permission of the publishers, the Macmillan Company, New York.]

THERE has been no extensive, systematic investigation in this country of the physical condition of working children. In 1893-94 volunteer physicians examined and made measurements of some 200 children, taken from the factories and workshops of Chicago. These records show a startling proportion of undersized, rachitic and consumptive children, but they are too limited to be of more than suggestive value. So far as they go, however, they bear out the results obtained in more extensive investigations in European countries. It is the consensus of opinion among those having the best opportunities for careful observation that physical deterioration quickly follows a child's employment in a factory or workshop.

It is a sorry but indisputable fact that where children are employed the most unhealthful work is generally given them. In the spinning and carding-rooms of cotton and woolen mills, where large numbers of children are employed, clouds of lint dust fill the lungs and menace the health. The children have often a distressing cough, caused by the irritation of the throat, and many are hoarse from the same cause. In bottle factories and other branches of glass manufacture the atmosphere is constantly charged with microscopic particles of glass. In the woodworking industries, such as the manufacture of cheap furniture and wooden boxes and packing-cases, the air is laden with fine sawdust. Children employed in soap and soap-powder factories work, many of them, in clouds of alkaline dust which inflames the eyelids and nostrils. Boys employed in filling boxes of soap powder work all day long with handkerchiefs tied over their mouths. In the coal mines the breaker boys breathe

air that is heavy and thick with particles of coal, and their lungs become black in consequence. In the manufacture of felt hats little girls are often employed at the machines which tear the fur from the skins of rabbits and other animals. Recently I stood and watched a young girl working at such a machine; she wore a newspaper pinned over her head and a handkerchief tied over her mouth. She was white with dust from head to feet, and when she stooped to pick anything from the floor the dust would fall from her paper head-covering in little heaps. About seven feet from the mouth of the machine was a window through which poured thick volumes of dust as it was belched out from the machine. I placed a sheet of paper on the inner sill of the window and in twenty minutes it was covered with a layer of fine dust, half an inch deep. Yet that girl works midway between the window and the machine, in the very centre of the volume of dust, sixty hours a week. These are a few of the occupations in which the dangers arise from the forced inhalation of dust.

In some occupations, such as silk-winding, flax-spinning and various processes in the manufacture of felt hats, it is necessary, or believed to be necessary, to keep the atmosphere quite moist. The result of working in a close, heated factory, where the air is artificially moistened, in summer-time, can be better imagined than described. So long as enough girls can be kept working, and only a few of them faint, the mills are kept going; but when faintings are so many and so frequent that it does not pay to keep going, the mills are closed. The children who work in the dye-rooms and print-shops of textile factories, and the color-rooms of factories where the materials for making artificial flowers are manufactured, are subject to contact with poisonous dyes, and the results are often terrible. Very frequently they are dyed in parts of their bodies as literally as the fabrics are dyed. One little fellow, who was employed in a Pennsylvania carpet factory, opened his shirt one day and showed me his chest and stomach dyed a deep, rich crimson. I mentioned the incident to a local physician, and was told that such cases were common. "They are simply saturated with the dye," he said. "The results are extremely severe, though very often slow and, for a long time, almost imperceptible. If they should cut or scratch themselves where they are so thoroughly dyed, it might mean death." In Yonkers, N. Y., are some of the largest carpet factories in the United States, and many children are employed in them. Some of the smallest children are employed in the "drum-room," or print-shop, where the yarns are "printed" or dyed. Small boys, mostly Slavs and Hungarians, push the trucks containing boxes of liquid dye from place to place, and get it all over their clothing. They can be seen coming out of the mills at night literally soaked to the skin with dye of various colors. In the winter-time, after a fall of snow, it is possible to track them to their homes, not only by their colored footprints, but by the drippings from their clothing. The snow becomes dotted with red, blue and green, as though someone had sprinkled the colors for the sake of the variegated effect.

Children employed as varnishers in cheap furniture factories inhale poisonous fumes all day long and suffer from a variety of intestinal troubles in consequence. The gilding of picture frames produces a stiffening of the fingers. The children who are employed in the manufacture of wall-papers and poisonous paints suffer from slow poisoning. The naphtha fumes in the manufacture of rubber goods produce paralysis and premature decay. Children employed in morocco leather works are often nauseated and fall easy victims to consumption. The little boys who make matches, and the little girls who pack them in boxes, suffer from phosphorous necrosis, or "phossyjaw," a gangrene of the lower jaw due to phosphor poisoning. Boys employed in type foundries and

stereotyping establishments are employed on the most dangerous part of the work, namely, rubbing the type and plates, and lead poisoning is excessively prevalent among them as a result. Little girls who work in the hosiery mills and carry heavy baskets from one floor to another, and their sisters who run machines by the foot-power, suffer all through their after life as a result of their employment. Girls who work in factories where caramels and other kinds of candies are made are constantly passing from the refrigerating department, where the temperature is perhaps 20 degrees Fahr., to other departments with temperatures as high as 80 or 90 degrees. As a result they suffer from bronchial troubles.

These are only a few of the many occupations of children that are inherently unhealthful and should be prohibited entirely for children and all young persons under eighteen years of age. In a few instances it might be sufficient to fix the minimum age for employment at sixteen, if certain improvements in the conditions of employment were insisted upon. Other dangers to health, such as quick transition from the heat of the factory to the cold outside air, have already been noted. They are highly important causes of disease, though not inherent in the occupation itself in most cases. A careful study of the child-labor problem from this largely neglected point of view would be most valuable. When to the many dangers to health are added the dangers to life and limb from accidents, far more numerous among child workers than adults, the price we pay for the altogether unnecessary and uneconomic service of children would, in the Boer patriot's phrase, "stagger humanity," if it could be comprehended.

No combination of figures can give any idea of that price. Statistics cannot express the withering of child lips in the poisoned air of factories; the tired, strained look of child eyes that never dance to the glad music of souls tuned to Nature's symphonies; the binding to wheels of industry the little bodies and souls that should be free, as the stars are free to shine and the flowers are free to drink the evening dews. Statistics may be perfected to the extent of giving the number of child workers with accuracy, the number maimed by dangerous machines, and the number who die year by year, but they can never give the spiritual loss, if I may use that word in its secular, scientific sense. Who shall tally the deaths of childhood's hopes, ambitions and dreams? How shall figures show the silent atrophy of potential genius, the brutalizing of potential love, the corruption of potential purity? In what arithmetical terms shall we state the loss of shame, and the development of that less than brute view of life, which enables us to watch with unconcern the toil of infants side by side with the idleness of men?

The moral ills resulting from child labor are numerous and far-reaching. When children become wage-earners and are thrown into constant association with adult workers they develop prematurely an adult consciousness and view of life. About the first consequence of their employment is that they cease almost at once to be children. They lose their respect for parental authority, in many cases, and become arrogant, wayward and defiant. There is always a tendency in their homes to regard them as men and women as soon as they become wage-earners. Discipline is at once relaxed, at the very time when it is most necessary. When children who have just entered upon that most critical period of life, adolescence, are associated with adults in factories, are driven to their tasks with curses, and hear continually the unrestrained conversation, often coarse and foul, of the adults, the psychological effect cannot be other than bad. The mothers and fathers who read this book need only to know that children, little boys and girls, in mills and factories where men and women are employed, must frequently see women at work in whom the signs of a developing life within are

evident, and hear them made the butt of the coarsest taunts and jests, to realize how great the moral peril to the adolescent boy or girl must be.

No writer dare write, and no publisher dare publish, a truthful description of the moral atmosphere of hundreds of places where children are employed—a description truthful in the sense of telling the whole truth. No publisher would dare print the language current in an average factory. Our most "realistic" writers must exercise stern artistic reticence, and tone down or evade the truth. No normal boy or girl would think of repeating to father or mother the language heard in the mill—language which the children begin before long to use occasionally, *think* oftener still. I have known a girl of thirteen or fourteen, just an average American girl, whose parents, intelligent and honest folk, had given her a moral training above rather than below the average, mock a pregnant woman worker and unblushingly attempt to caricature her condition by stuffing rags beneath her apron. I do not make any charge against the tens of thousands of women who have worked and are working in factories. Heaven forbid that I should seek to brand as impure these women of my own class! But I do say that for the plastic and impressionable mind of a child the moral atmosphere of the average factory is exceedingly bad, and I know that none will more readily agree with me than the men and women who work, or who have worked, in mills and factories.

I know a woman, and she is one of many, who has worked in textile factories for more than thirty years. She began to work as a child before she was ten years old, and is now past forty. She has never married, though many men have sought her in marriage. She is not an abnormal woman, indifferent to marriage, but just a normal, healthy, intelligent woman who has yearned hundreds of times for a man's affection and companionship. To her more intimate friends she confesses that she chose to remain lonely and unwed, chose to stifle her longings for affection, rather than to marry and bring children into the world and live to see them enter the mills for employment before they became men and women. When I say that the moral atmosphere of factory life is contaminated and bad, and that the employment of children in mills and factories subjects them to grave moral perils, I am confident that I shall be supported, not, perhaps, by the owners of mills and factories, but by the vast majority of intelligent men and women employed in them.

In a report upon the physical conditions of child workers in Pennsylvania the Rev. Peter Roberts has discussed at some length the moral dangers of factory employment for children. He quotes an Allentown physician as saying, "No vice was unknown to many of the girls of fifteen working in the factories of the city"; and another physician in the same city said, "There are more unhappy homes, ruined lives, blasted hopes and diseased bodies in Allentown than any other city of its size, because of the factories there." Another physician, in Lancaster, is quoted as saying that he had "treated boys of ten years old and upward for venereal affections which they had contracted." In upward of a score of factory towns I have had very similar testimony given me by physicians and others. The proprietor of a large drug-store in a New England factory town told me that he had never known a place where the demand for cheap remedies for venereal diseases was so great, and *that many of those who bought them were boys under fifteen.*

Nor is it only in factories that these grosser forms of immorality flourish. They are even more prevalent among the children of the street trades, newsboys, bootblacks, messengers, and the like. The proportion of newsboys who suffer from venereal diseases is alarmingly great. The Superintendent of the John Worthy School, of Chicago, Mr. Sloan, asserts that "one-third of

all the newsboys who come to the John Worthy School have venereal disease, and that 10 per cent. of the remaining newsboys at present in the Bridewell are, according to the physicians' diagnosis, suffering from similar diseases." The newsboys who come to the school are, according to Mr. Sloan, on an average one-third below the ordinary standard of physical development, a condition which will be readily understood by those who know the ways of the newsboys of our great cities—their irregular habits, scant feeding, sexual excesses, secret vices, sleeping in hallways, basements, stables and quiet corners. With such a low physical standard the ravages of venereal disease are tremendously increased.

The messenger boys and the American District Telegraph boys are frequently found in the worst resorts of the "red-light" districts of our cities. In New York there are hundreds of such boys, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen, who know many of the prostitutes of the Tenderloin by name. Sad to relate, boys like to be employed in the "red-light" districts. They like it, not because they are bad or depraved, but for the very natural reason that they make more money there, receiving larger and more numerous tips. They are called upon for many services by the habitués of these haunts of the vicious and the profligate. They are sent out to place bets, to take notes to and from houses of ill-fame, or to buy liquor, cigarettes, candy, and even gloves, shoes, corsets and other articles of wearing apparel for the "ladies." Not only are tips abundant, but there are many opportunities for graft of which the boys avail themselves. A lad is sent, for instance, for a bottle of whisky. He is told to get a certain brand at a neighboring hotel, but he knows where he can get the same brand for 50 per cent. of the hotel price, and, naturally, he goes there for it and pockets the difference in price. That is one form of messengers' graft. Another is overcharging for his services and pocketing the surplus, or keeping the change from a "ten-spot" or a "fiver" when, as often happens, the "sports" are either too reckless to bother about such trifles or too drunk to remember. From sources such as these the messenger boy in a district like the Tenderloin will often make several dollars a day.

A whole series of temptations confronts the messenger boy. He smokes, drinks, gambles, and, very often, patronizes the lowest class of cheap brothels. In answering calls from houses of ill-repute messengers cannot avoid being witnesses of scenes of licentiousness more or less frequently. By presents of money, fruit, candy, cigarettes, and even liquor, the women make friends of the boys, who quickly learn all the foul slang of the brothels. The conversation of a group of messengers in such a district will often reveal the most astounding intimacy with the grossest things of the underworld. That in their adolescence, the transition from boyhood to manhood, fraught as it is with its own inherent perils, they should be thrown into such an environment and exposed to such temptations is an evil which cannot possibly be overemphasized. The penal code of New York declares the sending of minors to carry messages to or from a house of ill-fame to be a misdemeanor, but the law is a dead letter. It cannot possibly be enforced and its repeal would probably be a good thing. While it may be urged that the mere existence of such a law has a certain moral value as a condemnation of such a dangerous employment for boys, it is exceedingly doubtful if that good is sufficient to counterbalance the harm which comes from the non-enforcement of the law.

I have dwelt mainly upon the grosser vices associated with street employment, as with employment in factories and mines, because it is a phase of the subject about which too little is known. I need scarcely say, however, that these vices are not the only ones to which serious attention should be given. Crime naturally results from such conditions. Of 600 boys committed to the New York Juvenile

Asylum by the courts, 125 were newsboys who had been committed for various offenses ranging from ungovernableness and disorderly conduct to grand larceny. Mr. Nibecker, Superintendent of the House of Refuge at Glen Mills, near Philadelphia, was asked, "Have you, in disproportionate numbers, boys who formerly were engaged in some one particular occupation?"

He replied promptly, "Yes, district messengers." It seems to be the almost unanimous opinion of probation officers and other competent authorities in our large cities that messenger boys and newsboys furnish an exceedingly large proportion of cases of juvenile delinquency. I wrote to six probation officers in as many large cities asking them to give me their opinions as to the classes of occupation which seem to have the largest number of juvenile delinquents. Their replies are summarized in the following schedule:

OCCUPATIONS OF JUVENILE DELINQUENTS IN SIX LARGE CITIES, SHOWING THE RELATIVE NUMBER OF EACH OCCUPATION

Report	A	B	C	D
1	Messenger boys	Newsboys	Factory boys	Miscellaneous
2	Newsboys	Messenger boys	Factory boys	Truants
3	Newsboys	Messenger boys	Truants	Factory boys
4	Messenger boys	Factory boys	Newsboys	Miscellaneous
5	Messenger boys	Newsboys	Truants	Miscellaneous
6	Factory boys	Truants	Messenger boys	Newsboys

In six smaller cities, where the number of factory workers is much larger in proportion than in the great cities, and the number of newsboys and messengers is much smaller, the results were somewhat different. The following schedule is interesting as a summary of the replies received from these towns:

OCCUPATION OF JUVENILE DELINQUENTS IN SIX TOWNS OF LESS THAN 100,000 INHABITANTS, SHOWING THE RELATIVE NUMBER OF EACH OCCUPATION
("Messenger boys" includes errand boys in stores)

Report	A	B	C	D
1	Mine boys	Truants	Messenger boys	Miscellaneous
2	Glass-house boys	Other factory boys	Miscellaneous	Truants
3	Mill boys	Messenger boys	Truants	Miscellaneous
4	Mill boys	Mine boys	Truants	Miscellaneous
5	Mill boys	Truants	Newsboys	Miscellaneous
6	Mill boys	Messenger boys	Miscellaneous	Truants

These facts, and others of a like nature, are only indicative of the ill effects of child labor upon the morals of the children. In some cases the moral peril lies in the nature of the work itself, while in others it lies, not in the work, but in the conditions by which it is surrounded. In the Chicago stockyards, for example, judging by what I saw there, I should say that in most, if not all, of the departments the work itself is degrading and brutalizing, and that no person under eighteen years of age ought to be permitted to work in them. In large laundries little girls are very commonly employed as "sorters." Their work is to sort out the soiled clothes as they come in and to classify them. While such work must be disagreeable and unwholesome for a young girl, there is nothing necessarily demoralizing about it. But when such little girls are compelled to work with men and women of the coarsest and most illiterate type, as they frequently are,

and to listen to constant conversation charged with foul suggestions, it becomes a soul-destroying occupation. At its best, even when all possible efforts are made to keep the place of employment pure and above reproach —and I know that there are many such places—still the whole tendency of child labor is in the direction of a lower moral standard. The feeling of independence caused by the ability to earn wages, the relaxation of parental authority, with the result that the children roam the streets at night or frequent places of amusement of questionable character; the ruthless destruction of the bloom of youthful innocence and the forced consciousness of life properly belonging to adult years—these are inevitably associated with child labor.

These are some of the ills which child labor inflicts upon the children themselves, ills which do not end with their childhood days, but curse and blight all their after years. The child who is forced to be a man too soon, forced too early to enter the industrial strife of the world, ceases to be a man too soon, ceases to be fit for the industrial strife. When the strength is sapped in childhood there is an absence of strength in manhood and womanhood; Ruskin's words are profoundly true, that "to be a man too soon is to be a small man." We are today using up the vitality of children; soon they will be men and women, without the vitality and strength necessary to maintain themselves and their dependents. When we exploit the immature strength of little children we prepare recruits for the miserable army of the unfit and unemployable, whose lot is a shameful and debasing poverty.

This wrong to helpless childhood carries with it, therefore, a certain and dreadful retribution. It is not possible to injure a child without injuring society. Whatever burden society lays, or permits to be laid, upon the shoulders of its children, it must ultimately bear upon its own. Society's interest in the child may be well expressed in a slight paraphrase of the words of Jesus: "Whatsoever is done to one of the least of these little ones is done unto me." It is in that spirit that the advocates of child-labor legislation would have the nation forbid the exploitation, literally the exhaustion, of children by self-interested employers. For the abuse of childhood by individual anti-social interests society as a whole must pay the penalty. If we neglect the children of today, and sap their strength so that they become weaklings, we must bear the burden of their failures when they fail and fall.

There is a sacred Something on all ways—
Something that watches through the Universe;
One that remembers, reckons and repays,
Giving us love for love, and curse for curse.

Why the Democratic Party Cannot Be Reformed

BY ALBERT GRIFFIN

THE number of Democratic Conventions that enthusiastically indorsed Mr. Bryan for the Presidency just before his return, and the changed tone of many of the leading Democratic papers, has led some excellent people to think that he will be able so to change the character and aims of his party that it will become the duty of all the "friends of economic reform" to join it. As such a transformation seems to me impossible, I wish to present to your readers some of the reasons that force me to this conclusion. But it is necessary not only to make it clear that there are practically two Democratic parties, but to show that they are naturally antagonistic.

Prior to the Civil War the slave-holding class ruled the South despotically, and also dominated the national Government and policy. But, since Lee's surrender, this masterful element and its descendants have paid little attention to national affairs. Its members have, however, with inflexible purpose, sought to retain absolute control of their own states—to "keep the South solid"—and to this end they have been willing to do anything and everything. The long and bitter struggle over the slavery question, the unforgettable horrors of the Civil War, and the possibility of "negro domination"—which, to many of them, was truly appalling—have thus far made it easy for them to suppress the black vote (when they did not wish to use it) and to "keep the submerged whites quiet."

Nearly all of its native leaders—and the capitalists that went down, or reached, into the South to "develop (and appropriate) its marvelous resources"—are now enjoying, or hoping soon to enjoy, profitable special privileges. The natives who need money go Northeast rather than West for it; their business intercourse is mainly with the capitalistic class of that section; their children attend its schools and their families patronize its pleasure resorts. It is not uncommon to hear Southern Democrats say, "If I were a Northern man I should be a Republican"; and Northern Republicans, "If I lived in the South I should be a Democrat." Like loves like. Birds of a feather flock together, and it will indeed be strange if, when the lines become sharply drawn between "the beneficiaries of special privileges" and the advocates of "Equal Opportunities for All," the most of the aristocratic, masterful and unscrupulous elements of the two sections are not found fighting side by side. Whatever else may be said of national economic problems, they are not sectional.

The old slave-holding oligarchy, which constitutes the head, heart and nerves of the Democratic Party throughout the old slave states, differs from the controlling element of the Democratic Party of the North and West even more than the latter does from the Republican Party. The only sentiments common to both are hatred of the Republican Party name and "Damn a nigger anyhow!"

The South has long elected the most of the Democratic senators and congressmen, but the national policy of the party, when it has any, is dictated by New York. Southern Democratic

leaders are tiring of this humiliating subordination and appear to be almost ready for any rearrangement that will not require them to call themselves Republicans or to abandon the race issue at home. But they have not studied present economic problems, and their environments and existing complications so prejudice them against some of the changes and associations that must precede or result from the economic emancipation of the masses that it is more difficult for them to consider these problems dispassionately and to accept quietly new situations than it is for their natural allies in the North.

Nevertheless, as the final alignment of the members of the Southern wing of the Democratic Party will be determined by the men who control its machines, and as their course will depend upon arrangements yet to be made with the Northern plutocracy, I shall devote my remaining space to the party as it exists in the North and West.

To forecast its probable course it will be necessary to consider some strong, special influences that have long drawn certain classes of voters into its ranks and repelled and driven others from them:

(1) During the first three decades of the last century the principal issues between the Federalists and the Republicans were settled or dropped, and during Monroe's administration (1816-24—the "era of good feeling") the Federalist Party dissolved and was absorbed by the Republican Party—the name of which gradually changed to "Democratic." But, coincident with, and partly because of this change in its membership, there was also a change in its essential character and aims. Moreover, during this period, the slavery question for the first time became a seriously menacing political factor; and, although it was temporarily quieted by the Missouri Compromise, the defenders of slavery concentrated more and more in the Democratic Party. And the most of the steadily increasing number of Free-soilers found homes in other parties.

(2) During the forties an immense number of Irish and German immigrants poured into this country; and as in Europe "Democracy" stood for the rights of the masses, the most of them were naturally attracted by that name, and, of course, the more i norant and stolid they were the more unlikely they were to perceive the radical difference between Democracy as it was understood in Europe and as it actually existed in America.

(3) This seemingly endless flow of immigrants—a large part of whom were Roman Catholics or Free-Thinkers—alarmed many good people, and led to the formation of the Know-Nothing Party, whose oath-bound members were pledged to restrict immigration and to oppose the election of Roman Catholics to office. Its success was phenomenal, until Henry A. Wise, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Virginia, made denunciation of it the chief feature of his campaign, and his success led his party everywhere to oppose it. Naturally, under the circumstances, the Catholic hierarchy became a stanch supporter of the Democratic Party. And, although changed conditions have been leavening that church, its more unprogressive members still vote with their priests, a large but decreasing number of whom are yet Democrats—and, of course, the tendency of Catholics to concentrate in the Democratic Party strengthens that of Protestants to affiliate with other parties.

(4) The Maine law agitation forced the liquor interests into politics in self-defense. As a majority of their leaders were Democrats, while the temperance people belonged more generally to other parties, the saloon element concentrated more and more in the Democratic Party—and, although an increasing portion of it is now Republican, moss grows on the back of the majority as luxuriantly as ever.

(5) Millions of emigrants from the South to the North and West carried their Southern prejudices with them;

and they and their descendants constitute a considerable per cent. of the copper-lined Democracy of several important states.

(6) The repeal of the Missouri Compromise drove out of the Northern Democratic Party some of its ablest and most progressive members. It also disintegrated the Whig and the Know-Nothing parties, and, while the most of their better elements became Republicans, the larger part of their pro-slavery, saloon-lounging and reactionary members found a more congenial home in the Democratic camp.

(7) When Sumter was fired on the hosts of Democrats who left their party because of its more or less open sympathy with the South, or its opposition to measures adopted for the preservation of the Union, were men it could least afford to lose. And, for a generation, the odor of disloyalty that clung to its garments, and its denunciation of the Reconstruction measures, alienated many of the sons of Democratic sires.

It is thus seen that, for eighty years, events have tended to concentrate under the Democratic flag much the larger part of the unprogressive and fossilized people of the North and West and to alienate and repel the more progressive—and it is because of these powerful and persistent influences that, in so many localities, the Democratic Party is largely composed of the less desirable elements. It is, of course, true that some of our ablest and best people are Democrats, and that some of the vilest train with other parties. I am not contrasting parties, but merely showing the kind of material of which the Northern Democracy is largely composed. And this is done because without such knowledge its probable future action cannot be forecast. In all prolonged contests the masses of a party finally decide what it will do. Sooner or later men who have their sympathy and support come to the front.

Another important fact, a *very* important one, is that the one principle that practically every Democratic doctrinaire indorses as "fundamental" is catchingly expressed as "that government is best that governs least"; and the traditions of the party, and the teachings of its founders, clearly condemn nearly every reform measure now being discussed.

The plutocracy does not *need* any more legislation. It desires more—but, with "vested rights" protected by courts that do not hesitate to stretch old or make new laws, it will continue to grow as rankly as Jonah's gourd.

But the masses require for their protection from grafters the passage of many new laws that differ radically from those now on the statute books. Until laws that actually protect the weak from the strong are enacted and enforced the parasitic classes will continue to live luxuriously upon the earnings of the impoverished masses.

When reform Democrats cite the fathers of the party they quote broad and lofty sentiments which, when uttered, justified non-action—hands off. But now that laws of the kind they were intended to prevent have long been on statute books—and new conditions have resulted from them—the same principles require the passage of laws that will untie the hands of the weak, and that, to the extent that may be found necessary, will restrain those who are inclined to oppress them.

In short, "the old Democratic principles," as applied by the fathers to *then* proposed legislation is *now* more effective *against* than in favor of the legislation proposed by Messrs. Bryan, Hearst and their allies. It is another instance of "circumstances alter cases."

It should never be forgotten that the large reactionary element swayed by ignorance, prejudice and gross desires, the fossils who pride themselves on always standing in their fathers' shoes, the unthinking mass that blindly follows leaders, and the mercenary elements can be ultimately managed—in some way—by the plutocracy. They are clay in the hands of the political potter.

Whenever party managers have enough money these classes can be induced to attend the primaries, and, when there, they naturally vote with and for those whose ideas and motives they think they understand. Let it be repeated that the one and only thing insisted upon by those who can and do manipulate these classes of voters is a sufficient amount of money, and only the plutocracy can supply this in unlimited quantities. Can the potency of these facts be overestimated?

It is because so large a part of the Democratic *voters* in all of the Northern States in which that party is strong are manageable (I am not saying purchasable) that, although in 1896 they idolized Mr. Bryan, they elected a National Convention in 1900 that renominated but deliberately knifed him, and in 1904 he was coolly thrown overboard.

But the situation requires the mention of another fact: In the past some of the loudest and most active of Mr. Bryan's followers cared little or nothing for economic reform. They were then, as many of his present supporters are now, impelled by the idea that "reform will be a winning cry—if not today, then tomorrow."

The more it is considered the more significant is the fact that, although Mr. Bryan's professed supporters have controlled the government of *more than a dozen states* from 1896 to the present time—with practically no opposition in the most of them—*the grip of the plutocracy has not been weakened in a single one!* Compare the record of the Democrats in Congress and the Democratic states before and after 1896, and *no sign of any serious change of heart or purpose is anywhere discernible.* That is, where it could do anything it wished it has done practically nothing.

Saying still harder things about the Republicans will not change this ineffaceable record. Far-reaching reforms are needed in every governmental department—from school boards to White House. And every party must be judged by its own actions and efforts—by what it does and does not do when in power. So long as it remains true that wherever the Democratic Party is in power—in cities, counties, states and nation—it fills the offices with men who do the bidding of plutocrats about as readily as Republicans do, earnest reformers will judge the party by its fruits rather than by the "promises" of a few of its prominent members.

Look behind the scenes and call the roll of Mr. Bryan's most conspicuous supporters, in whose sincerity their own constituents have confidence, and the number will be found surprisingly small. Some of his ablest lieutenants are ex-Republicans—such as Charles A. Towne, George Fred Williams and David Overmeyer. Of Governor Folk and others it is not yet known to what extent they agree with him. They heartily believe in reform, in a general way, and insist on personal honesty, but that they are ready to support any and all measures needed to secure equal opportunities to all is not known. And still others, and they are very numerous, are merely self-seekers, using the general desire for reform and Mr. Bryan's popularity to promote their personal schemes. These facts are unpleasant, but they are facts, all the same.

For several years William R. Hearst has been recognized as a disintegrating force in the Democratic Party, and, at this writing, the indications are that the breach between him and the party's managers will continue to widen and deepen. Moreover, in spite of his numerous ably edited periodicals and the space given to him by his enemies, most people still regard him as a more or less uncertain quantity. It looks as though he wished to be the leading figure in the great Economic Reform Party that is certain to govern this country in the near future; and, if this is the case, he will carry so many Democrats with him as to make it easier for the plutocracy to retain possession of the old machine.

It can safely be assumed that the

time is gone by in which economic reformers can be satisfied with propositions to fight another sham battle over the tariff. A host of them now understand too well what they want, and will insist upon fighting for it even if they have to leave their old party to do so. They are numerous enough in the Democratic Party to make a great fight for its control if rightly led; but, with a large part of those who, professing to be "all right," jump into the band wagon, and keep one eye upon and one hand stretched toward the plutocracy, the prospect is not encouraging.

Apply another test. If the intelligent people of every community will study the character of the real managers of the Democratic Party in their own neighborhood, they will nearly always be compelled to admit that power put into such hands would not be so used as to best promote the interests of the people as a whole. Some of them are notoriously mercenary, others are easily deceived, and still others would be unable to resist some of the many "influences" that the plutocracy always can, and sometimes does, use.

In many places the Republican managers are worse than the Democratic, but their relative merits are not now under consideration. "A plague on both your parties," say I. The plutocracy can never be defeated by supporting one of the parties it controls, on the plea that another is still worse. Its overthrow requires the triumph of an organization from whose councils *all* of its agents are excluded, and, as the Democratic Party appears to be so constituted that Belmonts and Clevelands will not only be always tolerated in its ranks, but will occupy prominent seats, it is a waste of effort to try to reform it.

Although the plutocracy controlled both of the old parties in 1904, and only about three-fourths of a million votes were cast against their nominees, it is evident that a struggle has begun that can end only with its complete overthrow; and many believe that the combination against it will take final shape in 1908. The Republican and Democratic parties are now divided on vital issues, and in this year's state and congressional campaigns the contest is of such a character as to make the continued union of their warring elements thereafter difficult, if not impossible. Both parties have chosen the most of their nominees from the old set, and no serious change is probable in the character and political conduct of either machine between now and 1908.

It is also more than merely possible that those Republicans and Democrats who desire the economic emancipation of the people, and the Populists and the rational section of the Socialists, will, in spite of past party differences, find some practical basis for union in 1908; and, if they do, the plutocrats are likely to realize the necessity of concentrating their voters in one party—and no one can say with certainty which party will, in that event, be chosen. They are now undoubtedly most numerous in the Republican Party, but their leaders are not likely to remain blind to the following facts:

(*a*) In all ages and countries in which a united plutocracy has had to fight for its life it has been able in some way to enlist and use the proletariat. Heretofore its greatest peril has been overconfidence and blindness to danger until too late to unite and plan a defensive campaign.

(*b*) The character and aims of the leaders of the two wings of the plutocracy are essentially the same. It is really more completely "master of the situation" in the Southern than in most of the Northern states. The Southern Democrats still control eleven states absolutely, and if, while the race issue still overshadows all others, they are given the different kinds of help that could easily be rendered by a united plutocracy, they would be reasonably certain to carry the other five—sixteen in all. This is because the possible black vote, which a *united* plutocracy can "cast or suppress at pleasure," holds the balance

of power in the only debatable states in that section.

(*c*) The Northern States in which the Democratic Party is still a strong factor—among which are New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana and Illinois—are the ones in which the percentage of the manageable voters that usually train with the Republicans, and might be transferred to the Democrats by the plutocracy, is the largest. They are also the ones in which the proportion of Democratic voters that would revolt against *plutocratic* control is the smallest; and, what is equally important, the percentage of Republican votes that could be transferred to the Democratic columns by plutocratic managers is much larger in them than anywhere else. These facts have been proved more than once.

Epitomized, my conclusions are:

If the St. Louis convention had adopted the platform reported by the subcommittee and given Mr. Bryan to understand that insubordination would no longer be tolerated, Judge Parker and Mr. Watson would each have received a much larger vote, and President Roosevelt and Mr. Debs a much smaller one.

When the friends of equal opportunities for all "get together" the plutocracy will be compelled to concentrate its forces—and it will be most likely to do this under the Democratic flag, with "that government is best which governs least" for its slogan.

If the plutocracy does not openly concentrate its forces in 1908 and allow some professed reformer to be nominated by the Democrats as a stool-pigeon, it will all the more certainly dictate so many of that party's nominations for Congress, legislatures, etc., that the party will continue to be a hindrance instead of a help to the cause of economic reform.

Even before the lines of battle are formed in 1908 this fact will have become so evident that practically no outside friends of the cause will enlist under its banner—no matter who may be its Presidential candidate nor what its platform. And, for the same reason, many of Mr. Bryan's past and present supporters will sever their connection with it. Consequently, the contest between it and the Republicans will be a sham battle, so far as economic reform is concerned.

Although I know of no instance in which a united plutocracy has been permanently overthrown, I feel sure that the coming conflict will be an exception, but space does not permit a statement of the reasons for this belief.

Since the above article was prepared the Illinois State Convention, by a vote of two to one, practically indorsed Roger Sullivan, whose resignation from the National Committee Mr. Bryan had demanded, and then unanimously indorsed him (Bryan) for President. In a speech at Chicago Mr. Bryan spurned the indorsement offered him and, in reference to Mr. Sullivan, said:

> "I am going to insist that, when a man accepts a position in any great corporation, he should be made to know that he will not be permitted to serve, *in any capacity*, with the Democratic organization, *or as a Democratic candidate for any office*."

A New York coterie that had been working for "harmony," with Mr. Bryan for the candidate, immediately changed front, as did many others all over the country. Nevertheless he continues to receive ovations wherever he goes, and at Louisville the welcoming address was delivered by Henry Watterson, who had lately declared government ownership of railroads to be "un-American and un-Democratic, illogical to all our possessions on the side of simple, efficacious and upright government."

The old fight between the two elements, thus renewed, must be more strenuous and bitter than ever before. The plutocrats deliberately twice knifed the "reform" candidate of their party, and the reform element gave the plutocratic candidate similar treatment in 1904. He must be blind indeed who does not see that a united Democracy in 1908 is even more impossible than a united Republican Party;

and the prospect was never so bright that there will be a genuine and powerful reform party in 1908—that reform Democrats and reform Republicans can join without even impliedly indorsing the past records of their enemies.

The Child of Baba

BY LYDIA F. PEASTER

THE house, small and featureless, rusticated sleepily in its garden of weeds, cockle-burrs and Jerusalem Oak, writhing up from a soil compounded of dark earth with red clay subsoil that showed after a hard rain. The builders and residents of the house had been either too ignorant or too indifferent to make it an attractive abode. No spreading shade trees beckoned to rest in the summer; no fruit trees blushed with blossoming maternity in the spring. About the cramped dwelling there was no suggestion of home.

Once young faces and young voices lighted up the place, but only the old grandmother crept in and out of the door now; for Cal Dunbar, her grandson—the last of his race, had gone out into the world to make his way and, except for the neighbors who sometimes came to see her, she was alone.

There was much prophesying among the good people of the village in regard to the young man's ultimate end. It was the almost universal belief that he would be as his father had been—wild, heedless and convivial and, as the natural outcome of this, would die by violence. With the peculiar frankness of intimate neighbors, they freely discussed this probability before his grandmother, so that she came to tremble whenever his name was mentioned.

"She idolizes that boy," said Crow, the postmaster. "I never knowed it to fail that our idols is taken from us. It is positively forbidden in the Bible to set our affections on anything earthly. We must de-spise the world and the fulness thereof and set our thoughts on things heavenly."

"Yes," said his wife, "look how she worshiped 'Lias, an' how he was taken mos' dreadfully from her."

"Like father, like son," Crow resumed. "'Lias was ever'body's fav'rite, but he had the dev-il of idleness in him, an' he was always hangin' 'round hoss-races an' fairs, an' he got a dart through his liver."

The postmaster, who also owned the store, looked around on a little group for approval. Two habitual loafers who sometimes got a free drink of cider, nodded at one another expressively, but an unpopular old fellow who was considered simple put in here:

"'Lias wa'n't to blame. It was blackleg gamblers an' hoss-thieves shot 'im becus he wouldn't be cheated by 'em, an' he told 'em they wuz liars. I wuz thar," he ended, with oozing courage as he looked at the unfriendly faces.

"Didn't I say he was always disporting with unseemly men?" Crow demanded roughly, turning on the old man. "He was with birds of his feather and they turned and rent him."

The two Dromios rose as one man and grunted approval, but the old man rambled on:

"'Lias wuz a clever feller. He put ever'thing he could scrape together in the bank fur his mother. I don't see how she'd live now if it wuzn't fur that."

Cal Dunbar was a wild boy, but a lovable one at his most wilful times. His heart had failed him when it came to a parting with his grandmother, though go he must. The intolerable dulness of an ancient, outworn neighborhood galled him as farm-gearing does a young, unbroken horse.

As for his grandmother it was like death to her when the springing form was out of sight. With his bright head went the light of the house.

All she had now were her memories of her child's child. And the lonely days, weeks and months she passed in the unlovely house were full of him. She went gloatingly over the time that stretched from his infancy to the arrogant budding of manhood. What a sweet baby he had been; how quickly he had learned to walk—how enchanting were his first attempts to talk. Her heart beat thickly with pleasure merely to recall the first time he had spoken her name!

Closing her eyes she could feel him again in her arms—could hear his low, contented gurglings—feel a little, insistent hand push into her bosom and catch the lisping word—"Baba."

"Heard from Cal lately?" the postmaster asked carelessly one day when Mrs. Dunbar called for her monthly letter from the bank at Jamestown.

"No, not just lately," she answered, beginning to tremble. "He ain't much a one fur news."

"I reckon he's gettin' 'long fine?" Crow persisted.

"I reckon he is," she said faintly, hurrying from the store as soon as he handed her the letter.

That same evening the postmaster, looking over the weekly paper from Jamestown, came across an item that made him open his eyes. Later, when the regular loafers and frequenters of the store were gathered together, he read it to them:

"A disgraceful riot took place in this quiet old town yesterday just after the six o'clock whistle blew for the release of the mill-hands. As the weary workmen were hastening to their homes they were set upon by a crowd of hoodlums and malcontents, who threw sticks, refuse and stones, injuring several workmen before they could be scattered. The rioters were led by a well-known loafer about town, known as Cal Dunbar. He, along with several other ill-favored characters, was arrested. Dunbar claims that he and his companions were discharged from the mill because they demanded living wages, and that they resented the action only when their places were filled by non-union men. Dunbar will be held for trial, as he resisted an officer. He fought savagely till he was handcuffed."

The postmaster had read in a loud, monotonous voice, and when he finished he demanded triumphantly:

"Didn't I tell you Cal Dunbar'd never come to any good?"

"Y' did," the loafers said firmly.

"I bet you a hoss," one continued independently, "he wuz drunk when it happened, jus' like 'Lias."

"I allus said 'Lias wuzn't to blame," put in the unpopular old man. The others spat contemptuously into the sawdust, but he resumed dreamily: "'Lias had only had a drop that time, po'r feller, but a little'd upset him. Them blacklegs shot him like a horg."

Crow vigorously used his knife as a toothpick and preserved a freezing silence. The old man, embarrassed, trailed off in the repetition, "Like a horg," and shuffled out of the store.

"We can't tell the old woman," said Mrs. Crow. "She dotes on the boy, an' it'd break her heart."

"She thinks he's off learnin' to be President," Crow remarked facetiously, for the amusement of the loafers.

In spite of the fact that she could not read the papers, and knew nothing, therefore, of her grandson's plight, a peculiar, intuitive terror took possession of Mrs. Dunbar.

One bright moonlit night, as she lay in bed, trying to sleep, faces of those long gone passed before her. 'Lias, headstrong, affectionate—how she recalled him! Once more she could see him as he looked that last time, riding away from her, and how he stood up in the stirrups to wave to her. Her heart ached with the same acute pain—the pain that never grew old—to think of his dead face when they brought him home to her, shot through the heart.

There had been such a look of supreme astonishment in the wide eyes and pathetic, half-open mouth.

Cal was only one year old, then—a motherless little fellow; his own mother had died at his birth.

Finally sleep came, but she dreamed of Cal. Not grown up and heedless—ashamed of his childish adoration for her—ashamed of his baby name for her; shrinking from her doting fondness, but of Cal, the sturdy toddler, who had made the divine love of babyhood to his Baba.

She was back in the days when he was learning to walk. With the same swelling heart of old she saw him essay his first step—with unutterable pride noted his uneven progress across the floor toward her; then with a sudden, waking shock, saw him stumble and fall. She started up in bed, calling his name aloud.

She heard the low wind whispering among the desolate weeds in the yard; the moonlight fell directly through the windows, so she knew half the night was gone. Her heart was knocking wildly against her side, and she could not shake off a nameless dread. With the slow, difficult movements of age she got out of bed and dressed.

She unfastened the door and stepped outside. All was very still. The moon bloomed like a lotus in the dim heavens. She went down the white path to the gate and opened it, then she saw somebody coming slowly toward her. All hesitation and doubt left her. Calling with every breath, "Cal!" she started running with incredible swiftness, and the voice of one in sore need answered:

"Baba, Baba!"

She was down beside him in the dirt, and he was in her arms. With a great sigh, as though with it he breathed forth all weariness, he fell into a stupor. For an hour he lay so, as one drugged, then waked.

"Well, Baba," he said feebly, "I am here. I counted the miles and when I couldn't run any more I walked, and when I couldn't walk any more I crawled, for I knew you would be at the end of the road waiting for me."

She answered him with the endearments that had sweetened his infancy and childhood.

"You know, Baba," he said after a while, "I want to see the inside of the ugly old house again. Reckon you can teach your boy to walk all over once more?"

And together the old woman and the young man crept into the house. She got him into his bed. Even when she had removed the sodden clothing from his bleeding side she did not fail, but bound up the wound as best she could, and smiled into his pleading eyes.

"I've been a foolish fellow, Baba," he whispered near morning. "I've brought this on myself. I thought I'd make it better for the poor cusses at the mill, but I'm afraid I've made it worse. They put me in jail, Baba, and I couldn't stand that. None of us had ever been in jail before. I planned how me and the others could get out. . . . We did, but they caught us just afterward. They told us to stop. . . . The others did, but I ran. . . . They shot me, but they never knew it. . . . After that I came on to you. . . . Toward the end I could see you waiting for me. . . ."

His fever rose, and his mind wandered. . . . "Baba, Baba," he iterated. He babbled constantly, but it was all of his baby griefs or triumphs, and through it flashes of childish ecstasy.

The morning was sending pencils of light through the blinds, and he turned his face to her of his orphaned years. He slipped his cold hand to her desolate, withered breast, and with the transfiguring light of infancy in his dying face he whispered with his last breath, "Baba!"

And if there was any mitigation in her agony, it was to know that in his death he had become her child again.

The War Between the States and the New Era

BY EDGAR L. MASTERS

IF eras in a nation's history pass from freedom to glory, if the decline of popular vigor is marked by a people's transition from happiness to splendor, then the United States have followed the predestined course, then they have developed the determined symptoms of decay. Yet we must not be convinced by epigrams, we must not be deceived by words. Beneath appearances lie facts. Do the conclusions of historians fit the appearances only, or do they fit the facts also? Can we, at this time, decide the question? Can any man take into his comprehension all the facts of history, all the tendencies of the times, and, having done so, can he analyze the present and foretell the future? Do the canons of experience furnish the tests for explaining the secrets of our era? What shall be done with the arguments of fatalists, with the dogmas of political and religious mystics? Can we rely upon the deductions of science? Amid the bewildering voices of Socialism, anarchism, democracy and imperialism, what way shall we turn? Wisdom may call from the house-top, but where are those who shall hear? We are living in a new era, but is it an era of growth or decay?

There is an optimism which walks upon tiptoe and runs with the heart of a child. There is a pessimism which rivets its eyes upon the man without work and the child without a father. These thinkers see the world through a pipestem. Such an optimist eventually lands in quiet transcendentalism; such a pessimist is overtaken by moral paralysis. Nor shall we necessarily find wisdom between these two. We shall find it by mastering the facts of history; we shall progress by squaring our actions to the teachings of experience. In some respects we are worse off than our forefathers; in some respects we are better off than they. There are particulars in which we have advanced over them in liberty and government, there are others in which we have retrogressed. In the last analysis, in the main result, are we better off, are we freer, stronger, kinder, wiser than our forefathers, or have we fallen off in freedom, strength, kindness and wisdom?

Evolution is not necessarily development; it may be mere disintegration. To do a new thing is not to progress; to forsake the past is not to take a forward step. In man there is youth, manhood and old age. Is it necessarily so with nations? Why, as nations are momentarily renewing their population, may they not be forever young? We know that they are not so. But it is no necessary fatalism that sends them to the shadows of old age. A law of the tribe, an instinct of the herd, distinctly animal in its workings, exhausts the many for the benefit of the few, and in course of time the many grow small of stature, weak of mind, debased of heart; the few grow insolent, corrupt, sapped by licentiousness.

There are two classes of people in the world, believers and skeptics. Each, in the other's estimation, is skeptical; each is half skeptic and half believer. The believers hold to justice and truth as principles binding upon men without reference to any supernatural power. The skeptics believe

in supernatural power, but regard this world as a foraging ground, and treat Justice and Truth on terms of expediency. Between these classes the sphere of ethics and government are kept in motion by their action and interaction. Over the gates of ruined empires the skeptics write the inscription, "Destiny," while science declares that men themselves are at fault.

Today the people of the United States are divided economically as follows: Hundreds live in splendor, thousands in elegance, tens of thousands in comfort, and millions in want. The land is covered with railroads. Men converse with each other across a thousand miles, and communicate with each other beyond seas. Ships send messages to each other at sea and to distant continents. The conveniences of travel have reached the highest point of perfection. The forests are cleared, the fields are cultivated. Great cities cover the land. The rural population is falling off. The laws are complex, industry is controlled by machinery, and monopoly rules the markets. Centralization in commerce and government have converted the people of the states into practically one community. The civil relations and economic surroundings of the people are dictated from Washington. There is scarcely any subject that does not fall within the jurisdiction of the Federal courts. The President sends warships whithersoever he chooses, he makes treaties, sets up republics and administers them; he dictates upon questions of divorce and child-bearing; he has his private yacht and box at the theatre, and our ministers abroad wear knee breeches, and draw large salaries for their proficiency in royal etiquette. The people pay their insurance premiums and their taxes, and Wall Street sits secure from taxation, hauls money from the Treasury to speculate with, and engineers the newspapers of the Republic.

Fifty years ago there was less wealth, but there was also less poverty. There were fewer railroads. There were no telephones, and men were compelled to improve their memories by treasuring up their messages for the occasion to speak. People stayed at home and laid the foundations of the nation's wealth. The great cities were few, the rural population was greater than the urban population. The laws were simple, industry was decentralized, and competition was a real fact. The states were sovereign—great thinkers boasted of the fact—and the Senate solemnly recognized it in repeated resolutions. Washington was a city of magnificent distances, and any state felt powerful enough to rebuke her when she tried to overstep her authority. Andrew Jackson hurled threatenings against South Carolina, but afterward apologized for them; on the other hand, he laughed at a decision of the Supreme Court, and told them to enforce it if they could. He had no yacht and no box at the theatre, but diverted himself in dueling or shooting at a mark when no quarrel was on. Our diplomacy was of the shirt-sleeve order. The British lion was woebegone from having its tail twisted, and our ministers abroad prided themselves upon their ignorance of the ways of kings. Life insurance was hard to get, taxes were low, and could be worked out upon the road. Wall Street was only an imitation, and newspapers were so scarce that people were able to inform themselves and to make up their minds. Then we had negro slavery, not because the states were sovereign and had the right to secede, but because when the Government was founded slavery was with us, and all the original states but one had the institution. The invention of the cotton gin made slavery profitable at the South; it died out at the North. And while it was deplored by eminent men always, both at the South and the North, the principle which makes all of us regard the mote in our neighbor's eye, but overlook the beam in our own, prompted the agitation for the control of slavery in the territories.

When the South saw her institution doomed her economic nerve was

touched, her pride was wounded. But the greatest peril to her lay in the assault upon state sovereignty, that doctrine which had been preached from the days of the Revolution, as the cornerstone of the Republic, and never impugned except in the interest of the bank, the tariff or internal improvements. Washington had assented to the doctrine, Jefferson had expounded it, Madison, with great erudition, had lauded it, Calhoun brought his great powers of logic to its defense; yet, in the course of years, it was undermined. The imperialists of this era boast that it was shot to death at Gettysburg and buried at Appomattox Court House. And if so, something else must have taken its place as the informing principles of the Government. If so, what we are today must be attributable to the substitution.

The cause of the war has been confused by conflicting claims and arguments. The South blamed the North; the North blamed the South. The North insisted that the South struck the first blow, the South replied that the North caused the first blow to be struck. Some argue that the war was waged to destroy slavery; others that it was prosecuted to save the Union. The South appealed to history and said that it was the issue of the Revolution over again—that is, the right of self-government. All of these subjects entered into the contest, but it was secession which precipitated the war; it was to keep the Southern States in the Union under the Constitution of 1787 that 700,000 men were sent to their graves and $5,000,000,000 were spent. Was the issue worth the cost? The South claimed that the position of the North was the position of George III during the Revolution. Was the South right? Men may argue in winter whether a given tree produces sweet or sour apples, but, when the fruit ripens, there can no longer be any dispute about the matter. So shall we judge the fruit of the war and the spirit of those who waged it.

Had South Carolina, in 1832, seceded from the Union on account of the protective tariff law, instead of setting up to nullify that law while remaining in the Union, the history of secession would have been different. States might have joined with her, and the protective principle eradicated from the fresh soil of America. But when secession was resorted to in defense of the institution of slavery, it was not difficult to attack on sentimental grounds the right of secession and to degrade, if that were possible, the cause for which the course was adopted. Nothing can be said in defense of the institution of slavery, and if the war between the states had destroyed that institution without changing our Government from a confederated republic to a centralized government—for which some new word must be coined—then it might have been worth the cost, if anything can compensate the destruction of human life. But the fact is that the war created a greater plutocracy than it destroyed, and intrenched in governmental power the evils that obtained temporary ascendency through the Tories of John Adams's time.

Slavery was an engine of plutocracy, but the protective tariff is a far more powerful engine of plutocracy, as are the national banks, and their control of the nation's finances. So that when we consider that the colored man in the South is nearly where he was before the war, except that he is not a slave, while monopoly is in control of both the South and the North, and that its control is due to the war, sober thinkers must deplore that war as among the greatest calamities that have befallen mankind.

I have been asked to discuss the doctrine of secession, and, indeed, some reference must be made to it in the development of my theme. But the history of that doctrine is too rich, the arguments advanced in its favor and against it are too abundant to find place here, beyond the barest outline. Believing, as I do, that a confederated republic is the best scheme of government ever devised to preserve the rights of the people, and that it possesses

all the power necessary for national purposes, I regret that it was not preserved. And believing further, as I do, that the destruction of that scheme has remitted us to the European system, with many of its abuses, I am forced to look upon the war as one of the tragedies in the history of liberty. I shall, therefore, briefly note the arguments in favor of state sovereignty and the right of secession as preliminary to a discussion of the new era which followed the war and the regime of monopoly which distinguishes it. The argument can be divided as follows:

First—The states were, from the beginning of the Revolutionary War, sovereign.

Second—The Constitution was a compact.

Third—The sovereign power which can ratify a compact can secede from it.

First—That the states were sovereign from the beginning of the Revolutionary War rests upon the following facts:

(*a*) That before that time sovereignty rested in the British Crown, and that with the advent of the Revolution it devolved upon the thirteen colonies or states.

(*b*) That it could not, and did not, devolve upon the people of those colonies in mass, because each colony was a distinct organization, and had its own distinct organization, and because there was no organized American people in mass.

(*c*) That the Declaration of Independence was the work of the states severally, each in its own organic capacity, and was signed and pronounced by delegates from each of the states, instructed severally by each of the states so to do.

(*d*) That the Declaration of Independence announces that the thirteen states are "free and independent," and have full power "to do all acts and things which independent states may of right do."

(*e*) That the union of the states under the Articles of Confederation was with the reservation, plainly expressed, that each "state retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence and every power which is not, by this confederation, expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled."

(*f*) That in the treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1783 this language was used: "His Britannic Majesty acknowledges the United States, viz (here the states are all named), to be free, sovereign and independent."

(*g*) That in point of law no grant is presumed against the sovereign power, but every grant must be expressed. And inasmuch as the word "sovereign," or "sovereignty," is not in the Constitution, the states did not part with their sovereignty by ratifying the Constitution; while, on the other hand, the Eleventh Amendment to that instrument provides that "the powers not granted to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the states are reserved to the states respectively or to the people."

(*h*) That the Constitution was drafted by a convention of delegates sent severally from each of the states, and that, when drafted, it was sent back to the states to be ratified by them in their individual sovereign character, and was so ratified.

(*i*) That, in point of authority, Washington called the Government under the Constitution a confederated republic; Lincoln, as late as February, 1860, called it a confederacy; Marshall, in deciding a case, held that the states were sovereign under the Articles of Confederation; Hamilton called the Government a confederacy; Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Calhoun and a host of others subscribed to the doctrine of state sovereignty; while the Supreme Court, to this hour, has declared that the states are sovereign except in so far as they have parted with their sovereignty.

Second—That the Constitution was a compact rests upon the following facts:

(*a*) That it did not emanate from the people of the United States as one mass or community, but was the prod-

uct of sovereign states which seceded from the Union under the Articles of Confederation in order to ratify it.

(*b*) That so distinctly was the Government under the Constitution contemplated as a federation of states that wherever the words "National Government" were written in the original draft of the Constitution they were substituted for the words "Government of the United States," and in that form, and under that character, it was adopted.

(*c*) That the Government under the Constitution was called Federal from the first, and the party advocating its adoption assumed the name of the Federal Party.

(*d*) That the Constitution created a government of states for states, and cannot exsit without the acts of states.

(*e*) That in point of authority Washington used the term "acceding to the Constitution," and, besides a host of others, the great Webster, in 1851, called it a compact.

Third—The sovereign power which can ratify a compact can secede from it.

Sovereign powers ought not to break their contracts without cause, but if they do, there is no redress. On the other hand, if some of the sovereign powers do not observe their contract, the others are not bound to do so. The expedient of secession was no novelty in 1860. The New England States proposed secession during the second war with Great Britain; Massachusetts proposed secession on account of the Mexican War and the annexation of Texas. John Quincy Adams advocated secession in Congress. The leading abolitionists habitually invoked secession as a means for exonerating the free states from the guilt of slavery. The subject was favorably broached at an early time by Hamilton; Jefferson believed in the doctrine. Lincoln made a speech in Congress in favor of the right of revolution, which is another way of stating the same thing. Joseph Story admitted that the right of secession was indisputable, if the Constitution was a compact. Webster called the Constitution a compact, and said if the Northern States did not observe the fugitive slave law the Southern States need not observe the compact at all. De Tocqueville conceded the right in the fullest terms. And Horace Greeley, at the time South Carolina seceded, solicited the Government, through the *Tribune*, to let the erring sisters go in peace.

The other side of the question can be stated by reversing the main propositions. The Government under the Constitution is national in its character; the Constitution is not a compact between sovereignties, but is the instrument of the people themselves, from which it follows that secession was insurrection or rebellion. The North made out its case, particularly in Webster's great speech, which, in logical effect, he afterward retracted. But this fact is not published in Barnes's School History of the United States, or taught to children. The North also made out its case on the battlefield at Vicksburg, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor, Missionary Ridge, Gettysburg, and the South, who claimed to be doing a non-evasive thing, a mere negative thing, found herself charged with resisting the laws and breaking up the Union. Everywhere the battle-cry of the Union was raised, and the Union took shape as a visible thing of beauty and sacredness which it was blasphemy to touch with unclean hands, which it was treason to desert or abandon.

"Whether one makes an idol of wood or stone," says Schopenhauer, "or constructs it from abstract ideas, it is all the same."

Robespierre stands in history as the symbol of Terror. Yet, until the last few years of his life, he was all kindness; he was an exponent of non-resistance. His habits were severe and ascetical, he was devout and studious. But he loved liberty, and that passion so obsessed his nature that he filled his country with calamity and blood, and brought a quick and fearful doom to himself. Before the Revolution he was a judge, but resigned rather than pronounce the death sentence upon a criminal. When he entered the Na-

tional Assembly he proposed a law abolishing capital punishment. He abhorred mobs. He tried to protect the royal family during the early massacres. Out of his love for Liberty, out of his ceaseless vigils in her behalf, he evoked the tremendous French Revolution, and to realize his power and to preserve his idol he consented to the Terror. Then, true to his metaphysical nature, he declined to ride and rule the monster he had created, and it turned upon him and slew him. Robespierre's dream faded away in the light of empire. The force abolitionists have lived to see, in astonishment, the trappings of kings dishonor the associations and memorials of Abraham Lincoln. The millions who toil in the days of great dreamers, and those who toil when the dreamers have passed away, pay the price of these passions of the soul. It is well enough to be carried away by an idol of the mind, provided we pay the price ourselves. Who has the right, upon his own faith that he is inspired, to bring millions of men to slaughter?

It is not an easy matter in this day to interest people in the value of state sovereignty or decentralized power. Too many are interested in Socialism, that hundred-handed giant who has all power in himself, and who promises to grip in a fast destiny the fortunes of puny men.

A slight investigation of historical writings will show why it was that the fathers insisted upon the doctrine of state sovereignty; and not only that, but it will show that the states were sovereign under the Constitution and up to the time of the war. Those great thinkers knew that monopoly, or what we call plutocracy, was the evil of all evils to be feared, and they reasoned that sovereign states, remaining sovereign, could cope with that evil, while centralization was its fostering influence. They knew that there is a passion in the strong which impels them to control and use the weak, and to possess themselves of the national wealth; that this is done in the way of stealthy plundering by indirect taxes, banking laws and other devices for diverting money from the pockets of the people into their pockets, and they sought, by preserving sovereign power in the states and paramount power in the people of the states, to obviate the disasters that had befallen the people of Europe.

To Be Concluded.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY

BY MARY-ROBERTS-RINEHART.

CHAPTER XIII

THE lights flashed up again in an instant, but there was no one to be seen. I hurried through the different rooms, only to be met with emptiness. Once, indeed, I thought I heard muffled footsteps, and I ran in the direction from which they seemed to come, only to meet with disappointment. When, at last, I found a flight of steps that led outside, with the door at the top open, I knew that search was useless; the creature, man, woman or beast, had made its escape. Still shaken with my experience, I went slowly upstairs to find Hotchkiss.

We met in the back hallway, and I could see that he was as much excited as I.

"Something has happened," he said hurriedly. "I don't know whether to offer assistance or not—they are so peculiar about this thing. But I imagine the prisoner has escaped; I met Ellis running over the lawn, only half dressed, and Georgia Ellis just now came down the front staircase, as white as death."

"I'm going to her," I said, pulling away from his grasp on my arm. "He—or she—has escaped. Somebody slid down the cable of the dumbwaiter just as the lights went out, and flew past me. Don't try to keep me; there may be murder done while we stand here."

I hurried to the front of the house. The lights were low and everything was quiet, but at the far end of the veranda I saw a slender, white-clad figure and I went toward it. In the faint starlight—there was no more—I saw Georgia Ellis, crouching against the stone balustrade, her eyes peering into the black shadows of the trees on the lawn, one hand clutching nervously at her throat. She did not move when I touched the hand on the balustrade, and I saw she was shivering violently. She was dressed as she had been that evening, in something soft and white, and its loose half-sleeves and low-cut neck were no protection from the cold night air.

"You must come in, Georgia," I said imperatively. "Standing here will do no good, and you are simply courting pneumonia. Come in, little girl."

She did not look at me. She shook her head impatiently, and gazed across the lawn. I stood beside her for a minute, uncertain what to do. Unwelcome as I was, it was out of the question to leave her there alone, exposed to heaven knows what danger, chilled with cold, troubled and anxious as she was. After a bit I went into the house and brought down my raincoat, which I wrapped around her shoulders. Then I drew up a chair, and she sank into it with a little sigh of fatigue.

We sat there for half an hour, I on the balustrade, my eyes on the faint outline of her face, holding myself back with an effort. If only it had been my privilege, my right, to have knelt beside her there, slipping my arm around her, to have comforted her, sending her off to bed and taking her place as I longed to do. But she belonged to another man; it was for his safe return from this unknown danger that she prayed and waited. Down under the trees somewhere he was fol-

lowing up the fugitive and like the onlookers in a play, we were forced to sit and watch—and wait.

The raincoat slipped down from her white shoulders and I drew it around her tenderly. She roused a little, then, and I saw with relief that the strained look was leaving her eyes.

"It's such a comfort to have you here," she said simply. "I'm afraid I'm a coward."

"It is more than that to me to be here," I said. "It is harder than you know to see you in trouble and to realize that I can never be anything but an outsider."

"An outsider?" she questioned.

"I could not expect to be anything else. I want too much. I should not even be satisfied with friendship, and I am not your friend."

"I had hoped you were," she said wistfully.

"Friendship implies confidence; you deny me even the small comfort of helping you bear your troubles," I said brutally. "I don't mean I would be satisfied with the crumbs from the table, but I would take them; a famishing dog will take anything."

"I think I need a friend." She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. "Wherever I look I see only endless complications, endless mystery, endless secrecy. There is sickness and the dread of death in the west wing, and in the east wing——"

"What?" I bent toward her eagerly.

"Trouble—trouble that I cannot tell you," she said wearily. "I am going in now. It will soon be morning, and there is no use in staying longer." She got up and slipped off my raincoat and gave it to me. "I cannot tell," she said, "but perhaps by tonight you will know our trouble, and I will be glad—glad."

She gave me her hand, and I took it fervently in both of mine. "I believe that things are going to come right for you," I said as cheerfully as I could. "They will never come right for me."

I did not go to bed that night. For a time I walked round the trees, stopping at the stone bridge to look back at the house. In the tower room over mine there was a bright light, but no figure appeared at the windows, and everything was quiet. Once I was startled to hear stealthy footsteps near, and I stood close to the trunk of a big beech, in the shadow, until Hotchkiss emerged into an open space near and looked round. He was manifestly startled when I spoke to him, but concealed it well, and we went back to the house together.

"There's no use in staying up," he said. "The prisoner has got away, probably for good. Ellis is hunting through the neighborhood, but he might as well be in his bed. The whole thing is bound to come out tomorrow, and if we are to be of any account we'll be the better for a few hours' rest."

It seemed probable he was right; the secrecy, so carefully maintained by Ellis and the two women, could no longer be maintained if a dangerous maniac were at large in the vicinity. Outside help would have to be called in, the thing would be in the papers and we would be fortunate indeed if we should succeed in keeping it from St. John.

Before I went to my room I slipped into the sick man's bedroom. Everything was quiet and dark, but St. John himself was wakeful and alert. He raised himself on his pillows as I came in, and motioned me to close the door into the next room, where Miss Martin, in a slate-gray négligée, lay sleeping heavily on a couch.

"It's three o'clock," he said when I had done so, "and you are dressed, Pierce. What's wrong?"

It was too late to repeat my indiscretion, and I made the best excuse I could.

"I wasn't sleeping," I said, "so I have been walking around. Have you been awake long?"

"I haven't slept at all," he said, with a shade of resentment in his tone. "Why these evasions, Pierce? Am I

never to have the truth? There is something wrong in the house tonight, and instead of coming here and telling me what has occurred, you walk in at three o'clock in the morning, in a dinner coat and black tie, and expect me to believe that when you don't sleep you always rig yourself out that way to walk around. I wish you would treat me as a rational human being."

I drew a chair beside the bed and sat down.

"I haven't been as frank as I ought to be," I said. "The fact is that the servants in the house think the cellar is haunted, and Mr. Hotchkiss and I have been down there for hours. There are mysterious noises—we heard them—capable, of course, of a solution. We've been hunting the solution, that's all."

"That's about half," he said grimly. "I suppose that's what my wife was doing about midnight when she rushed in here, as white as paper, and rushed out again, without a word to me. You see, I know more than you expected."

"I didn't know that myself," I assured him, "and while I suspect some things, Mr. St. John, I know as little now as when I came to Laurelcrest. I believe that there is a mystery, but I also believe it will be cleared up in a day or two, and it will be better to wait for it to solve itself than for me to force your wife's confidence and incur her dislike."

"I suppose so," he said wearily; "but I would like to clear things up before the operation, and another thing, this strain, whatever it is, is telling on Mrs. St. John's mind; she is acutely melancholy. If—if anything happens to me, Pierce, I want you to look after her. Stay with her until the first shock is over, and help her out of this other trouble, too."

"I will," I said. "I don't expect anything to happen, but if it does, I give you my promise to stand by her and help her, as I would want someone to care for my wife if I had one."

"You're a good fellow, Pierce." He held out his hand and I took it. "I have felt from the first moment that I could trust you, and I do now. I have gone through so much in the past months that the end would be a relief, if it were not for leaving her. Some day you will know what it is to love one woman more than all the world, and I hope you will never have to lie helpless and see her in the very extremity of mental suffering and be unable to help her."

As I went back to my room his words echoed through my mind—for even now I loved one woman more than all the world, and although she was suffering, I was as unable to help her as though I lay tied on St. John's bed.

CHAPTER XIV

I WAS somewhat disturbed the next morning, or rather the same morning—I went to bed at four and was up at nine—to find my revolver missing from the top of my shaving stand. At first I thought one of the housemaids had mislaid it, although it seemed rather improbable, for so great was their fear of it that the top of the shaving stand had gone undusted since I had placed it there. I looked for it in every spot, likely or unlikely, where a courageous housemaid might have hidden it, but without result. The revolver was gone.

I breakfasted alone. Saunders said the ladies had breakfasted in their rooms and Hotchkiss had had coffee at seven and had driven over to Carson. I do not think he went to bed at all that night. Both sleeping and eating became minor considerations when his zeal was aroused, and I imagined that the trip to Carson was an excuse, and that he was really scouring the country for some trace of the fugitive.

Some time about noon Mr. Wheatly, the lawyer, came out from town, and he spent most of the afternoon with St. John. I passed a restless day, seeing no one, unable to read or bowl, and waiting for developments that did not materialize. No frightened country people had come in with tales of ghostly visitor the night before; there had been no crime committed; no eerie figure had been seen flitting in the gray

light between night and morning. Of course, it was probable that the fugitive was lurking somewhere in the mountains, and that another day or so would see his discovery. In the meantime I walked the verandas restlessly, waiting and watching for I knew not what.

Some time in the afternoon I went down to the cellars again and went over the ground inch by inch. The old Scotchman, half ashamed, was at his post in the engine-room, and from him I got a candle, a hammer and some nails. Then I went back to the dark recess where I had kept vigil the night before and where the overturned chair still bore mute evidence to the haste with which I left it.

Here I struck a match and lighted the candle, preparatory to fastening up the door of the shaft. Improbable as it seemed, it was possible that Ellis would find the fugitive, and under cover of darkness bring him back to his prison. In such an event his escape must be prevented until Hotchkiss and I could decide on some plan of action.

I opened the door and, holding the candle inside the shaft, examined it carefully. The slide itself, a heavy affair, box-shaped and containing two shelves, was dropped below the level of the doorway and seemed to rest on the bottom of the shaft, thus leaving the doorway free. A thick wire cable was fastened securely to the top of the box, and ascended entirely to the roof. It was easy then to explain the descent of the fugitive, a descent sufficiently perilous to daunt a sane mind, for the slide, which might have served as an elevator, had been fastened down with heavy nails driven into the wood of the shaft. Something white was lying on top of the box now, and I held the candle close to it. It was a woman's handkerchief, with a faint scent of violet still clinging to it. I slipped it into my pocket for closer inspection later. Then I put the candle on the floor and prepared to nail up the door. I took another look up the dark shaft, and without the rays of the candle to confuse me, I was able to see what I had not noticed before—far up in the blackness was a narrow point of light, and quite suddenly I realized that the way lay open to the locked room in the tower. Even if the bird had flown, there might be some bits of plumage in the empty cage.

It was not difficult to remove the nails. I noticed what might have indicated many things to Hotchkiss, but meant nothing to me. The nails were bent and awkwardly driven, with marks around where the hammer had missed its aim. Later, I understood the pathos of those hastily driven nails. Freed of the restraint, the cage moved easily and without noise, by means of a second cable running along the walls. It was quite possible, therefore—providing the builders had done their work well—to stand on the top of the box and ascend safely to the upper floor.

I resolved to make the attempt. There seemed to be no danger with the prisoner missing, but once past the doorway and the light of the candle, moving slowly upward in the three-foot shaft with all the possibilities that lurked behind the spot of daylight above, I began to wish that I had my lost revolver in my pocket.

About halfway up a new thought struck me: suppose Ellis had found the prisoner and had smuggled him into the house while I slept? I would be trapped like a rat, my escape cut off, while a murderous creature from above could drop heavy furniture on me, shoot me, scald me—I pulled myself together and gave the cable a determined pull. Occupied or empty, I was going to see the interior of the tower room.

As I got close to the opening I went more slowly, bringing the cage to a standstill, while only my head and shoulders were above the floor. The door was partly open, and I could see perhaps half of the room. It was apparently empty; the floor was littered with bits of cotton and a chair lay overturned near me. Directly across was the door which had barred out Hotchkiss and myself the day before,

but it was not that which gripped my attention and kept me wide-eyed with amazement. On the floor at the door-sill lay a handcuff unlocked and separated from its mate, and beside it, just at the limit of my field of vision, the narrow toe of a woman's slipper.

Even as I looked the foot moved a little and I could see now the arched instep, the buckle, the frivolous little heel, that belonged to slippers I had seen Georgia Ellis wearing. I scarcely dared to move. She was sleeping, of that I felt certain, for in the absolute quiet of the house I could hear her regular breathing. With infinite caution I pushed the door a little wider open and looked at the strange scene before me.

Georgia Ellis was sitting on a low couch, leaning back, her shoulders against the wall, her head drooping a little to one side, soundly sleeping. She was still in the white gown she had worn all the night before, and her hair was loosened and disheveled. Even in sleep her small mouth had a pathetic droop, and her face was as colorless as her gown. The room itself was in the most amazing condition; bits of the wall-paper had been stripped away, showing the plaster beneath; a plate and cup lay in fragments on the floor, and there were scraps of cotton and lint scattered over the heavy Persian rug. And in the midst of the ruin Georgia Ellis slept quietly on, the lace of her gown moving with every breath, a cold wind from the open window blowing over her bare arms.

I think it was the wind that aroused me to the necessity of action. It was inviting death to allow her to sit there in that costume, and although it involved a risk of discovery, I determined to close the window and throw over her the little shawl that lay on the ground at her feet. I raised the slide a few feet, and prepared to carry out my plan. With my hand on the door to the shaft, however, I paused. Someone was working with the combination lock of the door into the room; the handle turned once or twice, with a resulting click, and Georgia moved uneasily. I hesitated for a moment, uncertain whether to stay and thus force the issue, or to retreat. I believe the dislike I felt to my unwelcome role as spy was responsible for the decision. To have Georgia discover me in my present position was something I had not counted on. And as she moved wearily in response to the clicking lock I closed the door of the shaft and pulled the cable for the descent.

The trip had been one of little avail; true, the condition of the room had shown that our theory of a dangerous maniac was more than a theory—witness the handcuff. But it told me that the recapture of the fugitive was confidently expected, and that Mrs. St. John and Georgia would probably be again subjected to the perils incident to caring for him.

I fastened the door at the foot of the shaft, and returning the tools to the engine-room, went upstairs to my room. My coat was dusty from the walls of the shaft, and I needed a bath and a change of linen after my trip. I found Hotchkiss in my little tower den, leaning back in a reclining-chair and pondering over the big Anatomy as if he had no other interest in the world. On the floor he had arranged a couple of pillows from my bed, ends toward the window, in the rough semblance of a man, and I saw with amusement that he had drawn on one the rough outline of a human thorax, ribs, lungs and heart.

"I've been thinking about the Carrol case," he said, blinking at me over his glasses. "The bullet was flattened, you remember, and the medical expert said it had hit a rib. Now this was the cause," he went on, bending over the pillow and indicating with his pencil, "the man was sleeping on the floor, the course of the bullet was at an angle of forty-five degrees from the surface and they are going to hang a man who was riding past, fifty yards away at the time. If he had been in a balloon we might account for it, but on horseback—bosh! I am convinced that the bullet was fired from just below

the window, struck the frame which flattened it and ricochetted into Carrol's heart. And the man who did it has been the star witness at the trial."

"It's very interesting," I said, fumbling in my pockets and producing the handkerchief, "but I wish you would use some of your inductive reasoning on this. I found it at the foot of the shaft in the cellar."

Hotchkiss turned it over curiously, taking it to the window for closer inspection. Then he put it in his pocket.

"Have you ever thought, Pierce," he said, "that this prisoner might have been a woman? There are some things that make me think it. For one thing, the face you saw at the tower window the night you arrived was a woman's. Why need we suppose it to have been either Harry's wife or Georgia Ellis? And your description of the shriek that night sounded like the high, piercing scream of a woman. Now the handkerchief certainly looks that way. Besides, if it were a woman, it would be easier to understand the part these two girls have been playing."

It was a new possibility to me, but it really meant little. Whether man or woman, the condition of the tower room had revealed enough to make me hope that the escape had been final—that Ellis would not succeed in finding and bringing back the maniac. I shuddered at the terrible scenes Georgia Ellis must have witnessed, and when I had told Hotchkiss of my trip on the dumbwaiter, and what I had seen, he was visibly disturbed.

"It is absurd to see such a state of affairs in a sane household," he said, slamming shut the Anatomy and putting it away. "The only thing I can think of is to keep a close watch on the house, and to prevent Ellis bringing anyone in. But we can arrange later about tonight; in the meantime you would better dress and look around for Wheatly. He was asking for you."

It was after five then and I did not see Mr. Wheatly until dinner. He was a tall, slender man, iron-gray, with shrewd eyes and a kindly smile. I rather took to him, and we talked over the question of malpractice suits, both the medical and the legal standpoint. Mrs. St. John did not appear at dinner, and Georgia was very quiet at the table. Hotchkiss joined in only occasionally. Ellis's place was empty.

After dinner Wheatly and I continued our discussion over very excellent cigars of his own providing. I have found that most lawyers have good tobacco and good clothes. Whether they are the result of success or its cause, is a question. But Wheatly's cigars were unimpeachable, and under his practical, matter-of-fact conversation some of the uneasiness melted away. But he had something to say to me, and after a few minutes he approached the matter.

"About this operation," he said abruptly. "St. John is determined on it, and, of course, no one can deny him his chance for life. But there is one thing I don't approve of, Dr. Pierce, and that is, his running such a risk without telling his wife, or at least some of her people."

"I think as you do about it, Mr. Wheatly," I said, lowering my voice, for the library windows were just beside us, "but he is firm. And, as you say, it is his one chance for life. Then, of course, in one way he is justified. Mrs. St. John is nervous and excitable. It would be a fearful ordeal for her."

"She looks very badly," he said, turning around to get a good view of my face. "Is it physical—or mental?"

"Both," I said evasively. "I do not believe she has ever been strong, and lately there has seemed to be something on her mind."

He nodded. "Better not tell her, then; if I remember correctly, there is insanity in her family. But it will be better to consult some members of either side of the house, I imagine. If anything goes wrong, with the amount of the estate involved, and the other issues, it will be better to have the support of the family."

"I have already spoken to Mr. Hotchkiss, Mr. St. John's uncle."

"Very well. Then I advise you

to consult with some member of his wife's family. It is, as I say, for your own protection."

I thought over his advice later in the evening, when, by prearrangement with Hotchkiss, I strolled the lawns and shrubberies. Unpleasant as was the thought of consulting Ellis on any subject pertaining to St. John, it seemed the only thing to do. Whatever opinion I might have of him as a successful rival and a parasite on the bounty of a man who despised him, the fact remained that he was still Mrs. St. John's brother and closest relative. And Wheatly's advice was sound. It was Monday night; in four days Carter would arrive, ready for his part of the work, and whatever I had to do must be done quickly.

Still debating the matter, I went over to the stone bridge, and leaning on the parapet, smoked meditatively. I had not been there since the day Georgia Ellis and I had stood there together, and the memory came back vividly. I thought I understood now what she meant when she said that she was going away; that she ought not to go, but she must; that she was deserting—running away from something that was beyond her strength. I began to understand, too, some of the mystery of the pink box. It had contained an opiate, probably for the insane creature in the tower room, and she had made an error in the boxes. What I did not understand, and what I began to fear I should never understand, was the reason for all the secrecy. Why should three people, all otherwise apparently reasonable, conspire to keep such a person out of an asylum for the insane? And why—why—did Mrs. St. John not confide in the husband who loved her so well?

CHAPTER XV

About midnight, as nearly as I could tell—I did not wish to attract attention by striking a match to look—I saw Ellis. He came on foot, as he had gone, and although there was only faint starlight, I fancied that he walked as though he were exhausted. I could imagine the condition he was in after his hopeless search, but he would probably have resented even a covert offer of sympathy, so I drew back into the shadow and watched him. He did not go in at once, but stood looking around, and for a moment I thought he had seen me. But he turned after a while and went slowly into the house, and by moving along the east wing I saw the lights flash up in his room.

Breakfast the next morning was more cheerful. Ellis looked tired, but was in better spirits than I had expected. Georgia, too, looked brighter, although I watched in vain for the little intimate glances that might be expected between lovers. Mrs. St. John did not appear; she had kept her room since the night of the prisoner's escape, but as I had not been called in professionally I was forced to conclude that her trouble was of the mind, not of the body. Hotchkiss had had an early breakfast, as he had done the day before and had gone for a long cross-country walk. He was a little man, without the slightest muscular development, but he could do more on pure nervous energy than I could with a hundred and eighty pounds of gymnasium-trained muscle.

After breakfast I made my morning visit to the sick-room. Just now, in spite of what the future held in store, it was the most cheerful place in the house. Miss Martin was sitting near a window with some gray yarn in her lap, and without knowing just where the change lay, I recognized an alteration in her appearance—perhaps it was her hair, I'm sure I don't know—that was infinitely coquettish; she looked less a machine and more a woman, and I recollected suddenly that two or three times in the last few days I had seen her taking her daily stroll along the drive, with Mr. Hotchkiss beside her, his nervous walk accelerating her more leisurely footsteps until she would come in panting, with heightened color and shining eyes.

I chatted for a few minutes with St. John and then walked over and picked up the work lying in Miss Martin's lap.

"They look a little small for me," I said. "I presume, of course, they are intended as my Christmas gift."

She laughed consciously.

"They are not a Christmas gift for anyone; I—I rather thought of giving them to Mr. Hotchkiss. He complains of cold feet at night."

St. John smiled at me over his book. I am afraid I was amused myself; for some unaccountable reason, the romance of the middle-aged always excites the ridicule of the young and the scorn of the old. I am more tolerant now; I find that, like beauty, age is only as deep as its wrinkles and gray hairs, and that the heart is often young when the stomach is in its dotage and the liver is fossilized with years. But to this minute I cannot think of the affair between Miss Martin and Mr. Hotchkiss without a smile.

I stood with the knitted bed shoe in my hand, looking at the bit of woodland beyond the window. It was a dull, gray day, windy and cold, and the heap of nuts on the window-sill was untouched. Under the trees outside the fallen leaves swirled and eddied in each fresh gust of wind and there was a feeling of snow in the air. It was then that I saw the man in the gray suit. For a moment I was uncertain, for he was at a considerable distance from the house, and the gray of his clothing faded indeterminately into the colorous background of leaves and tree trunks. Then he moved, and I saw him distinctly. I could make out from his gestures that he was smoking, and imagine, rather than see, the flash of the match.

Miss Martin was again busy with her work, and no one had seen the stranger. I felt a chill of apprehension, although my better judgment told me that this equable, pipe-smoking visitor could not be the escaped maniac from the tower room. Even granting that, however, there was something ominous in the man's furtive scrutiny of the house, and as soon as I could get away I took my hat and went out.

With Miss Martin at the window, it was out of the question to go directly to the spot where I had seen the man. Instead I went out a back door, made a detour round the stables and came, in ten minutes or so, within sight of the place. But quick as I had been, the man had been quicker. The leaves were trampled where he had been standing and there was a burnt match on the ground where he had been standing, but he had disappeared entirely. Close behind where he had stood the woodland sloped steeply to a ravine filled with an almost impenetrable thicket of bushes and young trees, and even as I listened I seemed to hear the crackling of dry twigs below and to the right. But although I searched everywhere, I found no trace of the man with the gray suit, and I was forced to class him with the other unsolved mysteries of Laurelcrest.

That afternoon Mrs. St. John spent with her husband. Whether he believed her story of a headache sufficient to keep her away from his room for forty-eight hours, I do not know, but it is certain that through all the network of falsehood and equivocation that surrounded him, and of which he was partly aware, his faith in her never swerved. He watched her with the same loving, compassionate eyes, and welcomed her faintest smile as if he never suspected her of deceiving him. I came through my experiences at Laurelcrest with one strong desire—to be some day as good a man, as true and loyal a gentleman as Harry St. John. When my practice crowds me, as it sometimes does now, and I find myself irritable with anxiety and overwork, I pull myself together with a backward glance at the days when he faced death with composure and fought for his wife's well-being to what he knew was the verge of the grave.

Things seemed to have assumed a normal condition again. With the escape of the prisoner I imagined that the mystery would clear up, that there would be an end to the noise in the

cellar and the tower lights; that Mrs. St. John would be her own smiling self, and that St. John could go to his operation with a mind free at least of other anxieties, which shows exactly how little we know of the future.

I was more complacent that afternoon than I had been since my arrival at Laurelcrest. For one thing I began to believe that Ellis was a less formidable rival than I had feared. Hotchkiss had been nearly right when he had declared that there was contempt in Georgia's eyes when she looked at her fiancé. I did not think that, but I was beginning to see that there was no love. I did not deceive myself, however; that she did not love Ellis did not imply that she cared at all for me. In fact, I could not remember the slightest encouragement to think she even liked me, but so inconsequent a thing is twenty-six that on no grounds at all I began to dream exceedingly silly but exceedingly enchanting dreams, in which the big mahogany breakfast-table at Laurelcrest shrank to smaller dimensions, with places laid for two, and behind the coffee urn was a face with reddish brown hair and black, finely drawn brows over frank blue eyes.

In view of the approaching operation, I set down to work that afternoon to study my "Brain Surgery." But I read little. Instead, I watched Georgia and Ellis walking slowly back and forth along the drive, he in earnest conversation, while she said little, and walked with her eyes on the ground before her. After a bit I slammed the book into a corner and putting on a top-coat went out into the air. I met Georgia coming in and was horrified to see tears in her eyes. She spoke to me coolly and went into the house. Then I went out—to the greatest surprise of all.

Ellis was still pacing the drive, his hands in his pockets, his face scowling. At my approach he looked up with an attempt at civility, and I surmised that I had witnessed the termination of a lovers' quarrel. Perhaps I found some satisfaction in the thought; certainly Ellis was the picture of anything but a successful lover, and just as certainly he wished me anywhere but beside him. I had a definite purpose, however, in finding him out, and after a few desultory remarks about the weather, and a similar number of grudging monosyllables, I broached the subject.

"I'd like to have a little talk with you, Ellis," I said. "It's about Mr. St. John, and perhaps I would better say that I am consulting you at Mr. Wheatly's request."

"Fire away," he said brusquely, "although I don't think Harry St. John would approve of my being consulted about his affairs."

"Perhaps not," I assented. "I can't say that I am very anxious to do it either, but it comes by elimination. We cannot consult with his wife, for certain reasons, and you are her nearest relative. It is only a form, really, for I do not believe your disapproval would affect the case at all; just the same, I hope you will see the thing as we do."

"Well, what is it?" he cried impatiently. "What is this subject about which I am to be consulted, and about which my opinion will make no difference?"

I told him then. I told him of St. John's present hopeless condition, of his anxiety to keep it from his wife, and of the chance now offered for recovery, and the risk it involved. I was so interested in putting my case that I had not noticed its effect on Ellis. When I finally looked up I was struck with the expression on his face. He was white even around the lips, and he stopped walking to look at me with horror-filled eyes.

"And he may recover," he said with difficulty. "He may get around again, and learn—why, it's impossible; Dr. Jamieson told me so."

"Jamieson is an ass," I said irritably. "Anyhow, I should think common decency would make you at least express a hope for the success of the operation. He's your sister's husband, and you look as if the prospect

of his recovery is the last thing on earth you desire."

"It is," he half-whispered. "It—it will be a calamity, nothing less." He looked furtively toward the house, then turned to me again, his black eyes no longer shifting, but blazing fiercely with some emotion I could not fathom. "It cannot be, doctor," he said, almost fiercely. "I tell you there are reasons why that operation must not occur."

"They would have to be very convincing reasons," I said, trying to keep my temper. "It will take more than generalities to stop things now."

He looked at me as if he could have struck me; then he thought better of it.

"I'll give you a reason," he said, "that will make you think twice before you bring Harry St. John back to life that would be worse than death. You know him pretty well; you know what he thinks of his wife. Would life be worth anything to him, do you think, if he learned that his wife is at intervals hopelessly insane?"

My first thought was intense disbelief followed by an uneasy consciousness that at least the thing was possible. What about the handkerchief at the foot of the dumbwaiter shaft? What of Mrs. St. John's many headaches, when she shut herself in her room and refused medicine? What of the injury to her arm and the blood on Georgia Ellis's sleeve? What about the woman at the tower window? Was not even her sudden refusal to come to Laurelcrest a sign of some mental disorder? Hotchkiss himself had suggested the possibility of a woman in the tower room. After all, it must be true. It would account for Georgia Ellis's connection with the case and —I stopped suddenly in my walk and looked toward the public road which wound past the foot of the lawn, two or three hundred yards away. A solitary horseman was passing slowly along, looking intently in our direction. Horsemen in the vicinity were not rare—the roads were too poor for vehicles—but they were ordinarily of the usual type of native. There was something different about this man, and I felt a conviction that this gray-suited rider was the man in similar clothes I had seen in the shadow of the woods. When I turned to speak to Ellis, however, he was gone, walking rapidly toward the house, and I was convinced that his hasty departure was due to the man on the road. Had I really learned the solution of the mystery after all, or was I as I had been before, involved in a tissue of falsehood and mystery which left me doubting everyone, even the girl I loved?

CHAPTER XVI

It was Tuesday afternoon when Ellis and I talked together in the garden. Until Friday things moved smoothly enough. Nothing transpired either to prove or disprove his assertion about his sister, and after careful debate Hotchkiss and I decided to allow the operation to proceed. It would have been difficult to do anything else, and after all, who were we, to juggle with a man's chance for life, on the bald and unauthenticated statement of another man? If Mrs. St. John was insane, as seemed probable, there was the more need of a protector for her. If Ellis lied, then there was needed someone with a strong hand and the authority to tear aside the false and reveal the truth.

Thursday afternoon I gave Ellis some morphia. He seemed excited and anxious, and while he did not say so, he intimated the approach of another outbreak of insanity in his sister. I had a small tube only partly filled with quarter-grain tablets, and I gave him about four, warning him to be careful. He reminded me, curtly, that he had put in a couple of years at a medical college and that he knew the danger. He turned and went out then. I was preparing to study, when he came back. "Look here, Pierce," he said, "is the operation going to take place?"

"It is."

"When?"

"When Dr. Carter and his assistant get here, at ten o'clock on Friday."

He seemed to ponder over the information for a few minutes. When he spoke it was with less of constraint than he had shown to me in recent days.

"I wish you would arrange to let me be there," he said. "I know—frankly—what you think of me. But now that you know why I am here, can't you stretch a point and let me in? I could help, you know—run for things, fix hypodermics, anything. Can you work it?"

"I don't know," I said slowly. "Carter's querulous about some things. But it wouldn't hurt to have some member of Mrs. St. John's family present. Suppose you get ready, and if I can arrange it with Carter, I will."

I felt a little uneasy about the arrangement, but it was up to Carter now, and after all, considering the nature of the operation, an extra assistant might be badly needed.

I was somewhat puzzled during those last days by Hotchkiss. He was rarely at home; took to missing meals unaccountably and to coming in late at night. What hurt me more than anything, however, was his reticence to me.

"You've got your work cut out for you," he said cheerfully. "This is something in my line. All I want you to do is to bring Harry through safely; if you do that, I'll clear up my end about the same time, and we'll be a kind of plural guardian angel to the St. Johns."

I had to be satisfied with that. In other ways, however, things went more smoothly.

Georgia was no longer cold and constrained, and there were no more long walks and talks with Ellis. But while I gained in some ways I had lost in others. She seemed to avoid being alone with me, and when she was would sit for hours over a bit of embroidery, which she had confessed once that she loathed, while I talked or read to her. We read the romantic poets, I remember, and to this day there are certain lines that bring before me the picture of a girl in a soft blue gown, sewing in the shade of a big lamp, while from somewhere in the background Ellis's black eyes scowl at us.

Mrs. St. John went about like a pale, white ghost. She spent much time with her husband, and the last day or two I thought she began to recognize the seriousness of his condition. Once she tried to speak to me about it, but her lips quivered when she tried to talk, and with her handkerchief to her eyes she went out. It was a gloomy household. I seem to remember nothing but tears and sobs during those last few days, and there were times when the atmosphere pressed on me so that I would put on my coat and take a brisk walk through the woods, listening to the crisp crackle of leaves under my feet, and wishing with all my heart that I could take the girl I loved away to some sunny, cheerful spot where people were actuated by natural motives, and where locked rooms and midnight shrieks were things read of in penny thrillers.

By Friday evening everything was ready. Miss Martin was hustling with suppressed excitement, anxious to get Mrs. St. John away, so she could prepare her patient, and afraid to arouse suspicion by driving her out. The packages of sterilized dressings and other necessaries had been smuggled from Carson by Hotchkiss and lay, ready for use, in Miss Martin's room. I had secured a powerful electric lamp with a reflector, which needed only to be slipped into place, and having robbed the linen-closet of dozens of towels, we were in some measure prepared.

I was pretty nervous myself by ten o'clock. St. John was the calmest of the three; except that his good night to his wife was rather lingering, he might have been expecting to have been read quietly to sleep as on other nights. Mrs. St. John went away as

she was told, almost childishly docile, and I walked down the corridor with her. Her evening gown had sleeves cut to the elbow, and I noticed what I had not seen before. The bandage was gone, and there was a long, red, irregular scar on the white flesh of her forearm. I was suddenly filled with pity for her; negative as she had seemed in character, it seemed to me the hopelessness of a spirited woman, whose spirit was broken, not the smoldering fire of a maniac, ready to burst out at any moment.

Hotchkiss met Carter and Charlie Atkinson and drove them to the house. There, as before, I met them, and we slipped softly to the entrance in the west wing and up the stairs.

St. John was calmness itself. He shook hands with the men, and I think his paramount sensation at that moment was that he was glad the long wait was over. Miss Martin hustled around, getting hot water, fixing trays, bringing towels, and fixing lights, her face pale with excitement. Even Atkinson, who generally anesthetizes for Carter, felt the infection of the unusual circumstances, and for my part I could hear my heart beating in my ear drums.

To my relief, Ellis had not appeared. He had gone for a walk that afternoon and I had not seen him since. Hotchkiss had taken the team around to the stables and the arrrangement was that later he should mount guard in the hallway. By the time things were ready, however, he had not come, and Atkinson had arranged his chloroform and oxygen apparatus ready to begin, before I heard a step outside. It was Ellis, however, and even in the excitement of the moment I noticed his unusual appearance. He was muddy and disheveled, and his face was a sickly yellow-white. He shook hands with Carter, mumbling something about assisting and Carter looked at me. My explanation seemed satisfactory, but Carter's brows were slightly raised, and he told him to hold himself in readiness to assist, but that he did not think he would need him.

There was nothing sensational about St. John. He took the chloroform quietly, raising the mask once as the fumes came a little strong, but breathing slowly and deeply until his relaxed hand dropped to his side and he slept.

For the next ten minutes the room was perfectly quiet. Carter worked busily, his eyes frowning intently, the black hair dropping over his forehead. Atkinson, seated at the head of the bed, gave the chloroform, not taking his hand from his patient's pulse. I handed instruments which Miss Martin washed and sterilized in an improvised sterilizer, while in a corner Ellis, now duly aproned like the rest of us, watched and sulked.

Then something happened. There was a sudden rush, a shriek, a twisting of tangled bodies beside the bed, and a crash as the instrument stand went over. I caught a glimpse of a purplish, distorted face, which was Ellis, and of Carter fighting to retain the knife he held in his hand. As Carter went down with a crash, I was over the bed, clutching at the knife, which Ellis now flourished, missing, clutching again, my fingers cut to the bone, blood streaming over everything; while again and again Ellis lunged past me at the unconscious figure on the bed.

Atkinson had got to my aid then, but even with his help we could not hold the frenzied man with the knife. Once I felt a red-hot stab of pain in my shoulder, where the knife went home, and I was conscious of tramping, now and then, on Carter's unconscious form. Finally, I got my leg around one of Ellis's and succeeded in throwing him. He fell heavily, and as I went down with him I had a blurred vision of the door violently flung open and admitting two or three men. I knocked my head on something and lay half stunned for a minute. When I came around Carter had got to his feet, still white and with a jagged cut on his temple, while Hotchkiss and two strange men were carrying Ellis, securely handcuffed, from the room.

From the corridor Mrs. St. John and Georgia stood huddled together. Mrs. St. John was livid, and she watched the

little procession with wide, horrified eyes. As it came near her she sank to her knees with a groan, and then Carter banged the door and I saw nothing more.

"Now that's settled," he said coolly, wiping the blood from his forehead. "We'll go on with this thing. Ready, Atkinson?"

I tied up my bleeding hands with Miss Martin's assistance and the operation proceeded as if nothing had occurred. At the end of twenty minutes Carter's face began to clear, and at the end of a half-hour he looked up with a smile.

"I always said Jamieson was an ass," he said triumphantly, as he reached for a bandage. "Now I know it."

When everything was over Carter gave me a little attention, putting in a stitch here and there with a grim smile when I flinched. Then while Miss Martin cleared the room we waited around St. John's bed, waiting for the first signs of returning consciousness. He was long in recovering, but at the last he moved his arms uneasily and muttered something inarticulate. Carter leaned over and watched him carefully. But the real triumph was mine, for just as dawn was stealing through the windows I pointed to the bed. St. John was slowly, cautiously, moving his paralyzed leg.

CHAPTER XVII

The operation being over, all need of secrecy was gone. We breakfasted together, Hotchkiss, Carter, Atkinson and I, and I learned the meaning of what had happened the night before. Hotchkiss was beaming and was too exultant to care for food, but I noticed Saunders was pale and uneasy and I surmised that some of the night's events had made their way into the kitchen.

"It's rather a long story," Hotchkiss said. "I suppose, Dr. Carter, that Pierce has told you what he knows—of the locked tower room, of our adventures in the cellar and of Ellis's statement that his sister was insane was an argument against the operation?"

"Yes. I've told him all I know," I interposed.

"Well, a couple of days ago, driving home from Carson, I came unexpectedly across a man on horseback, who had stopped his horse down the road a bit, and was watching the house sharply."

"Did he wear a gray suit?" I asked.

"Yes. I came on him unexpectedly and he looked uncomfortable. But he made the best of it. 'Pretty place, isn't it?' he said and tried to get past me. 'I don't know much about beauty,' I said, but I've seen you admiring that place for over two or three days at a distance, and if I were you and wanted information, I'd ask for it. There may be people there who could tell you things.' Well, it ended with my making an appointment to meet him that night, when we would be less conspicuous, and have a talk. I didn't even tell you, Pierce, for you were worried enough about Harry. But I learned that Ellis, who has been subject for several years to attacks of violent murderous frenzy, had quite recently during one of these killed a man in his home city, a livery-stable keeper, braining him with a chair and escaping to his sister afterward. The detective, whose name is Adams, said that he lost trace of him entirely until a day or so ago, and when he did find him he waited to send to the city for help; it promised to be a two-men job to get him. When I drove around to the stables last night I found Adams and the new man, and it was lucky that I did."

Carter and I were looking rather used up. Carter had a blue spot on the tip of his chin and a cut on the temple, while I had my wrists and hands done up in bandages, with a shoulder so stiff that I could not lift my arm. But we were rather a gay crowd than otherwise. With Carter there was the consciousness of work well done, while

Hotchkiss had been in the most exciting capture of his career, and I—I tried to eat, tried to be sorry for Ellis, tried for the sake of composure to forget that Georgia was free again, but uselessly. I tried to escape from the interminable meal, only to be called back.

"You can go in a minute," Hotchkiss said dryly. "This story of mine is newer than the story you want to tell." So I subsided sulkily into a chair and listened.

"It has been a fortunate thing for Harry's wife that these two things happened together. She is so anxious about her husband now that her brother's capture is of secondary importance. The whole thing has been a case of mistaken kindness. She has always shielded him during his attacks of insanity, and so far she has kept him out of an asylum. But when he came to her a month ago, with the story of accidentally killing a man, she was at her wits' end. She sent him here, Georgia tells me, with a male nurse, who posed as a valet, and who had the tower room fixed as we found it. But Ellis nearly killed this fellow and he left, taking the other servants with him.

"When St. John persisted in coming here his wife was almost frantic. She sent up new servants, and because she and Georgia were afraid of another attack on a nurse, they essayed to look after him themselves. It was more than they had counted on. Ellis, during his two years at medical college, began to use morphia, and it was to get morphia that he visited the car on the side track, Pierce. It was morphia that Georgia took from Miss Martin's tray that night, and it was morphia again in the pink box which Georgia accidentally gave you instead of the yellow. She and Harry's wife had a terrible fright that night, I can tell you."

"And the shriek in the tower?" I asked.

"Was Mrs. St. John. Ellis attacked both women and they barely escaped. He cut Mrs. St. John on her arm with a knife from his supper-tray, much as we surmised, and without noticing the blood on her sleeve, Georgia came down to allay your suspicions. Then, the night we were in the cellar, Ellis slid down the rope and escaped. When I saw him running across the lawn he was pursued, not the pursuer."

"Now I understand the way the dumbwaiter was nailed down," I said suddenly; "I might have known a woman had driven those nails. And St. John, knowing of these attacks of insanity, would never have permitted him here, and for that reason was kept in ignorance?"

"Exactly."

"Well, it's a strange case," said Carter, preparing to rise. "You talk all you like about the excitement of city life, but for pure, unadulterated hair-raising business, give me the heart of the mountains, a night's journey from town and an hour from a newspaper. Here we find under our roof insanity, attempted murder, assault and battery and a modern surgical operation, all mixed with a cement of fear and mystery."

"There is love, too," said Hotchkiss, slyly looking at me.

"I believe you know, Mr. Hotchkiss," I said. And he had the grace to blush.

They took Ellis away that morning, still raving mildly. And Georgia and I together watched the carriage go down the drive. As it disappeared, she drew a long breath of relief.

"It has been terrible for you," I said, with a sudden realization that she was very white and tired. "Harder for you than for anyone, since you expected to marry him."

"I broke the engagement two years ago," she said, "but he wouldn't release me and I—I was afraid."

"But you cared for him," I said, with the old jealousy flaming again. "You were only afraid to marry him."

She smiled tolerantly.

"One does not love a maniac," she said.

Far away under the trees were two figures, well wrapped from the wind. They were walking rapidly, Hotchkiss a little ahead, Miss Martin trying

heroically to keep up. Even as we looked the elderly lovers stopped and, after furtively looking around, Hotchkiss stooped gallantly and kissed the lady's hand.

I looked at Georgia. She was smiling, and with a sudden impulse I took the small hand that hung listless at her side and kissed it twice.

"I'm afraid I'm bungling, as usual," I said, as I still held it, "but somehow this thing won't keep. I'm not worthy of you, Georgia, but I love you with all my heart, and some day when I have won my spurs, I'm coming back to ask you to marry me. Shall I come?"

"Yes, come," she whispered, and I kissed her.

THE END

The Subjugation of Joan

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

UNTIL his fortieth birthday Abijah Wilson had regarded women with an indifference that leaned toward neither interest nor aversion—then he saw Joan.

Abijah Wilson's courtship of Joan Kent was very much of the *veni, vidi, vici* character, and was conducted with a vigor and despatch that hinted at a possible concentration of twenty-odd years of love-making and women-wooing into six short months. At all events, from the introduction in December to the wedding in June, the affair gave Blairsville much to talk about. The very fact that the most confirmed old bachelor in town had fallen so speedy a victim to the somewhat modest charms of a chance visitor to the place was sufficient in itself to cause comment, to say nothing of the absorbing details of the wooing.

To Abijah it seemed that the last week in May would never pass.

"There's seven days, sixteen hours and forty-five minutes more," he enumerated one night as he sat alone on his front porch, "an' then she'll be here. Gosh! it don't seem true, after bein' alone so all these years." He sat silent for a minute, puffing at his pipe; then he drew a long breath. "She'll set there, an' me here. We won't take no weddin' trip. It'll be trip enough jest ter be tergether here ter home. Seven days, sixteen hours, an'—an' forty-*three* minutes now," he finished, consulting his big silver watch and gloating over the two minutes gone.

Abijah talked to himself a good deal during those following seven days. He had fallen into the habit soon after his mother died, ten years before, and as time passed and he was so much alone, he grew more and more to express his thoughts aloud. Just now he was laying great plans. There was nothing from cellar to garret in the tiny house that was too insignificant to be considered in the light of "what Joan will say." To tell the truth—though Abijah did not know it—there was never any doubt in Abijah's mind as to Joan's opinion.

"She'll want this chair here, and that one there," the man would say—and place the chairs exactly as they had been placed for the last twenty years.

"She'll want this curtain 'bout here," he would murmur, as he carefully adjusted the shade to the exact angle it had known since the day it was hung.

Even the strange new things which told of a feminine presence, and which had already come to the house, did not puzzle him as to their best disposition.

"She'll want the sewing-chair here, and the workbasket there," he declared after a moment's thought, setting the chair in a corner, and fitting the standing wicker-basket into a niche by the window just large enough to hold it. He smiled happily as he gazed at his completed arrangements, nor did it occur to him even then that sewing-chair and workbaskets are not usually separated by the length of the room.

For ten years Abijah had lived alone with the semi-weekly visit of old Nancy to do his washing, sweeping and baking. For ten years Abijah's home and habits had felt no ruling hand but his. To Abijah the world was a chessboard, and his belongings were chessmen to move as he willed; in taking unto himself a wife he was merely adding a pawn to his game.

Ten miles from Blairsville Joan Kent was preparing for her marriage.

Joan was forceful, bright-eyed and thirty-five. Among Joan's friends Joan was a personage, and to them, as well as to Joan herself, this marriage meant much.

The Ladies' Aid Society wondered—half fearfully, half pleasedly—what they would do. Joan had managed every fair and bean supper for the last dozen years. The Woman's Club openly bewailed—but covertly rejoiced.

Joan had been their president ever since the club started. The three nieces whom she had brought up from childhood—they were all over twenty now, and in excellent positions—told everyone what a "kind mother" they were losing—and asked themselves how it would seem when they could change their gown without permission and wear rubbers at their own discretion

To Joan Kent life was a court where she occupied the throne. In marrying she was merely moving the court to Blairsville.

On Monday, June first, the marriage took place; but far more than the seven days, sixteen hours and forty-five minutes of Abijah's calculations passed before the two sat on the cool front porch at Blairsville—Mr. and Mrs. Wilson had gone at once on a wedding trip.

"We'll go ter New York an' see the sights, an' we'll stay a week," Joan had declared; and Abijah, after opening his lips twice irresolutely, had said nothing. A curious helplessness had come to him with his wife's words. He pinched himself to make sure he was awake. Then he went obediently and bought two tickets for New York, wondering all the time why he did not turn his feet about and say decidedly, "Oh, no; we'll go home. Come, Joan."

Abijah pinched himself many times during that honeymoon trip. Always he found himself awake; and yet—he went to see plays when he preferred vaudeville, he rode when he wanted to walk, he stayed at a big hotel when he liked little ones better, and he ordered turkey at restaurants when he craved beans and fish-balls.

On Monday of the next week at five o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Wilson returned home. At sight of the familiar porch and door Abijah squared his shoulders and raised his head.

"Oh, Joan, it does look good; don't it?" he breathed ecstatically.

"H'm-m," murmured his wife, her eyes bent disapprovingly on the mat by the door. "That rug ain't no good, 'Bijah. I don't like that kind neither. We'll have ter have a new one right away, dear."

Abijah's jaw dropped.

"Why, Joan, that—that's always been there!" he gasped.

"So I should say," smiled his wife grimly. "An' it's time it wa'n't there no more."

Three evenings later Abijah Wilson sat in a corner of the porch, huddled into a disconsolate heap—Abijah had lost his home.

Inside the house, under a hanging-lamp (which had not been filled and lighted in ten years before), sat a woman reading: Joan did not approve of "settin' outdoors nights." Near her were the workbasket and the sewing-chair—together; she had joined their forces before she had been in the house twenty-four hours.

In Abijah's eyes, as he sat alone in the dark, was a vision of what the house had come to in just three days.

Scarcely one chair was in its place, scarcely one shade at its accustomed height. Five pictures had been rehung and four rag-carpet rugs changed about. The sacred parlor had been thrown wide open to the devastating sun and air, and the still more sacred hair wreath had been banished to the attic.

At the thought of it all Abijah almost wept, while not twenty feet away under a swinging lamp a woman hummed a tune as she rocked.

As the days passed it grew worse. For Joan Kent there had been the three nieces, the Ladies' Aid and the Woman's Club: for Joan Wilson there was only Abijah. It was Abijah now whose bean suppers were given or omitted as Joan saw fit, and it was Abijah, also, who was told when to don rubbers and raincoat.

And yet—

Never had Abijah's buttons and socks been so well looked after, and never had Abijah's stomach been so daintily and painstakingly served.

"'Tain't as if she wa'n't so good an' lovin'," moaned the man to himself, hugging his knees and looking up at the stars with troubled eyes as he sat in his favorite chair on the porch. "'Tain't easy ter say anythin' when she's so good-natured about it all. She jest takes her way as a matter of course, an'—an' goes ahead an' does it!"

"Come, 'Bijah," interrupted a voice from the doorway. "It's time ter shut up the house."

"Oh, but Joan, I——"

"An' there's a parcel on the table, dear," continued Mrs. Wilson imperturbably, as she turned away. "I'm leavin' it for you ter bring up. There's somethin' in it that I want, so hurry, please, an' bring it up right away."

"Yes, yes, Joan, but I want—" from the stairway there floated back to him the snatch of a merry song.

"By Johnny-ginger-joe-jinks!" ejaculated Abijah—and Abijah had to be very angry indeed (or very happy) to say that.

For three days Abijah went about the house plunged in deep thought. There must be some way out of this tyranny—it only remained for him to find it.

On the fourth day he began to try experiments. Immediately after dinner he took out his pipe, lighted it and sat down in the sitting-room. He had not long to wait.

"Why, Abijah Bowles Wilson!" cried his wife. "I said you couldn't smoke in here, an' you know it!"

Abijah shook in his boots, but he cleared his throat and essayed a smile.

"I know, d-dear," he stammered; "but I—I always have smoked here, an' I don't see why I shouldn't now."

"But it scents up!"

"Oh, that'll get out in no time."

"An' I don't want you to!"

Abijah's throat grew dry, but he kept bravely on.

"I know," he acknowledged, "but you see, Joan, I *do* want to, an'——"

"But I asked you not to!" Joan's chin was quivering.

"I know; but it 'pears ter me——"

"An' it's such a little thing!" almost sobbed Joan, interrupting. "Such a little, little thing, an' we was so happy before, an' I don't ask anythin', not anythin' of you; an' now this—this—" then the floods came.

And Abijah?

Abijah petted and soothed his grieved wife, and called himself a beast and a brute; then he took his pipe to the porch—and Joan smiled.

Out on the porch Abijah smoked and pondered. Clearly argument had failed. He would try coaxing.

Twenty-four hours later he had to admit that coaxing, too, was vain; his wife had only laughed, patted his cheek, and called him a poor, misguided dear who did not know what was good for him.

He sulked the next day, but that was worse. She did not seem even to notice him at all. It was then that he laid hold of his courage with both

hands and tried the last and most fearsome of his plans.

"See here, Joan," he stormed, upon the first provocation she gave him, "I've stood this thing jest as long as I'm a-goin' to. I can't eat, sleep nor move when, where nor how I want to. There ain't nothin' that I want ter do but what you step on it an' tell me ter do it diff'rent. I've bossed myself fur a good many years now, an' I ain't a-goin' ter stand no petticoat bossin' at this late day!"

And Joan?

Joan was speechless with rage and amazement. For one long minute she gazed straight into her husband's eyes; then she stalked upstairs and began to pack her trunk.

Two hours later a remorseful, abject Abijah and a tearful, graciously forgiving Joan sat under the hanging-lamp together.

For a week thereafter Abijah submitted to the inevitable with what grace he could summon to his aid; then his eyes fell on these words in the paper he was reading, as he sat on the porch:

"Knowing well that women will go without anything if once their right to have it is conceded."

Abijah frowned. He cocked his head to the left and read the words again—more slowly, more carefully. "Knowing well that women will go without anything if once their right to — have — it — is — conceded." He dropped the paper and gently stroked his chin. Chilling memories came to him of those vain experiments of other days, yet ever before his eyes danced the tantalizing possibilities of the words he had just read.

"I'll risk it!" he cried at last aloud, as he squared his shoulders and looked the world in the face. "It said she'd go without anythin'—*anythin'* if you'd only tell her she'd got a right ter have it; an' I'm blest if I don't tell her that her way's the best thing goin', an' that she'd oughter have it always!"

"There, 'Bijah," interrupted his wife's voice, "if you ain't out here talkin' ter yerself as usual. I might 'a' known where I'd find ye. An', say, 'Bijah, do ye know, I was thinkin' only terday that this porch oughter come down; it shades that parlor winder too much."

Abijah's heart missed a beat; then it pounded against his ribs in great throbs that seemed to take all his strength. To think that this should be the test—this porch that had been his dear treasure from the day his two-year-old feet had trundled a tin wagon across it for the first time. Dared he risk it now—and on *this?* For one moment more he faltered, then he drew a long breath.

"An' so it shall come down, my dear, if you say so," he began a little feverishly. "I'm sure there hain't no one got a better right ter say how 'twill be than you have. I ain't sayin' but I shall miss it, though," he added, with a little break in his voice. "I ain't sayin' but I shall miss it. A man can't set in one place fur nigh on ter forty year an' then not know when it's gone. But it shall be jest as you want, Joan, jest as you want. You know best, an' you'd oughter have your way about it, anyhow," he finished, moistening his dry lips with his tongue.

For a moment there was silence. The woman hesitated, and looked slightly puzzled. The man held his breath. Then Joan spoke.

"Well, I don't know, 'Bijah," she said slowly; "mebbe it don't shade the winder so very much, after all, an' of course you *have* set here a good while. We won't hurry about it, anyhow. Let's let it rest fur a spell," she added, as she turned back into the house.

"By Johnny - ginger - joe - jinks!" breathed Abijah out on the porch.

It was some weeks afterward that a caller said to Joan:

"Well, I don't see, Mis' Wilson, as things have changed much here; they look about as they did a dozen years ago."

Mrs. Abijah Wilson smiled and bridled.

"No, they ain't changed much," she said. "Ye see, Mr. Wilson says I can do anythin'—anythin' I please with everythin' in the house, an' I did make some changes 'long at the first; but I've put most of 'em back. Somehow, I like 'em pretty well as they be."

Alexander Hamilton Stephens

BY ZENO I. FITZPATRICK, A.B., A.M.

(*Conclusion*)

THESE distinguished brothers were men of the highest order of integrity, and knowing their friend to be the same, they had the greatest respect and affection for him. Aleck Stephens would invariably say, if anyone should criticize Toombs, that it had to be admitted the general was now and then profane and sometimes looked upon the wine when red too long, and he regretted his weakness in those particulars; but his friend was a true patriot, a sincere friend, a pure man in his daily life, a flippant talker often in private conversation, but a wise and safe man in counsel; that he was always honest, scorning to resort to any kind of trick in a law case or in debate, and in his opinion the brainiest man in the world. Aleck Stephens, feeling secure and serene in his own exalted station, was extremely fond of hearing encomiums passed upon his brother Linton. When General Toombs told him one day that he considered T. R. R. Cobb and Linton Stephens the ablest and best equipped lawyers that old Georgia ever produced the great commoner was wild with joy and gratitude. It was a well-known fact among their acquaintances that Mr. Stephens always exerted a great influence over the lordly Toombs, and was probably the only man that ever did so. This was a safety valve for Toombs and did him great good and also frequently kept him out of personal difficulties.

As a great deal has been said and written about the famous personal difficulty between Aleck Stephens and that strong lawyer and learned jurist, Francis H. Cone, of Greensboro, it may not be inappropriate for this writer to speak of it somewhat in detail. Mr. Stephens made a speech in Congress that did not please Judge Cone, and he criticized it freely. It was told to Mr. Stephens that Cone had called him a traitor in consequence of that speech. Little Aleck, ever "spunky" and ready to "fight a circular saw" when he considered his honor assailed, said that he would slap Cone's face if he called him a traitor. A big barbecue was given in Harmony, in Putnam County, near the Greene County line, and Aleck Stephens was the orator of the day. After he had made his speech Cone approached him and said: "Aleck, I hear you have been saying all over the state that you were going to slap my face." Stephens replied: "The rumor came to me that you called me a traitor, and I said if you called me that to my face, I would slap yours, and I am ready to do so now." Judge Cone then denied that he had called Stephens a traitor, and the latter promptly told him if that were the case, then his remark would be taken back. Everybody, including Mr. Stephens, thought the matter was settled. It perhaps would have been but for the unfortunate teasing of Judge Cone by indiscreet friends in his home town about his allowing Little Aleck to back him down.

This goaded Cone, and he brooded in secret over it. The next time these distinguished sons of Georgia met was in Atlanta. Judge Cone was in his cups. Seeing Mr. Stephens, he became exasperated and rushed upon him with a drawn knife. Stephens was frail, sick and weak, and was no match physically for the robust Cone. He had an umbrella in his hand and knocked the knife out of Cone's hand. Cone grasped the knife and made a second effort to stab Stephens, who caught the knife in his right hand, which was badly and painfully cut. By this time some passers-by pulled Cone off. Cone, during the difficulty, kept demanding that Stephens retract what he had said about slapping his face, but game Little Aleck persisted in saying, "Never, never." Judge Cone was prosecuted in Atlanta, not by Stephens, for he left Upper Georgia and went into the southern part of the state to keep from being a witness. He was too courageous and proud to permit the state to settle his difficulties. Judge Cone was fined one thousand dollars. Aleck Stephens's old friends and neighbors at Crawfordsville were indignant with Cone, and would have mobbed him but for the interference of Stephens himself. It is said that the next time Linton Stephens, who himself was of magnificent physique, met Cone the latter extended his hand and Linton, ignoring that act, deliberately spat in Cone's face.

All this killed Judge Cone politically in Georgia. To show the greatness and goodness of Aleck Stephens this writer wishes to say that he heard a friend allude to this old trouble in the presence of Mr. Stephens. The latter used these noble words: "Judge Cone was a very able lawyer and a useful citizen. He is now in his grave, and recalling the Latin maxim, *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*, I will say nothing in disparagement of him. The truth is, I have always thought he was more sinned against than sinning." This latter referred, no doubt, to the teasing and egging on of Cone by his thoughtless friends to make him have that celebrated personal encounter with Stephens.

Alexander Stephens, though not so successful a planter as his famous contemporary and bosom friend, Robert Toombs, was, notwithstanding, very fond of agricultural pursuits. He bought his father's home place soon after he paid the Atlanta ladies for his education money, and managed it as long as he lived. His former slaves lived on that farm under his direction until his death. The negro men delighted in getting Mr. Stephens's cast-off clothes, and would rather have them than new ones. Mr. Stephens's home servants were Harry Stephens, who cut wood, drove the carriage and acted the major-domo generally; his wife, Eliza, the cook and general manager of the household; Ellen and Dora, daughters, and Quinea, son of Harry and Eliza. Ellen looked after the care of the rooms of his law students as well as those of company. Dora waited upon Mr. Stephens, mending his fires, giving light for his ever-going pipe, and keeping his bedroom and study in good order. These servants were of the better class of negroes. All were very intelligent and the children were very well educated. Harry accompanied Mr. Stephens to Washington when he was a member of Congress before and after the war. He owned a nice residence in Crawfordsville on a lot adjoining Mr. Stephens's, but in those days, during the early seventies, Harry rented his painted, two-story residence to a white family and he and his family lived in the cottages in Mr. Stephens's yard. Harry was a very thrifty darky; he owned and managed a good farm near town and had a line of drays and did most of the hauling of goods for the merchants. Eliza was as good a cook as any in Georgia. All these good, old-time negroes were respectful to all white people and almost worshiped the ground upon which "Marse Aleck" walked. Harry invariably came at twelve o'clock to lift his former master into bed. Then Mr. Stephens was so afflicted with rheumatism brought on

by his incarceration at Fortress Monroe after the war that he was nearly helpless.

A few words here as to his personal habits in those days. He always went to bed at midnight, but not always to sleep. Often sick and racked with pain, he never slept more than from three to five hours. His weakness forced him to his bed, upon which he would lie and talk to anybody who would be up so late, or he would read some book. He arose late in the morning, and never joined his students at breakfast. He took this meal on his bed. He was with the young gentlemen at dinner at one o'clock and supper at six. At table the former leader of the Whig Party upon the floor of the House of Representatives in Congress engaged in agreeable conversation with his youthful friends, "Parson O'Neal" and such guests as might be present—very often General Toombs and Judge Linton Stephens. Then Aleck Stephens weighed about eighty-five pounds, but was what in Georgia is styled a "big eater." He certainly ate heartily and apparently relished his food. He always had on his table plain, well-cooked food, but never any wines. He, himself, now and then, took before dinner a drink of what he called pure "Jeffersonian rye whisky." A teaspoonful was his dose. When not eating or in bed, his pipe was kept constantly going.

He had a blind dog, named Pluck, from his readiness to fight any and all other canines. He was very fond of Pluck, who, when his master would say, "Be sorry for poor, sick master," would put up a most dismal howl, which the great statesman loved to hear. This would make him laugh with delight and cause him to remark upon the sagacity of his "wonderful dog." As he took his food at table, Pluck sat by his chair and was fed small bits of ham, chicken and even cake. This old dog also had a very sore and loud-smelling back, made so by the mange. His golden-hearted master daily washed that offensive back and put upon it any remedy suggested as a cure by countless visitors.

Mr. Stephens never took bodily exercise, and when he closed those bright, sparkling, snake-like eyes he appeared like a corpse. He read books of all kinds. Every new novel was sent to him. He read one of these in three or four hours and could tell more about it than an average person could who had taken a week to read such a book. He wrote a great deal: legal opinions for his lawyer friends in active practice, and letters to friends and to men on business. While rapidly writing these, he would smoke and carry on a most interesting conversation with any number of persons. He was always optimistic and cheerful. This no doubt prolonged his life beyond his own expectation and that of friends.

The five law students at his house were always glad when General Toombs, Judge Stephens, Herschell V. Johnson, and other distinguished guests from the North as well as the South, remained overnight, for that meant a game of whist between them and Mr. Stephens and a rest for the boys. Whist was a game of which Mr. Stephens was most passionately fond, and he was regarded as an excellent and expert player.

One Saturday night the other four boys went visiting and left the writer alone with Mr. Stephens. It was in winter, and after supper, at the hour of six, Mr. Stephens and the writer were in his sanctum sanctorum, whereupon the writer asked his teacher to tell him something of the great American trio—Clay, Webster and Calhoun. The aged man began indifferently at first, but warming up to his subject, made what the writer has ever considered one of the grandest talks ever heard. Yea, it was an inspiring speech, made with flashing eyes and gesticulating hands and all the acts of the orator. The writer can never forget this masterful exposition of the strong points and weak points of the most illustrious of America's great men. He can, in this connection, barely allude to that thrilling discourse. Mr.

Stephens had, when a young man, served as a member of the House in Congress while these bona fide intellectual giants were in the Senate; he knew them intimately and enjoyed the friendship of the three. He said, in substance, that they were all men of the very highest order of ability, were mighty statesmen, and were such as belonged to the whole world rather than to any country or section. He asserted that probably Mr. Clay was the most natural and eloquent orator of all, but that he was at all times handicapped as compared to the other two in that he had not, as they had, been trained thoroughly at college, so he was soon eliminated from the discussion and talk confined to Webster and Calhoun. He said that Daniel Webster was a man for whom nature had done very much; that he possessed a wonderfully strong mind, and was an orator without a peer in his day and time. Whenever diplomats, statesmen and noblemen from the old countries were in attendance upon the United States Senate that body of sedate dignitaries—ever proud of its reputation and prestige as the foremost deliberative assembly of the earth—was anxious to show itself off and wanted Webster to address the Senate. He was ever ready and like "Barkis," *willing* to respond. He possessed all the ornate and pleasant graces of the genuine orator and was pleased to exhibit them to a worthy and appreciative audience. His voice was sonorous and almost perfect. His noble physique was handsome to behold. His gestures were studied, appropriate and captivating. His eloquent tongue seemed to be smeared with honey; he never failed to draw a crowd and charm all. He was a statesman and patriot—loving North, South, East and West.

Mr. Stephens showed his admiration for the god-like Webster by voting for him after he was dead; upon being asked about this, he replied that he would rather vote for a dead lion than a live dog.

John C. Calhoun, on the other hand, made no pretensions to oratory; he rather seemed to scorn it. His speeches were logic, pure and simple. He would say in addressing the Senate: "Fellow-senators, my major premise on this occasion is thus and so; my minor premise is this and that; now if you admit these, then the conclusion is inevitable and must follow." Then as he stood before his desk with some book upon it, he would raise his right hand and strike the book with his clinched fist as if to drive his conclusion home.

Mr. Stephens, in order to compare these giants, went on to say that if Clay, Benton, Forsyth and Berrien had been digging into the clay of some difficult and abstruse question of state and had given up, tired and worn out, Webster, with his mental pick, would go still deeper. He, too, would have to stop, and John C. Calhoun would take up his heavy pick and go down a foot or so deeper. By this he meant that Calhoun had a somewhat stronger mind than Webster.

Perhaps the most notable assembly of men that ever met upon Georgia soil was the Secession Convention at Milledgeville, the former capital of the state. After a thorough canvass of every county by the ablest men in the state, some for secession and others against it, delegates were chosen by the people of each county to attend this all-important convention. Nearly all the counties, after selecting men, good and true as they vainly hoped and thought, sent them, for the most part, instructed, some for, and others against the movement.

The writer remembers that his father, an admirer and follower in politics of Stephens, said that the planters and slave-holders of old Morgan County distrusted secession and gave positive instructions to its chosen delegates, two prominent and wealthy men, to go to Milledgeville and vote against secession. Yet these worthy and trusty sons of old Morgan, carried away, doubtless, by the fiery eloquence of Bob Toombs and other secessionists, went directly in opposi-

tion to their well-understood instructions, and absolutely voted for secession. My father, a man of the highest honor, never thought as much of those friends again. Alexander H. Stephens was recognized all over the United States as the great leader of the anti-secession movement. As the time drew near for the convention to meet he received many letters from the more violent secessionists saying that they would be present armed with weapons and would kill him if he attempted to speak at the convention against secession. On the day for him to speak brave, fearless Little Aleck courageously arose and told that large, enraged throng that he knew that many men there were armed and had threatened his life, but he was determined to do his duty as he saw it, to his people, and they could kill him if they liked, but they were powerless to deter him from speaking his honest and well-considered convictions. Then the great advocate of his people's cause shouted defiance to his would-be assailants and said to them this: "If you are bent on taking my life, all I ask of you is to wrap the old flag of glory, the flag of our whole country about my body and put it in the clay of the old State of Georgia that has so often honored me and which I do love devotedly."

Even those who had hatred in their hearts toward the old commoner could not resist this heroic courage, and cheered him. This speech against the doctrine of secession as a remedy for Southern wrongs is conceded to be the ablest ever delivered by the people's best beloved statesman. General Toombs, the opposition leader, attempted in vain to break the force of Stephens's argument by frequent interruptions. When Stephens said that our Government was the best on earth Toombs vehemently denied it. When Stephens asked what country was a better one Toombs boldly declared that England was a better country. Stephens admitted that England, the mother country, was grand and glorious, but could not be compared to free America. Gradually Stephens became enthused and fired with the tremendous importance of the issue involved, and spoke substantially as follows: "As long as the ancient Romans were a united people, Rome, for a fact, sat upon her seven hills, hard by the yellow Tiber, and ruled the world. After a while division, internal dissensions and civil strife crept in upon the sacred city, and Roman power and grandeur began to wane, and finally disaster and utter ruin befell the once proud and invincible people of lovely Italia." Then proceeded the matchless pleader for his country's welfare: "Where is Rome today, once the proud and undisputed mistress of the universe? The same yellow Tiber is there; the identical vine-clad hills are all there; the same blue and balmy skies are there; but Ichabod is written upon her brow; it is still Rome, but living Rome is no more! Oh, my countrymen," exclaimed the impassioned speaker, "we, like the Romans, are ourselves about to divide; civil strife with us as with them is about to ensue, and I greatly fear that ruin and disaster will befall us as they did the Romans." Robert Toombs had the nobleness to offer "Three cheers for Alexander H. Stephens, the greatest statesman in America."

It was said that for a long time in Athens it was a mooted question with the people as to who was the greater orator, Demosthenes or Æschines. The palm was at last awarded to the former by the majority, though many claimed superiority for the latter. But it seems to be a historical fact that being a mere orator will not carry a man down the corridors of fame for a longer period than tradition takes him. The writing of many and great books is what has made lasting and secure the great fame of Demosthenes, and but for his mention, in his time-withstanding volumes, of the name and claim to greatness of Æschines, his great and long-time rival for the honors of oratory, the latter today would be totally unknown. It has more than once occurred to this writer that more than nineteen hundred years from this time

the great histories written by Alexander H. Stephens will keep his memory and name before the generations yet to be born; and the orator, Robert Toombs, too, would be unheard of but for the faithful chronicling of his acts and doings by his loyal friend, Stephens, the historian.

The same line of thought will be forced upon the thinking man in regard to another illustrious and versatile Georgian now in life. The writer refers to Thomas E. Watson, the able lawyer and eloquent advocate, the magnificent lecturer, the resistless stump-speaker, and above all, the careful, painstaking historian. Will not his splendid books, contributions to history and literature, keep his name and fame before unborn men and women when the wings "of oblivion will spread gently" over the names and deeds of his today traducers and slanderers?

Never for a day forgetting that he had been greatly helped by kind benefactresses, Aleck Stephens was himself a most noble benefactor to the human race all his life. He surely seemed to love self-denial and to practice benevolence. It has been told of him that he aided one hundred young men in obtaining a classical education at the University of Georgia, his beloved Alma Mater. There is no telling how many boys and girls he assisted in the high schools of the state; nor will it ever be known how much he deprived himself for thirty years in Congress so as to be able to help luckless Georgians who found themselves penniless and hungry in the nation's capital; nor can it be estimated how many sacks of flour, pounds of meat, coffee and sugar Little Aleck gave in fifty years to the poor of his adored Taliaferro County.

Mention has been made of Mr. Stephens's fondness for brute animals and of his pet dog, Pluck. But he had, before the war, a dog better known to fame than Pluck. This was a large and beautiful shaggy dog, whose name was Rio and whose reputation extended over the state. Wonderful things are told of this dog's sagacity and cleverness. Upon being asked why he never allowed Rio to accompany him to Washington City Mr. Stephens replied: "I fear he would become contaminated by the Yankees."

At one time the celebrated "Ranse" Wright, of Augusta, told his friends that he was going to run for Congress against Stephens. At last they met on the stump in joint debate. The general in his speech said that the people had completely spoiled Little Aleck; that their continual sending him to Congress had made him vainglorious, proud, etc., and that he intended to *dog* the steps of Stephens all over the Eighth District and drive him from Congress. Rio was lying on the platform. When Stephens arose to reply he pointed to his intelligent dog and said: "Poor, poor Rio, you and I, so long friends and companions in our political tours and campaigns in Georgia, must now part forever, because Ranse Wright is from now on going to be with me, and *one dog* at a time is all I need." General Wright let Little Aleck severely alone and did not turn up at his next appointment, nor did he go to Congress.

One day while the writer was at Liberty Hall, a young, unsophisticated negro boy, whom Mr. Stephens had brought into town from his farm to assist Harry in his work, came and told Mr. Stephens that someone had given him a little dog, and asked permission to keep it on the lot. The man who had so often swayed multitudes quietly asked the negro what kind of a dog his was, meaning, of course, his pedigree. The boy brightened and quickly responded, "He is a boy, sir!" The great man smiled and said, "Joe, you can have your puppy, and his name, mind you, is to be 'Boy.'" So the dog went by that name.

Innumerable anecdotes have been related all over the State of Georgia about Aleck Stephens. No doubt many of them were genuine and others were made up. Many have heard the following: One day a portly Georgia statesman, it is difficult and needless to say whether it was Toombs or Howell Cobb or H. V. Johnson, said in debate

with Stephens that he was so small and insignificant that he could swallow him whole, if his big ears were cut off and his body greased. Stephens promptly replied, "If you were to do such a thing, you would have more brains in your stomach than in your head."

On his way, once, to fill an engagement to make a political speech at a big barbecue in North Georgia, he was on horseback and overtook an old lady and a young lady, presumably granddaughter, going to attend the 'cue and hear the speech. Mr. Stephens never possessed any beard, and always looked very youthful up to the time he was fifty years of age. So the good old grandmother, with eyes dimmed by age, but with an enthusiasm born of the intense desire to hear the well-known orator speak, mistook this selfsame orator for a young man, and engaged him in conversation, addressing him repeatedly as "Buddie." Before reaching their destination the man, who was in a few minutes to fire that waiting crowd into a frenzy, reined in his horse and arrived later than the occupants of the carriage. But when he did appear in sight a mighty shout went up, and "Three cheers for Aleck Stephens!" were heard on all sides. As he approached the spot where stood his quondam road companions, the old lady said in a loud tone, "Bless my soul, who would have thought it? The man I called 'Buddie' is Mr. Stephens himself!"

In 1860 when the Democratic Convention met in Charleston, S. C., to nominate a candidate for the office of President, Mr. Stephens upon a certain day had made a powerful speech and afterward, tired and exhausted by the effort, repaired to the Charleston Hotel and lay down upon a long lounge in the room set apart for the reception of the hotel guests. Finally, the South Carolina statesmen and distinguished men from all parts of the Union came pouring in and at once began to talk upon the issues of the day with the fatigued and reclining statesman from Georgia. The proprietor of the hotel came in and witnessed the interesting scene. He approached the youthful-looking gentleman, caught him by the arm and assisted him to arise from the lounge, saying to him rather sharply: "Are you not ashamed, *Buddie*, to be stretched out in that manner on the lounge, when so many 'big men' are standing on their feet about you?" Stephens took this in good humor, and, as the hotel man was retiring from the room, the peals of laughter and the merriment of the men of the various states arrested his attention, and inquiring concerning this conduct of his guests, he discovered his mistake in calling the great Georgian (who had just held the convention spellbound) "*Buddie*." He went to Mr. Stephens and made profuse apologies. The latter laughingly informed him that he was accustomed to being called "Buddie," and begged him not to allow so small a matter to give him trouble.

Mr. Stephens confessed that the worst his feelings were ever hurt occurred one day in Crawfordsville, soon after his admission to the bar, as he was passing a shoe shop occupied by a town negro who was talking to a country negro. As the young lawyer passed, he distinctly heard the following colloquy: "Who," asked the country negro, "is that little tallow-faced chap?" "Why that," said the other contemptuously, "is one of our lawyers." Mr. Stephens said that he was well aware that his white friends were wont to make fun of him, but to have negro slaves do so was a most bitter pill, and it wellnigh crushed him. He used to tell us that, when a boy, he had to go to the mill to carry corn and bring back meal. His horse was sway-back, and thin almost to emaciation. The boys of his age, sons of rich and well-to-do neighbors, were accustomed to poke fun at both him and his horse as they passed along the highway. He would smile and remark slyly that in after years these fellows, as men, did not refuse to take his hand and treat him respectfully.

A friend said to the great commoner one day: "Mr. Stephens, I know you

have been praised and flattered as much as any man alive; please tell us what you consider the highest encomium ever paid you." The old Sage of Liberty Hall paused a moment and said: "About six months ago a friend of mine from the East paid me a visit of a week's duration. He and I had served together in Congress before the war. While at my home he would make daily trips to our little town for exercise and to talk to our people. Upon each return he had to relate some compliment he had heard some of my kind friends pass upon me. Once when he returned he informed me that he had been talking to a very old, gray-haired negro. He had asked the old darky if he knew Mr. Stephens. The old fellow made this reply: 'Know who? Marse Aleck? Look here, white man, who dat don't know Marse Aleck? Yas, sar, dat I does know Marse Aleck.' 'Well,' said the Northerner, 'what do you think of him?' 'What does I think of him? Of course I thinks well of him.' 'I do not mean it that way, my good man,' said the visitor. 'I wish to know what kind of a man my friend Stephens is.' 'Oh!' said the ancient son of Ham, 'I understands you now. It is dess dis way about Marse Aleck: he shore is the best man in the world.' After a brief pause, the old man continued thus: 'I will tell you how he is: Marse Aleck is just naturally better to dogs than other people is to folks.'" That was what the man of worldwide reputation regarded as the highest compliment ever paid him.

Gentle as a lamb when unmolested, Little Aleck possessed the courage of the lion when he deemed his honor or fair name had been besmirched. It is well known that, upon what he considered affronts offered to him by Hon. Herschell V. Johnson and Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, he promptly challenged to mortal combat both of these great Georgians, and both found excuses for not meeting him on the field of honor.

In the good year 1882 our illustrious friend, whose honorable course we have briefly tried to follow in these pages, concluded unwisely, as many of his oldest and best friends thought, and so advised him, to ask the people of his native state to make him Governor. In vain did these worthy friends expostulate with him. They implored him not to make this attempt. They pointed out to him that it was one thing to be, all during his best years, the great Whig leader, yea, the uncrowned king of that great party, whose word was law and whose work there was to make eloquent speeches and convincing arguments, easy matters for him, but it was quite a different thing to be Governor. They admonished him that that high and honorable office was entirely different from anything he had ever been accustomed to, and that its drudgery and irksome clerical duties would be distasteful to him. He had never been Governor and had filled nearly all other positions within the gift of the people, and he was bent on "standing for election."

The glorious old fellow stood, was elected and within the short space of three or four months after his inauguration he fell asleep to awake no more. The writer attended his funeral at the old capitol on Marietta Street, in Atlanta, and saw his frail body placed in a vault in the capital city cemetery temporarily. His body lay in state in the capitol building for three days, and thousands of friends repaired thither to gaze, for the last time, upon his face, always pale and emaciated in life while in repose, but ever bright and glowing while its owner was speaking or conversing with friends. All the prominent men of the state came to Atlanta, and an entire day was devoted to eulogies by great orators upon the life and character of the dead man. Gen. Henry R. Jackson, of Savannah, made an eloquent address. He began by saying that Governor Stephens and he had been warm friends all their lives and that he had been mainly instrumental in having the Governor attend Savannah's Sesqui-Centennial Celebration and deliver an oration upon that occasion. General Jackson said

he had censured himself, because he was afraid that the long trip and the exertion incident upon the exercises had contributed to the Governor's death. Upon arriving in Atlanta, the doctors had, to his great satisfaction and peace of mind, told him that the Governor's going to the city near the sea had nothing to do with his death, but that the time had come for the great statesman to make his departure.

Governor J. E. Brown, a lifelong friend of the deceased, made an admirable talk without any effort at oratory. He stroked his long white beard and uttered these words: "Taken all in all, our departed friend was the grandest son that Georgia ever produced, and we shall never look upon his like again." But melancholy sadness and streaming eyes came upon that great crowd when the noblest Roman of them all, Gen. Robert Toombs, the intimate friend, the bosom companion of the dead man, arose, himself now bowed with age, weak in body, nearly blind and almost crushed, and said: "My friends—" Then the people of Georgia for the first time in their lives saw their old lion quiet, subdued and unprepared to roar. The writer may be pardoned for saying, in this place, that after his own father he loved Alexander H. Stephens, first and foremost of all men, and Robert Toombs next. The lordly, proud and mighty Toombs did for a fact, on this one occasion, "cry like a baby," and so did this writer, and so did he two minutes ago when he was penning the words just recorded. The old War Horse would *speak* a little, and *cry* a little, and all the Georgians present joined him in the crying and never before was the strong old fellow so close to their hearts. The writer remembers that, amid sobs, General Toombs said that he had seen Mr. Stephens in the court-house; in joint discussion with great orators upon the stump; in debate with giant intellects upon the floor of the American Congress; in council upon matters of state and in conference with the wise men of our own country and those of European countries, and that he, the one-time poor, despised, tallow-faced Georgia boy, Alexander Hamilton Stephens, was not *sometimes*, but "*always* the master mind."

After the eulogies upon Governor Stephens by the great men had been pronounced, his body was placed in a hearse drawn by six black horses all adorned with crêpe. A white man held the reins, but a negro, dressed in broadcloth, held the bridle of each horse. This hearse headed an immense procession. Rev. Samuel A. Burney, a Confederate soldier, with one eye shot out, was walking by his side in the great mass of human beings. Like the writer, he was an ardent admirer of Mr. Stephens. In his enthusiasm he said to him: "Zeno, old boy, we should feel proud of old Georgia today; it does my heart good to witness this magnificent tribute and well-deserved honor to Little Aleck." He continued: "I was in the war four years and was in nearly all the bloody battles of Virginia, but I tell you honestly I don't think I ever saw so many men, both Federals and Confederates, in any battle as I see men, women and children in this line of march to Little Aleck's temporary abode." It was said that there were one hundred thousand people in that procession.

It may be well to add that the good people of Crawfordsville and Taliaferro, Mr. Stephens's home town and county, had no idea of permitting the body of their friend and neighbor to rest anywhere save in the soil of his native county. So the body of the puny, tallow-faced boy; the youth struggling for an education; the brave young man, reading law by himself and asking for admission in six short weeks, for he must have bread; the rising and brilliant young lawyer, winning cases, money and reputation; the eloquent and useful young member of the Georgia Legislature; the great Whig leader in Georgia and upon the floor of the House of Representatives in Congress; the Vice-President of the Confederate States of America during its entire existence of four short glorious years; the sick and prematurely old pris-

oner of Fortress Monroe, the immortal historian, writing with a pen of fire concerning the wrongs of his people and telling why the South had to fight and how she was forced to suffer; the patient and unequaled law teacher of young men, who preferred his instructions to those of any other; and finally, the chief executive of his beloved state—the body, we say, rests at last in a beautiful grove of ancient oaks in front of the steps of his home, Liberty Hall, so appropriately named, for all who went there were told by its hospitable master to be at liberty to go and do as they pleased.

Over this honored grave of old Georgia's most illustrious and best beloved son towers a monument of pure Italian marble, erected by the Ladies' Stephens Memorial Association. These ladies also own Liberty Hall, and keep it in good repair. Upon this pure white spotless shaft are written the Latin words: "*Non sibi sed allis.*" A liberal translation would read: "He lived not for himself, but for others." This sentiment is certainly appropriate in the highest degree. Mr. Stephens's motto, which he was fond of quoting, was, "I am afraid of nothing on the earth, nor above the earth, nor under it, except to do wrong." That was literally true of this great statesman, loyal patriot, faithful friend, kind benefactor and Christian gentleman.

EACH man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against the obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away and he sweeps serenely over God's depths into an infinite sea. This talent and this call depend upon his organization, or the mode in which the general soul incarnates itself in him. He inclines to do something which is easy to him and good when it is done, but which no other man can do. He has no rival. For the more truly he consults his own powers the more difference will his work exhibit from the work of any other. When he is true and faithful his ambition is exactly proportioned to his powers. The height of the pinnacle is determined by the breadth of the base. Every man has this call of the power to be somewhat unique, and no man has any other call. The pretense that he has another call, a summons by name and personal election and outward "signs that mark him extraordinary and not in the roll of common men," is fanaticism, and betrays obtuseness to perceive that there is one mind in all the individuals, and no respect of persons therein.

EMERSON.

NO age or condition is without its heroes. The least incapable general in a nation is its Cæsar, the least imbecile statesman its Solon, the least confused thinker its Socrates, the least commonplace poet its Shakespeare.

G. B. SHAW.

A Complete Knockout
Naughton, in Duluth Evening Herald.

Getting Brighter Every Day
Naughton, in Duluth Evening Herald.

KIKT OUT

Morris, in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Mrs. Boskins's Party

BY READ McKENRICK

"SO, it's a party you want—a bonny-fidy party with the 'comin' out' tag tied to its tail with a nice pink ribbon with sweet stinkum sprinkled over it—all this for Kate! I s'pose that's another wrinkle you've found in *The Twilight Glimmer Family Paper?*"

Thus it was that Lemuel Boskins sarcastically tied the threads of a conversation suddenly snapped a few minutes before, while he kicked the cat out of the way and vigorously poked the kitchen fire.

"Yes, it is—if you're anxious to know just where I got the idea," sharply replied Mrs. Boskins, who was standing near the table cleaning her silver spoons.

"Lemuel," she continued, "why is it that you oppose everything I suggest for the welfare and advancement of your women-folks? You're different with your own affairs. You listen to every loafer's advice, and fill the sheds full of all sorts of machines and new-fangled notions to save man-muscle and horse-sweat. I wish you would get the idea knocked into your head that there's something else in a woman's life besides patent washers and kitchen cabinets. Since I've got the money for that forty-acre tract father left me, I'm determined to have something I've always wanted and something Kate needs. She is the last child and we owe it to her to do everything regular and proper toward getting her happily settled in life. I've read up, and as soon as she comes home from school she ought to get acquainted with desirable people and firmly established in the best society. A debut party is the thing to do this, and it is what I want—something that the town people will speak of as 'a smart social function' or 'a swell affair.'"

"Yes," said Lemuel, as he walked to and fro, "yes, a daboo-oo! Well, I've done readin' up and thinkin' down, and this daboo business jest means in plain United States that a girl is ready to be hitched up double, and that her folks are mighty anxious to shift a part of their grocery and dry-goods bills. I don't want any such 'Take Notice' or 'For Sale' signs stuck up 'bout here. I don't trade my girl for the price of a pound of prunes, a yard of calico and a can of beans. The best ain't half good enough for Kate, and that's why I've favored educatin' her and givin' her every hunk in the school catalogue. The kick I'm makin' with both hind feet is against your eternal liv'n' by that paper. You patch my pants, mix up the furniture, have the help cook the vittles, and jest naturally run this whole shanty by that *Glimmer*—that's what's gnawin' me."

He paused at the open door for an instant, then turned to resume his walk, and continue:

"From the day Ann Magill traipsed over from Steffy's Corners to canvass for that paper, you women have had your literary doin's, hen societies and the like and there's been nuthin but trouble and general tribulation on this Ridge. I've seen it. 'Cordin' to that fellow that writes them 'Heart to Heart Cackles for Women,' if success and happiness were Lam Barger's cheese and a glue factory, *we* wouldn't get even a sniff. Everybody's gettin' their hair blowed off goin' forward so fast, and *we're* crawfishin' like—that man kept hotel out West. If you women believe this rot, your Lem-u-el don't—not this load o' poles. Well,

Ann jest 'bout busted up the happy homes 'round here."

He halted again at the door—this time to enable his wife to frame a reply. Instantly a few pages of local history opened within his brain and helped to confirm his opinions.

Some years before, Miss Ann Magill came, saw, talked and departed with a bunch of yellow slips bearing the signatures of practically every housekeeper living between the crest of the Ridge and Clear Creek. The floating capital of the victims was small, but Miss Magill had absorbed the methods and persuasive powers of her brother, who had successfully sold patent churn rights throughout the country, and she asked not for gold or silver, but took cheerfully the products of the sedentary hen and the pensive cow and converted them into legal tender at Higg's general store in Clairville. She announced that her reward was to be chiefly the consciousness of bringing a blessing to many homes, and the insignificant, but more tangible, compensation of a small box of soap of assorted smells. Many marveled at the utility of the former, but none doubted but that the latter, if used unsparingly, would prove a blessing to the entire Magill tribe. Ann's success turned a new idea loose, and its adoption was almost unanimous. The reluctant customer of one day was the enthusiastic solicitor of the next, and in recognition of merit, and in proof of the successful dispensing of pills, teas, coffees, photograph albums, books and other articles of apparent necessity, gaudy rugs, flowered dishes, plush rockers and pretentious mantel clocks (that, alas! too soon departed from promising ways of rectitude and became the most versatile of liars) appeared in many homes to supplement the stacks of prize literature and proclaim the emerging of the community from the candle-dip era into the dazzling glare of modern culture and refinement.

These vapory reflections were brushed away by Mrs. Boskins.

"Don't fault Ann," she said. "The world ain't what it was when we were young. Look at the folks in Clairville. I get lost in that town now, and I have lived within five miles of it all my life. You don't notice these long forward strides, I reckon."

"Yes, I do," asserted Lemuel. "Last time I was in town old Doc Feltzer and I talked 'bout 'em, and he says to me, in a pained sort of way, 'Lem,' says he, 'this advancement makes me want to crawl into a hole. Look at this town! Since culture began to hump herself and throw things life ain't worth a darn 'bout here. While the men have been busy tryin' in the old way to knock out a livin' and a dollar or two extry, the women have been readin' up, gettin' cultivated and figurin' how to blow in the surplus. Gaze down Main Street! The parlors in them houses ain't musty no more, but in the kitchens the tin pans and cookin' stoves are neglected and rusty. Dyspepsy cures fill the cupboards and hand-made curtains choke up the windows.

"'Us fond fathers and devoted husbands have been chased back to the old reliable tenpenny nail to effect a respectable union 'twixt our shinin' britches and the remainin' half of a once proud and haughty gallus, but cushions that are covered with what slanders the stars of the heavens and the flowers of the field are piled four foot high on the sofas. Then look at eatin'! The honest, unassumin' buckwheat cake and sich, that from humble beginnin's won by hard work and perseverance honored places in our homes, have been cuffed aside, and three times a day we peer mournfully into the face of the store cracker, bakin' powder biscuit and pre-chewed hemlock shavin's foods you see advertised. And our pleasures! The old church festival, where us daddies buzzed and won the mothers of the community, have been yanked into the golden was, and the knock-kneed lawn fête tries to foot the bill. The taffy jerkin's and corn huskin's are scooted into the attic of memory and we get card parties and tea socials fed to us out of

a spoon by the Seldom Worry Club. "'Lem, you ought to whoop her up the durndest that you folks up on the Ridge ain't been shoved into the cellar by this progress business, and that you don't bark your shins on the corners of culture every time you take a step in your old benighted way. They sure have played the devil in this man's town!"

"The Doc histed a sigh and walked away. As I drove home I hatched out that bunch of thoughts I tossed toward you. But, Amelia Boskins, I won't say another word. If you're sot on the party, have it—have one that will do us proud—have a dozen. I'm reconciled. She's spreadin' all over, I reckon, and I'll get up and take my dose 'thout havin' my nose held."

After Kate's arrival home, a few days later, the plans of her mother were brought out for inspection and consideration.

"You are my last hope, Kate," said the ambitious parent, "and I want you to make up for the mistakes of the whole connection. Nobody but a mother knows a mother's concern for her children, and I've been hankerin' for a party of my own get-up for thirty years. Your father ain't progressive in social ways, and its just as the *Glimmer* says, 'The women of this land are acquiring culture while the men dig.' I ain't mentioning names, but perhaps I didn't get so much when I was getting. Anybody that knows this family can truthfully say that *I* brought the blood and refinement into it. Your Grandpa Hesler was in the legislature once, and would have been there agin if some Chest Creeker he had a fight with in town hadn't busted in his ribs so's he couldn't 'lectioneer. Then, my brother Dan was a society man—indeed he was! He used to say that he had danced on every barn floor from the head of Squabler Run to the Susquehanna, and that he had been the beau of enough girls to make a corduroy bridge over Lonesome Valley. He might have been putting it a bit strong, but he was popular and a real 'ladies' man' in his day.

"That's the kind of stock *I* came from, and *you* deserve something superior in a social way. If you know only nice people, you won't marry any other sort of a man. I'm not dictating, but, for instance, that George Gaylor, the civil engineer that boarded here when the new railroad was building, didn't have style, and style is what counts. He used to play on a mouth-harp, sing nigger songs, recite Irish pieces and act the fool in the most undignified way. You laughed at him, and I believe you liked him. Such a man would disgust you now because you are wiser and have met refined people. This proves what I'm trying to tell you, that now you should mingle with congenial, cultured people."

"Why, mother, haven't you forgotten Mr. Gaylor?" said Kate. "My, but I used to think he was cute! He was a dear—that is, he was at heart a gentleman, I thought. Do you know that I saw the other day where his father made a pile of money out of oil. But, mommer dear, don't talk of matrimony. I really never expect to marry. If I should, I suppose I'll be antiquated enough to make love at least *one* of the considerations."

"Yes," replied the mother, "I think it is proper to marry for love—when one can *afford* it. Perhaps Mr. Gaylor was nicer than he seemed—some of these oil people are. But it hurt me the other day to see you seem so glad to meet Dave Jorgon and those boys—you know their people are common as kraut. Since you've been away you have acquired higher ideals, and you can drop a lot of these old acquaintances.

"The only kind of folks worth fagging your brain with are the ones that can pull you up to their social level today and give you a boost higher up tomorrow. Forget the rest, like Susie Walkins did most of us when she got into society, after her father moved to town and bought out a livery stable and a hotel. She married well, they say.

"Now, my idea is to have a big party to even accounts with our neighbors,

and then let most of them drop, and to get you introduced to people you want to know. I guess it can be called a début party."

"I do want to meet all my old friends again, and I want to please you, but I imagine that the folks about here will hardly know what a début party is," said Kate, with a smile.

"Well," was the reply, "*we* do, and your town friends do, and what's the use of knowing more than your neighbors unless you bewilder them. I've talked with Miss Hugins, who is summering over at Green's, and she advised me some. We'll get new dresses, have the orchestra out from town, give a dance—no, a *ball*—in the barn, and do everything stylish and regular."

When the details were arranged they were submitted to Lemuel. His amendment was that none of his neighbors be overlooked and that the invitations be distributed freely among the "boys that ran the river" in the old lumber days. He proved really troublesome when urged to purchase a suit of modern evening clothes.

"Ain't my Sunday-go-to-meetin's good enough?" he asked. Instead of a verbal reply he was shown a page of the *Glimmer*, containing a picture of a group of smooth-faced individuals wearing regulation dress suits. He was not to be won so easily.

"I saw a lot of them spike-tails waitin' on the tables at the Gilmer House the last time I took my pine rafts to market," was the comment. "They looked like a bunch Ike Goldberg has in his show window. I was ashamed to ask such purty boys to lug me in a yard of sausage and a pail of coffee—horse-liniment strength—'cause I was hungry, so I got an egg and a bite of toast for pointing at a French word that looked like beefsteak and-potatoes, and the look the graven images gave me made my canary-bird feed choke me. No reminder of that trip for me! No, I'll sacrifice everything else in this dicker but my reputation for sanity. I don't dike out in such duds. When I was on the jury, and when the "West Branch Lumbermen" had their snort, I was purty as the purtiest, and I'm goin' to look just as handsome this whirl—in my regular harness."

The eventful evening came and Lemuel was arrayed in his "Sunday-go-to-meetin's," a high collar and a pair of patent-leather shoes presented by his wife for the occasion. He gazed at his image in the mirror for a moment, then, with unconcealed disgust, exclaimed: "Ma, I feel like a fool calf that ain't learned to drink out of a pail and finds a ten-rail fence 'twixt him and his mama." Then he seated himself upon the edge of a bed, removed one shoe and proceeded to stab it with his jack-knife, directing his thrusts to spots where the ardent leather caressed his favorite corns.

The guests assembled. The untutored but substantial citizens of the Ridge mingled with the members of sundry local literary and social clubs, and Kate's young friends from town exchanged pleasantries with their country acquaintances.

The great barn was gay with illumination, and the merry young people clustered about in groups waiting for the fun to begin. The orchestra "tuned up" and in a few moments the dance was on. About the massive doorway flocked the non-participants, old and young, peering with pleasure and curiosity into the great cavern and commenting upon the appearance and grace of the dancers.

"Boys," said Lemuel an hour later, addressing some of his neighbors seated upon the sides of a wagon box in the yard, from which they had an unobstructed view of the interior of the barn, "that ain't dancin', as we know her. Chewin' gum ain't satisfyin' to a fellow that's got a navy tobacco hanker. Blame my hide, if I don't send for Zack Laughlin and his fiddle—he knows how to give the music raw. He sure can tear it off hot and proper and 'cordin' to the books as old bucks studied!"

"Well," interrupted a long-coupled youth by the name of Eph Bowles, as he approached his host, "I wouldn't

o' missed this jamboree for a farm out West, but it was nip and tuck for my hitch at this landin'. That's what. I came up the hill a bit ago and jest as I hit that strip o' pine I heard one of them darn traction enjines a-comin' from up this way and it was a-snortin'. I knew old Fan would put me where the daisies bloom if we met it, so I hawed her down the old timber road till the thing got a-past. Fan liked to kick a lung out o' me 'fore she recollected who was holdin' the ribbons. Where's Kate at, Mr. Boskins? I ain't seen her, and she half promised to teach me the step in one o' them swell dances."

"Search me," replied the host, "I ain't seen her for a spell myself, and if she ain't dancin' she must be up at the house fixin' the feed for my new family—I never thought I'd have such a numerous posterity so suddent." This was accompanied by a chuckle and a wave of his hand toward the barn.

"This reminds me that I'm feelin' shy o' hay, so I reckon I'll go up and see how soon they'll toot the whistle for the charge on the commissary," he said, as he walked toward the house.

"Ma, can't you spread us boys a 'piece' purty soon?" he asked, when he found Mrs. Boskins in the midst of a group of busy women in the kitchen.

"Don't bother me, Lem! Just as soon as Kate comes to show us how much ice cream she wants in these dishes. She ought to be here instead of dancing."

"She's not dancin'," replied Lemuel. "I thought she was here. Where's she keepin' herself?"

"Well," sighed Mrs. Boskins, "call them to supper, and ask them to find seats on the stairs, porch and around where they'll be handy to get at."

A second invitation was unnecessary. In a few minutes the guests were receiving avalanches of hunger-killing fare while the hostess flitted about inquiring for Kate.

"Boys, there comes that 'ere blamed traction enjine up the pike," suddenly shouted Bowles. Instantly a dozen young men rushed down the lawn and leaped over the fence in their anxiety to reach their horses hitched along the highway. Each one, in his pride, sincerely believed his steed to be "a leetle bit the keenest and slickest" in all the country and that irreparable damage and a walk home were in store for him if his charger got a chance to "rip and tear." On came the terror, passing the drowsy animals like a flash and stopping suddenly at the gate.

"By gum," sang out the irrepressible Bowles, "that's one of the autermobeels I see advertised in the *Glimmer*, and I'll be didly-dod-dasted if I didn't think she was a traction enjine."

At once the curiosity was surrounded by excited feasters holding in their hands the remnants of partly devoured chickens and pickles.

"Why, it's Kate Boskins—the idea!" exclaimed many female voices, as that young lady was assisted to the ground by her companion, a man arrayed in auto togs.

"Where's father?" asked Kate, as she gave her skirts a vigorous shake and glanced about her.

"Here!" replied Lemuel, as he approached from the rear, where he had been trying to puncture the pneumatic-tired wheels with his thumbs.

"Father, you remember Mr. Gaylor, don't you?" said Kate, timidly.

"Sure I do," declared the father, grasping the newcomer by the hand, "and I'll never forget the way you used to eat pie when——"

"Come to the house right away—I want to speak to you. Where's mother?" interrupted Kate, as she clutched her father and half dragged him up the path.

They entered the house, ascended the stairs and were soon joined in Kate's room by Mrs. Boskins.

"Do you love me?" demanded Kate, looking at her astonished parents.

"Love you? Why, daughter, are you out of your head—are you sick?" exclaimed her father.

"Well, I'm glad you do, 'cause I'm

married—George and me—we've been engaged for a year," declared the daughter, trembling with suppressed emotion and excitement. "Today I got a message from him asking me to meet him at the top of the hill—I had no idea what he wanted. We went to town in that lovely auto his father gave him. On the way we planned it all. He's going West in two days to build a railroad and we had no time for a wedding. We got the license and——"

"Squire or preacher?" interrupted Lemuel.

"Preacher—here's the certificate. *You* are not angry with me, mommer dear?" she pleaded, as she threw her arms around her mother, who had dropped into a chair and was gasping for breath.

"Kate—Boskins! After all my planning for you and now to think that you would be guilty of such ungenteel doings! Look at our guests! What *will* the people say?" Then the maternal sobs came thick and fast.

"Well," said Lemuel, "if George it is, then he's my choice—I ain't nuthin 'gainst him. But I reckon this business ain't 'cordin' to ma's idea of what's proper in the best society."

"Mr. Boskins, you are adding insult to a mother's sorrow," jerkingly asserted Mrs. Boskins.

"No, I ain't. Now, ma, don't spoil that nice dress—it'll shrink if it gets wet with them tears, and heaven knows it's tight enough. Don't carry on so—it's no use. If you jest think, you'll recollect that two young folks and a bald-faced old mare once hit the parson's 'bout twenty minutes ahead of your good old daddy. Kate, that was the only time I ever heard your grandpa cuss—it was, really."

"Zack's come!" a voice called out in the hall below.

"Tell him to load up for a square dance—one of them you read about," was the order Lemuel gave through the partly opened door. Then he said to Kate, "Take your ma down and tell the folks all about it. Introduce George around, and jest as soon's I swap these shoes for my boots there'll be some dancin' here what you can notice!"

"Git yer pardners!" shouted Zack an hour later, as he pulled up his shirt sleeves and threw his left leg over his right knee. His feet began to "stomp time" and the bow sawed back and forth over the old fiddle with increasing rapidity, and in a moment he was shouting:

"Freeze hooks and circle to the left! Chase 'em back! First couple out to right—balance! Cage the birdie! On to the next! Right and left through! On to the next—balance! Swing opposite lady! Home agin—balance—swing 'em, everybody!"

The members of the orchestra looked with contempt upon the perspiring Zack and his squawking fiddle; but through them the eternal spirit of pleasure had broken its fetters and was free. Urged by the enthusiasm of the coatless, and almost breathless, Lemuel, the neighbors and old rivermen, with their "best gals" of thirty years ago, joined with the belles and beaux of the newer generation, and the blending of their joyous laughter and rhythmical measures made a mighty melody that bore a sweet message of happiness out into the night and over the sleeping hills.

"Ma," said Lemuel Boskins the next day, after Kate had waved her farewell from the crest of the hill, "these new ways bump me terrible. They seem progressive and up-to-date, 'cordin' to the *Glimmer*, and that ought to tickle you; but I jest hope—well, if Kate and George get 'long happy-like in the good old-fashioned way—that'll please me. That was our first swell party, and my last—my last dance—unless all our children come home agin. I reckon I could dance a jig hoe-down for a solid week if they were little codgers at home with us—little codgers for jest a little while agin."

The Man in the Gray Suit

BY EDITH TATUM

To be known as "the plain Miss Heyward," and be pushed prematurely on to the old maids' shelf by a pretty young half-sister, was bad enough, but when a fall from a horse added a lame hip to my list of attractions I simply gave up and went down into the depths. Also I went to a sanitarium which was a little break in the monotony of my colorless existence, and so not to be despised. The lawn was cool and shady, my wheel-chair comfortable and my nurse agreeable. I should have been happy. I wasn't.

For one thing, I had just got a letter from home, and the contrast between the picture it suggested and my own future was jarring. You see I wasn't old enough not to care. This letter was a sample of the ones Louise generally wrote:

Dear Alice:

We had a perfectly gorgeous time at the dance last night—it was simply grand! Oh, that reminds me—you know I told you old Dr. Moore was going to give up active practice. Well, there is a young doctor coming to take his place—awfully rich, they say. And they say he is as handsome as Adonis (I believe that's the fellow we studied about at school that was so good-looking). All the girls are just wild about it—he isn't married, you know. We have up a bet as to which one he will like best. The girls are all having new evening dresses made. Mine is pale blue silk, and drops off the shoulders. Bob says we are worse than Comanches going on the war-path; but he's backing me up all the same—says he sees the young M.D.'s scalp hanging at my belt in his mind's eye already. Mother said something about telling you something but I've forgotten what it was Bob says "brace up and get well soon." Do hurry and come home—*we want you to umpire the race.* Lovingly,

Louise.

Balls and dresses that dropped off the shoulders were not for me—nor any such-like follies. I crumpled up the letter just a little viciously and my forehead puckered up and I'm afraid my mouth drooped at the corners.

"What is it?" asked Miss Carey anxiously. "I hope you have good news from home."

"Oh, charming!" I answered bitterly, and would say no more, but went off into one of my delightful reveries, where I could see myself an invalid hobbling around on crutches, while Bob, my half-brother, patronized me, and my stepmother sighed over me and dolefully descanted upon expenses; and Louise would gush over me one day and forget me the next. As usual I worked myself into a nice state of self-pity and was on the verge of tears. I could feel Miss Carey watching me, but I didn't care.

"Ah! there is the man in the gray suit!" she exclaimed presently, looking very satisfied when I bristled up indignantly.

"Yes, there he is!" I cried in supreme disgust. "Devoted as usual to that odious woman. A flirt of any kind is bad enough, but a married woman!"

Miss Carey laughed. "I have never seen a more desperate case; but isn't he handsome?"

"Handsome? he's horrid!" I retorted spitefully. "I would just love to have a chance to tell him what I think of a man who will flirt with a married woman."

"Perhaps he isn't flirting—he may be really in love," suggested Miss Carey mildly.

"That would be even worse," I declared.

"I saw him holding her hand this morning," she continued.

"No!" I was too profoundly shocked

to say more, but lay in silent contemplation of the disgraceful creatures. It is wonderful how virtuous one may feel upon occasions where one is safe from a like temptation! But in spite of my emphatic denial I believe the man in the gray suit would be considered handsome. He was tall and dark, with a nice mouth that smiled often and charmingly, displaying white, even teeth. Of course his wasn't the only gray suit to be seen about, but he wore his with such distinction as to make all others shrink into insignificance. The woman to whom he devoted himself so untiringly was tiny and blonde, with a fragile prettiness that some men seem to find so attractive; she was talking to him now with a brightness and vivacity that made me feel it necessary to repeat to myself a portion of the litany; he was bending down toward her, evidently deeply interested in everything she said.

"Oh, they are too disgusting! They positively make me ill," I cried fretfully. I couldn't lie there and say "From envy, hatred and all uncharitableness—Good Lord deliver us" *all* the morning!

"Do move me somewhere else; down on the south porch it is quiet; take me there." Miss Carey rose obediently and pushed my wheel-chair up the terrace, across the lawn and down on the deserted shaded porch.

"There now. Are you comfortable?" she asked, straightening the pillows.

"Yes, thank you," I answered wearily, "as much so as I can be; I think I'm out of tune today." And I turned my face away from the sympathetic eyes.

"Shall I read to you?"

"No, thank you. I should like to be alone a while, if you don't mind."

"Very well; I will go back to the room and finish up there, then I will come for you."

Left alone with my thoughts, I lay quite still with closed eyes. I was tired of trying to adjust myself to my future and telling myself to be brave and "brace up" as Bob said. What was the use? What was the use of anything? I turned my head restlessly on my pillows; they felt uncomfortable, so I tried to push them higher. Heavens! what had I done! In trying to straighten the pillows I had pushed them all out on the floor. "Oh, mercy, what shall I do?" I was just as miserable as I could be; my wheel-chair was out flat, so that I lay now with my head and shoulders very much lower than the rest of my body. I was perfectly helpless, so began looking around for someone to come to my rescue. The quietness of the south porch remained unbroken; there was no one in hearing. I tried to support my head with my hands, for I was suffering almost intolerable pain. I called and called until sobs choked me, but nobody came. Looking toward the terrace I could see figures moving about in the sunshine. "I will wave my handkerchief," I thought desperately, "perhaps someone may see me." So I waved it frantically, blindly, in the direction of the terrace; praying fervently all the while that help would come from somewhere or I would surely die right there all by myself.

"You poor child!" exclaimed a man's voice, full of sympathy. "How did this happen? Where is your nurse? She should not have left you." He gathered up the pillows and leaned over me.

"Now put your arms around my neck so I can lift you up." His tone was authoritative and there seemed no other way, so I did as he bade me and clasped him tightly about his neck. He was very strong and lifted me easily and gently, but I had to choke back a sob of pain.

"It hurts you," he said solicitously; "I am very sorry."

He placed the pillows under my head and let me slowly down upon them.

"Is that as you like them?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, thank you, it is very comfortable," I answered, speaking with difficulty. Just then an exclamation of surprise made me look up quickly. There stood Miss Carey gazing at me with an expression of utter astonishment; there was a mingling of amuse-

ment, too, that I was at a loss to understand.

"Nurse, you should not have left your patient alone this way." At the grave, almost stern tones of the man's voice, I looked at him for the first time comprehendingly; then I understood Miss Carey's expression—it was the man in the gray suit!

"*You—you!*" I gasped at him wildly. "Oh, I didn't know it was you! I'd rather have stayed there all day than to have waved at you!" And I proceeded to burst into tears.

The man did not attempt to answer me, but he came hastily to my side and tried to put his finger on my pulse, but I snatched my hand out of his grasp. "Go away—go away!" I sobbed. "I'm n-n-not married! Oh, I hope I'll never see you again!"

He looked inquiringly at the nurse and put his hand to his forehead significantly.

"And I'm not crazy, either!" I snapped. Miss Carey laughed. "It is only nervousness," she said.

I was hysterical by that time, so she wheeled me away, leaving the man in the gray suit standing looking after us with an expression of extreme mystification. At least, that is what Miss Carey said; I was too much occupied to see how he looked, but I didn't understand why he should have been so mystified.

The next morning, as the nurse was pushing me across the lawn, I saw that we were going to meet the man in gray face to face, so I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep, but I felt my face getting hot.

"How is she this morning?" he asked Miss Carey as he passed.

"About as usual," she rejoined coolly.

"Where is he now?" I asked presently, cautiously opening one eye.

"You might guess—he's lying on the grass at that blonde woman's feet."

"Yes—I see," I exclaimed indignantly, "and they are looking at me, and laughing! Horrid creatures! I wonder if he really thinks I did that on purpose just to attract his attention. Oh, isn't it imply *dreadful!*"

I felt horribly humiliated, and I determined I never would look at him again. And, of course, we met him every day—just because I didn't want to. Sometimes he was alone, but oftener he was with that odious blonde. He always asked Miss Carey about me and always received the same chilling answer. Once, catching a glimpse of his face from under half-closed lids, I thought his eyes held a gleam of amusement, and I fairly boiled with rage.

One day soon after this I sent Miss Carey downtown to get me some books; but this time I had her place my chair on the front porch where there was constant passing and repassing.

"I'll be all right here," I said, "you see I could call to some of the nurses for anything I wanted."

Miss Carey had not been gone long when a fresh, cool wind sprang up, but I was entertained watching the people on the lawn and didn't pay much attention to it. I was feeling very much better than I had in some time—in fact I was almost happy. When the nurse had come on duty that morning she had brought in with her a big box of exquisite American Beauty roses; I was sure it must be a mistake at first, but inside the box was a card that read: "For the lady with the brown eyes in Number 37." And ever since, the reflection from the flowers had cast a rosy glow over everything. Of course I had speculated very much on who had sent them; but there were so many people at the sanitarium kind enough to have done it that I couldn't even guess. In the midst of my pleasant reflections my chair began to move gently, steadily, toward the door.

"Miss Carey," I cried, "why, you didn't stay long!" Getting no answer, I turned my head and looked behind me.

It was that man in the gray suit! Words failed me.

"Pardon me," he said politely, but with that amused half-smile that was

simply maddening, "but it is too cool for you in this wind; you should be indoors."

"I am quite comfortable where I am," I replied frigidly. "I do not object to the wind in the least."

"That isn't the question," was his quiet rejoinder; "it is not good for you."

"I am the best judge of that," I asserted with icy dignity.

"Pardon me if I do not agree with you." His tone added fuel to the fire of my wrath.

"Will you please leave me where I am?" I demanded.

"I will not leave you until I get you out of this wind," he announced with decision. And thereupon I began to cry.

"Now there isn't the least use in your doing that way," he remonstrated soothingly.

"I simply detest a flirt," I cried between sobs. "I think you are perfectly horrid and I want you to let me alone."

It was extremely childish, I know, but I couldn't help it. He stopped the chair just inside the door.

"Flirt!" he exclaimed in some indignation, "surely you do not think for an instant that I am trying to flirt with you; nothing could be farther from my intentions, I assure you."

"*With me!*" I flashed a look at him that should have annihilated him upon the spot, only he wasn't that kind. "No, I did not credit even *you* with so much audacity."

"Then I am at a loss to understand," he began.

"It isn't necessary," I snapped, "I wish to be alone!" He bowed with extreme dignity and took his departure.

"He is handsome and young," I reflected discontentedly, "but there he goes straight to that awful woman." And I turned away with a sigh.

There were yellow roses outside my door next morning and pink the next, and I began to wonder exceedingly, but there was no clue as to where they came from.

At last I grew strong enough to leave my wheel-chair and then the day came for me to go home. Somehow, I was not as glad to leave the sanitarium as I expected. What had I to look forward to? The old humdrum life and—crippled.

Miss Carey put me on the New Orleans sleeper and got me all comfortably settled. She seemed to dread the trip for me, but I tried to carry a brave front and make light of my helplessness. Then the train pulled out, and my three days' trip had begun.

"How dreadfully lonely I will be," I mused disconsolately as I took off my hat, and tried to make my hair look decent. But I was petrified in the act, for the door at the end of the car opened and that man came in and took a seat across the aisle from me.

"I wish he would buy himself another suit—even a green one!" I thought resentfully as I turned my back on him.

"Oh, I hope he isn't going far," my thoughts ran on. "I wonder where that tow-headed woman is?" I glanced around the car, but saw nothing of her. Then I tried to forget his existence, but it was not possible—his was a most insistent personality! He made himself thoroughly disagreeable with his offers of assistance, and waiting on me and looking after me generally. He certainly received most ungracious thanks, but he didn't seem to notice that. When the first call to dinner came I found, to my dismay, that I could not walk to the dining-car; it was several cars back and I simply couldn't do it. In an instant he was at my side.

"Take my arm," he said quietly, "and let me take you back to your seat, and I will have your dinner brought to you. You should not have attempted it."

I meekly did as I was bid, but once in my seat I *looked at him!*

"Will you be so kind as to leave me in peace?" I demanded. "If you knew the opinion I have of you I am sure you would not intrude upon me."

He stood straight and stern before me, meeting my gaze unflinchingly.

"That is just what I want to know," he said. "What is your opinion of me? What cause have I given you for judging me so unkindly?"

"I would prefer not to discuss the subject."

"And I insist upon pursuing it."

"By what right?" I asked insolently.

"The right of every gentleman to be so considered. You have treated me in a most uncalled-for manner and I demand the reason."

"Will you leave me?" I cried indignantly.

"Not until you give me a chance to clear myself."

"Well, listen then," I said in exasperation. "I utterly *detest* a man who will flirt, or whatever you choose to call it, with a married woman as you have been doing at the sanitarium."

He looked absolutely amazed. "Will you kindly inform me—?" he began.

"Don't pretend innocence," I interrupted; "have you forgotten that blonde woman? But it is a matter of complete indifference——"

"That blonde woman!" he exclaimed wonderingly; then light suddenly seemed to dawn across his mental horizon and he laughed in intense amusement.

"Oh, you mean my sister! Didn't you really know that Mrs. Ward is my only sister?"

"How was I to know anything about it? And I don't care anything about it and I wish you would go away and let me alone!" And overcome with mortification I dropped into the seat and began to cry. He sat down by me and tried to take my hand.

"Don't do that," he pleaded, "it is so bad for you."

But I couldn't stop all at once, so after a few minutes he leaned nearer and spoke very low and earnestly.

"You must not cry any more. I can't bear to see it—it hurts me."

"Oh, go away!" I sobbed petulantly.

"I'm not ever going away from you again of my own free will," he answered gravely. I looked up at him through my tears in utter astonishment, but something in his eyes made me look down again in a hurry.

"Couldn't you like me a little bit?" he questioned.

"But you don't know me at all," I objected.

"I've been studying you for some time," was his reply.

"But I don't know you."

"That can be easily remedied." Then I turned my face away so he couldn't see it.

"I'm thirty," I murmured uncertainly. He laughed outright at that.

"You are just a little ahead of me," he said; "I'm only twenty-nine. Anything else?"

"And I'm lame," I vouchsafed, scarcely above a whisper.

"You dear little girl!" he said softly; "but there is so much I could do for you."

But my reason returned to me suddenly. "What utter nonsense we are talking," I exclaimed with cool dignity; "I know absolutely nothing about you, and I prefer to be left alone!"

At last the long journey was ended. I looked through the car window and saw the home station with its familiar faces; there was Louise with a gay group of girls standing around her, eagerly scanning the car windows.

They caught a glimpse of me and waved their hands in welcome.

The man across the aisle, whom I had utterly ignored for the past day, sat watching me; I turned from the window and met his eyes. Perhaps I would never see him again!

In a repentant mood I held out my hand to him. "Good-bye," I said in a tone born of my penitence.

"No," he answered; "never that. I get off here, too. Let me help you."

At the door he gathered me, unresisting, into his arms and carried me down the steps and placed me gently on the ground, where I was soon pounced upon by the chattering group of girls.

When I finally freed myself the man in the gray suit had disappeared.

"Oh, Alice, wasn't he fascinating?" gushed Louise.

"The handsome thing!" chimed in the others.

"And to think of your coming down on the same train with him!"

"But where did you meet him? We are all simply dying to!"

I looked from one to the other in bewilderment.

"What on earth do you mean?" I appealed to Louise.

Louise gasped. "You don't mean to tell me, Alice Heyward, that you didn't know that was the new doctor? Why, we all came down to meet him, so we would get an even start!"

A Song of Love

NOW the purple night is past,
Now the moon more faintly glows,
Dawn has through thy casement cast
Roses on thy breast, a rose.
Now the kisses are all done,
Now the world awakes anew;
Now the charmèd hour is gone—
Let not love go, too.

When old winter, creeping nigh,
Sprinkles raven hair with white,
Dims the brightly glancing eye,
Laughs away the dancing light,
Roses may forget their sun,
Lilies may forget their dew,
Beauties perish, one by one—
Let not love go, too.

Palaces and towers of pride
Crumble year by year away;
Creeds, like robes, are laid aside,
Even our very tombs decay!
When the all-conquering moth and rust
Gnaw the goodly garment through,
When the dust returns to dust,
Let not love go, too.

Kingdoms melt away like snow,
Gods are spent like wasting flames,
Hardly the new peoples know
Their divine thrice worshiped names!
At the last great hour of all,
When Thou makest all things new,
Father, hear Thy children call—
Let not love go, too.

By Alfred Noyes, in Blackwood's Magazine.

A LIST OF USEFUL BOOKS

I HAVE received several letters requesting me to name a list of books which would be useful to the general reader.

Below will be found such a list. I do not claim that it is perfect. Many valuable works could be added.

I think, however, that every one of the books named will be found beneficial in developing the mind and in laying up a store of knowledge.

Poetry, I have omitted. Living authors are not included—with the single exception of the Hon. James Bryce.

Our patrons will confer a great favor upon me if they will not ask me where these volumes can be bought and at what prices.

Make such inquiries of book dealers.

Southern subscribers may write to the Americus Book Company, or to the A. W. Deliquest Book Company, Augusta, Ga.

Northern subscribers may apply to F. E. Grant, 23 West Forty-second Street, New York City, or to Joseph McDonough, Albany, N. Y.

Inquiries are frequently made concerning my own books.

The Macmillan Co. or D. Appleton & Co. will furnish desired information as to those.

Plutarch's Lives.
Gibbon's Rome.
Macaulay's Essays.
Carlyle's French Revolution.
Smith's Wealth of Nations.
Lecky's History of European Morals.
Buckle's History of Civilization.
Draper's Intellectual Progress.
Dickens's David Copperfield.
Thackeray's Vanity Fair.
Hugo's Les Misérables.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
Bulwer's My Novel.
Wallace's Ben Hur.
Cooke's Henry St. John, Gentleman.
Reade's Cloister and the Hearth.
Baldwin's Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi.
Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.
Borrow's Bible in Spain.
Souvestre's Attic Philosopher.
Bancroft's History of the United States.
Green's Short History of the English People.
Duruy's History of France.
Cooke's History of Virginia.
Mommsen's History of Rome.
Boswell's Johnson.
Macaulay's History of England.
Landor's Imaginary Conversations.
Landor's Pericles and Aspasia.
Bret Harte's Short Stories.
Gronlund's Ca Ira.
Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.
Holmes's Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.
Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter.
Thoreau's Walden.
Phillips's Curran and His Contemporaries.
McCarthy's History of Our Own Times.
McCarthy's Epochs of Reform.
Mackenzie's Nineteenth Century.
Hallam's Middle Ages.
Le Sage's Gil Blas.
Le Sage's Lame Devil.
Cervantes's Don Quixote.
Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.
Scott's Ivanhoe.
Scott's Waverly.
Disraeli's Coningsby.
De Quincey's Essays and Miscellanies.
Wilson's Noctes Ambrosianæ.
Wilson's Christopher in His Hunting Jacket.
Hume's Essays.
Bacon's Essays.
Addison and Steele: The Spectator.
Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.
Schonler's History of the United States.
Greg's History of the United States.
Stephen's School History of the United States.
Ridpath's History of the World.
Fiske's Old Virginia and her Neighbors.
Fiske's Beginnings of New England.
Francis Parkman's Historical Works.
Robertson's Charles V.
Prescott's Historical Works.
Irving's Sketch Book.
Motley's History of the United Netherlands and Rise of the Dutch Republic.

Schiller's Thirty Years' War.
Muehler's History of Modern Times.
Van Laun's Revolutionary Era.
Bryce's Holy Roman Empire.
Bryce's American Commonwealth.
Forbes's Souvenirs of Some Continents.
Emerson's Essays.
Zola's Germinal.
Michelet's History of France.
Aristotle on Government.
Froude's History of England.
Froude's Life and Times of Erasmus.
Lecky's History of England in the Eighteenth Century.
De Tocqueville's Ancien Régime.
De Tocqueville's Democracy in America.
Audrey's History of England.

Thomas E. Watson.

The Piper

I HEARD the piper playing,
The piper old and blind,
And knew its secret saying—
The voice of the summer wind.

I heard clear waters falling,
Lapping from stone to stone,
The wood dove crying and calling,
Ever alone, alone.

I heard the bells of the heather
Ring in the summer breeze,
Soft stir of fur and feather
And quiet hum of bees.

The piper drew me yearning
Into the dim gray lands
Where there is no returning,
Although I wring my hands.

There to the piper's crooning
I saw my dead again,
All in a happy nooning
Of golden sun and rain.

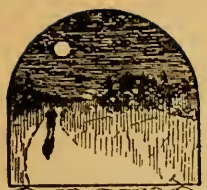
You piper, kind and hoary,
Your pipes upon your knee,
If I should tell my story,
The things you piped for me,

The folk would leave their selling,
And bid their buying go,
If I could but be telling
The things you let me know.

Katharine Tynan, in the London Spectator.

LIFE levels all men: death reveals the eminent.

G. B. SHAW.



HOME

BY

Mrs. Louise H. Miller.

THE Home Department welcomes contributions that will make woman's life brighter, broader and more useful. We, all of us—you as well as I—are the editors of "Home"; let us make it as good and helpful as we can. Suggest subjects for discussion.

Don't worry about "not knowing how to write." We aren't trying to be authors—we're just women trying to help one another.

Address everything carefully and in full to Mrs. Louise H. Miller, WATSON'S MAGAZINE, *121 West Forty-second Street, New York City.*

PRIZES

Every month there will be a prize of a year's free subscription to Watson's Magazine, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution under each of the following heads: the subject for the month, "Interest of Everyday Things," "Heroism at Home," "Recipes, Old and New," "Various Hints," and one for the best general contribution outside of these. No two of the six prizes will be awarded for the same contribution, but one person may receive more than one in a single issue by sending in more than one prize-winning contribution.

December Number.—Christmas. Origin and history. Customs in other lands and times. Our present Christmas spirit. Good Christmas presents and how to find them.

January Number.—The care of our bodies. Exercise, breathing, ventilation and fresh air, bathing, massage, and so on. Food, drink and clothing will be left till later.

February Number.—Child labor. Its extent in this country. Who is responsible for this evil? How can it be done away with? On whom can we women exert our influence to suppress it?. What methods can we use? What has already been accomplished?

Dictionaries and encyclopedias! Could there be a dryer subject for our Department! There certainly could. In fact, it is easy to prove that it is an unusually interesting subject and one that, given a little attention, will not only make many things easy for you afterward, but will broaden your outlook and increase your self-reliance surprisingly.

We won't talk about it—we'll just begin examining right off. I think you'll be interested—especially if you remember that there is a good deal to be gained by it even if you don't see how at first.

Here is what I did just now. I opened the Standard Dictionary almost at random, except that I wanted the name of some common household article that all of us are familiar with. "Broom" was the first word that came into my head, but we have had a good deal about the broom already, so I tried "skillet." Take a dictionary and follow with me. Here is exactly what the dictionary says:

Skillet—skil'et *n.* 1. A small kettle or stew-pan, often with a bail and short legs. 2. Any small frying-pan. 3. A shallow vessel serving as a mold for precious metal. 4. [Sailors' slang] A ship's cook. 5. A crier's bell or rattle. [< OF. *escuellette*, dim. of *escuelle*, platter, < L. *scutella;* see SCUTELLA^2].

It's rather a mess, isn't it? Let's see. There are three parts to it; pronunciation, definitions and derivation. I guess we can all pronounce the word, so we won't stop over that, merely noticing that a key to the sounds of the vowels is to be found along the bottom of each page, or, in some dictionaries, in the front of the book. Thus in our word the *i*, having no mark over or under it, is sounded like *i* in "tin," as shown at the bottom of the page. But let us look first at the derivation and see where the word "skillet" came from.

The little mark before OF. of course means "from," so our word is derived from OF., whatever that means. Let's turn to the beginning of the book and consult the "Key to Abbreviations Used." We find it means Old French. (Old French, though it afterward grew into the French language of today, was a good deal different from it, just as

Old English was very different from the English we speak today.) So "skillet" comes from the Old French word *escuellette*, which the dictionary says is the "dim." of *escuelle*, which means a platter. "Dim." is the abbreviation used for "diminutive," as we have probably guessed without referring again to the "Key to Abbreviations." Therefore *escuellette* means a small platter, the "tte" or "ette" being added to the word for platter to indicate a small platter. The French, Italian, Spanish and other languages still add certain letters to the names of things or people to indicate small size. So does our own language, for example adding "kin" to "man," making "manikin" to indicate a little man. We use this very same French diminutive ending, too, in "cigarette," a small cigar, and a variation of it in "wavelet," "coverlet," and so on.

But the history of the derivation of our word "skillet" goes farther back than that and shows that the Old French word *escuelle* was derived from a Latin word, *scutella*.

That is, roughly, the history of about half the words in our language—our English word came from a French word and that French word from a Latin word.

You will remember how that happened. The ancient Romans conquered, besides much other territory, all of Western Europe and colonized most of Spain, France and England, introducing the Roman or Latin language into these countries so firmly that it became mixed with the native tongues of the inhabitants and today is still found in these languages. This was more true of Italy, Spain and France than of England, and the languages of those three countries are still called the Roman or Romance languages and all three are so much alike at bottom that if you learn one the other two are pretty easy. Well, the French language grew up a mixture of Latin and the native tongue, and in 1066 William the Conqueror led the Norman French across the English Channel and conquered the Saxons of England in the famous battle of Hastings. From that time on the Norman French ruled England and the Norman French language was spoken by all the nobles, all the clergy, in all the law courts and by everyone except the common people, who clung as best they could to the Saxon tongue. After many, many years the two languages blended and formed the foundation of the English language of today. So you see how so many of the words you and I use every day came from Italy through France to England and so to America. It's quite a history for a common or garden word like "skillet," isn't it?

But we are not quite at the end of that history yet. The last thing in our definition says "see SCUTELLA 2." Turn back in the dictionary to SCUTELLA. Definitions 1 and 2 of this word refer us to SCUTELLUM, which means a small shield or plate. Note that the derivation is from the Latin word *scutum*, a shield. Let us turn to it in our chase, noting that the Romans, too, had diminutive endings.

Let's see what a *scutum* was, but first notice that the plural of the word is not *scutums*, *but scuta*. That is one of the ways the plural is formed in Latin, and since many of our present English words are nothing but Latin words we still form the plural of some of them as the old Romans did, instead of adding *s*. Thus we have *stratum*, whose plural in English is *strata*. For, while the Romans held Britain as a province many Latin words crept into the English language before the Norman French brought others in, and, also, since Latin and Greek are still studied by all civilized nations, scientists everywhere make use of Latin or Greek words to make a new word for a new scientific invention or discovery or for a general scientific term so that scientists of all nations can understand them. This is the case with *stratum*. (We will find, too, that many of our words come direct from old Latin words for one reason or another. To give a few out of hundreds, there are *urbane*, *urban*, *interurban* [between towns], *polite*, *civic*, *committee*, *congress*, *legislate*, *exist*, etc., etc., almost exactly like the words

the old Romans used two thousand years ago and more.)

The *scutum*, says the dictionary, was "the large oval or rectangular wooden or wicker shield of the Roman legionaries, often bent so as to fit close to the body, covered with leather, and bound with iron." There we have the history of our word "skillet." It came to America from England, to England from France after the Norman Conquest, and it came to France from Italy with the Roman conquerors and settlers. A platter was called a *scutella* because it looked like a shield or *scutum* and a frying-pan was called a skillet or *scutella* because it looked like a small platter.

Well, the choice of that one little word for a common household article has led us among many interesting things, and some of you may think we have only "jumped from the frying-pan into the fire," which is a pretty poor joke and doesn't apply, either. Most of what we have considered is something everybody ought to know, but that isn't the really important point.

The big thing is that the common things right under our noses are *full* of interesting facts, that if we take the trouble to look at a dictionary we not only gain knowledge, broaden our horizons and get "something outside to think about," but we also teach our minds to be more alert and lay the foundation for much more knowledge. It doesn't matter whether the knowledge doesn't seem always to apply to the daily work. The true value is that it *teaches us to think* and makes broader women of us. It is very true that "knowledge is power" in more ways than one.

Before we leave "skillet" entirely, notice that there are five meanings to the word, the last two rather surprising.

Now that we have done one word at length, try some others, everyday ones, at random yourself. Look up "carpet," "chair," "dish," "spoon," "fork," etc., looking up all words you are referred to and all words you aren't *sure* you know all about.

Then try "villain" and see how its original meaning has changed; "peeler" (slang for policeman), and see its origin.

Notice that nearly every word with a *ph* in it came originally from the Greek. Look over this list of Greek words:

tele—far	*logos*—word, science
phonos—sound	*auto*—self
grapho—write	*photos*—light
ge—earth	*bios*—life

metron (metry, metre)—measure.

Now see how many English words are made out of these Greek ones. Telephone, from *tele*, far, and *phonos*, sound, meaning "far-sound," something that carries sound far. Now look at the following and see how they have been made: telegraph, phonograph, geography, autograph, photograph, geology, biography, autobiography, biology, phonetic, graphology, graphic, geometry, etc. Then consider a few of the many words *partly* made out of them, and see what the other part comes from: psychology, physiology, astrology, autocracy, trigonometry, topography, caligraph, automatic, autonomy, logic, geodetic, etc.

Don't ever say you haven't anything to read as long as there is a dictionary in reach! It may sound absurd, but it isn't.

* * *

Then there are the encyclopedias. They naturally do not explain so many words as a dictionary, but they tell lots more about those they do explain. Try it and see. There is a mine of very interesting information in an encyclopedia.

* * *

Look through a good almanac; not a poor patent medicine one, but a large one such as are issued by some of the big city papers throughout the country. Much of the contents will not interest you. You can skip that part. But there is much else that will.

Now here is perhaps the big point of our whole subject this month. I have been surprised and amused over and over again by the helpless questions our wise friends, the men, keep asking the Educational Department of the Magazine. If they had any idea of the uses and purposes of dictionaries, encyclopedias and such publications as the "World Almanac," to say nothing of the uses and purposes of public libraries, they wouldn't have to expose themselves by asking such perfectly helpless questions. Of course, some of them are not within reach of books, but most of them are and are just shiftless and helpless. I'd like to see the womenfolks of their families show them a thing or two about making use of their resources and being a little more self-reliant. *Learn to use the dictionary, the encyclopedia, the good almanacs and public libraries!* You will not only acquire knowledge, but gain independence and self-reliance also. None of these books are useful unless you really learn to use them. It pays to learn.

* * *

Hereafter the Home Department is to be in large type, as this number is, and I am heartily glad of it. I have thought many times of the old eyes or the eyes tired by the day's work that would have found it easier to read our columns if they had been in the same large, clear type as the rest of the Magazine. Well, we have it now and I am sure all of you will rejoice with me.

* * *

When the monotony of day after day, week after week, month after month and year after year bears heavily upon you, and you come to a weary hour when the heart is discouraged by the same monotonous stretch of days and months and years ahead of you, it is time to take thought unto yourself. Is there no remedy? Are you just the helpless pawn of fate? God gave you a brain, a heart, a soul. Have you so wasted them that you are now no more than the house-dog, and must all the rest of your life be like a dumb brute, accepting the same evils tomorrow that you suffer today and have suffered dumbly in days past? Aren't you, for all the wear of the years, still a human being? Isn't it true that you still have the brain, the heart and the soul that God gave you? Isn't it true that they are not dead, but only asleep, numbed and dulled and stunted by the narrow monotonous life you have lived? Whose fault is it that you have lived such a life? Your parents? Your husband? Your brothers and sisters? Your children? The place in which you live? Poverty? Illness?

Let me tell you, though I know it may seem strange and perhaps almost impertinent that I should venture to tell you the truth about your own most intimate affairs. No, I am not a wonderfully wise woman; I do not know the exact details of the circumstances that surround you; I need not tell you that I would not for worlds enter into those intimate things that are your own sacred property. No, but, as I have said once before, I once had the opportunity of looking pretty deep into many women's hearts and I learned some great lessons thereby, lessons that I have proved on myself and on others since then. It is not theory. What taught me these truths was the intimate, sincere outpourings of many women's hearts. It was not theory. It was facts and experience.

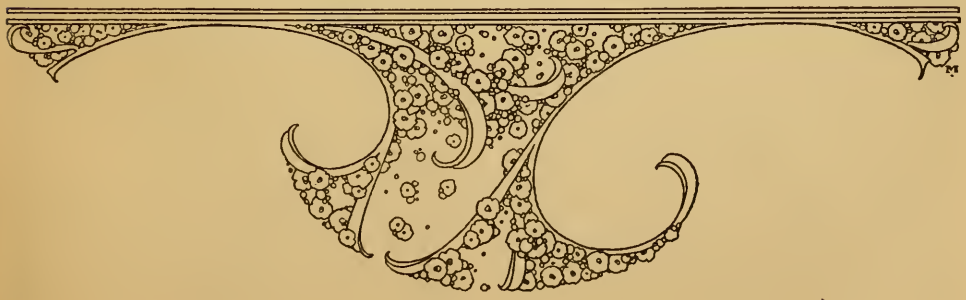
And of these lessons, this is the greatest, the most helpful, the most hopeful. There is no woman, be she poor to starvation, bedridden, brutally treated, cut off from the world, who has not *in herself*, the means of her deliverance! I do not mean that she can always do away with poverty, illness and bad treatment. God, for some all-wise, all-kind reason, sends these things upon us. *But we can rise above them!* God has given us other things—body, mind, heart, soul—with which to fight our battles against the evils and—who shall say?—when the Great Accounting comes, perhaps we shall be judged only as to how well we have fought, how well we have used

the weapons and the armor given us, *not* judged because we have sinned more or less than our neighbor, *not* because we have or have not reached a fixed and general standard of good, *not* because there are or are not black sins marked against us. Not for any of these things, but with all mercy, all justice, all consideration, each case by itself, temptations resisted weighed against temptations yielded to, full allowance made for the particular strength of evil each one had to contend against, and for the amount of strength given her for the fight. May it not be that she whose record is nearly spotless may be judged harshly because the trials and evils arrayed against her in her fight were few and small, and the strength given her such that she should have kept her record still more spotless? May it not be that she whose record is black with sin and failure may be exalted above the other because, for all her blackness, *her* trials and evils were great and her strength small, because she used this little strength *better and more bravely* than the other used her greater strength and because her record might well have been blacker than she kept it?

There, I did not mean to talk religion. My point holds even without religion—just as a plain, practical, common sense truth. We can rise above poverty, illness, environment or bad treatment! Each of us has the power *within herself*. I do not mean only that we can rise superior to sufferings by clinging to a high ideal of religion, of service to others, of "sweetness and light." These things are true, but I speak more particularly of simpler, homelier remedies. And the key to these remedies is this: *Something outside to think about!* You feel disappointed in the remedy? You have no right to! You haven't fairly tried it yet. After some weeks or months of trying, *then* you can talk.

I am going to try to find an article in another magazine of several years ago that gives the experience of some of the many women whom I mentioned above, the ones that taught me the lesson I had only half realized until then. After all these men and women had given their testimony, some time after, in fact, a young man went over the thousands of letters and embodied them into an article, and while that article cannot hope to give all the letters, it gives the spirit of them and the originals are no longer within my reach. I wish that you could have read all of them, as I did long before the article was written!

How can you get "something outside to think about"? Well, that's what our Department is for. Just reading it won't be enough—not by a great deal!—but it ought to give you suggestions and help you to work out your own case. *You* have to do it! *You yourself!* That is why it will help you. Of course, if I can help, through our Department or personally, I'll be glad to.



THE INTEREST OF EVERYDAY THINGS

We want all the interesting facts we can get about the origin, history and manufacture of our ordinary household utensils and furniture, the various articles of food and drink, the common things in our yards and neighborhoods. The object of this branch of our Department is to make interesting the very implements of our daily toil, and to teach the mind to free itself from the deadening monotony of mere routine and to learn to gather wholesome, enlivening food from the broader fields outside.

1. Send in any items you may think of yourself or learn from inquiry by consulting encyclopedias, dictionaries, books, magazines or the free reports of the United States Department of Agriculture and the United States Department of Commerce and Labor.

2. If you find a newspaper article or paragraph which gives interesting information about any of the ordinary articles or commodities of our everyday home life, send it to the Department or tell us where to find it. Always give the name of the publication from which you take it. Inform the Department, too, of any good books along this line.

SPECIAL PRIZE

Every month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to Watson's Magazine, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "The Interest of Everyday Things."

The prize for "Interest of Everyday Things" goes to C. C. C., of Georgia, and is certainly well deserved. It shows what energy and knowing how to use references will do.

The First Sewing Machine

Elias Howe was very poor, and unhealthy, and he found it no easy task to provide food, shelter and clothing for his little family. About 1842 or 1843 he heard it said that the great necessity of the age was a machine for doing sewing. And it was conceded by all who thought of the matter at all that the man who could invent such a machine would make a fortune. Howe's poverty inclined him to listen to these remarks with great interest. He set to work to achieve the task, and, as he well knew the dangers which surround an inventor, kept his own counsel. He watched his wife as she sewed, and his first effort was to devise a machine which should do what she was doing. He made a needle pointed at both ends, with the eye in the middle, that should work up and down through the cloth and carry the thread through at each thrust; but his elaboration of this conception would not work satisfactorily. It was not until 1844, over a year after he began the attempt to invent the machine, that he conceived the idea of using two threads, and forming a stitch by the aid of a shuttle and a curved needle with the eye near the point. This was the triumph of his skill.

Satisfied that he had at length solved the problem, he constructed a rough model of his machine of wood and wire, in October, 1844, and operated it to his perfect satisfaction. Elias and his family lived under his father's roof, and in the garret of the house the half-sick inventor put up a lathe where he did a little work on his own account and labored on his sewing machine. He had his model in his head and was fully satisfied of its excellence, but he had not the money to buy materials needed in making a perfect machine which would have to be constructed of steel and iron, and without which he could not hope to convince others of its value. His great invention was useless to him without the five hundred dollars which he needed in the construction of a working model.

In this dilemma he applied to a friend, Mr. George Fisher, who was a man of some means. He explained his invention and succeeded in forming a partnership with him. Fisher agreed to take him and family to board and to furnish the money to buy necessary tools for the construction of a model. He was to allow his garret to be used as a workshop. In return for this he was to receive one-half of the patent if Howe succeeded. Howe worked all day, and sometimes nearly all night, and in April, 1845, had his machine so far advanced that he sewed a seam with it. By the middle of May the machine was completed, and in July

he made two woolen suits with it, one for himself and the other for Mr. Fisher. The sewing was so well done it outlasted the cloth

Howe then endeavored to bring it into use. He first offered it to the tailors of Boston. They admitted its usefulness, but said it would never be adopted by their trade as it would ruin them. Other efforts were equally unsuccessful; everyone praised the ingenuity of the machine, but no one would invest a dollar on it. Fisher became disgusted and withdrew his partnership. Howe determined to seek in England the victory he failed to win here. Unable to go himself, he sent his brother, in October, 1846. Mr. William Thomas, of London, offered the sum of $1,250 for the machine Amasa Howe had brought with him and agreed to pay Elias $15 per week if he would enter his service and adapt the machine to his business of umbrella making. Elias accepted the offer. He remained with Mr. Thomas eight months.

Having failed to bring his machine into use in England, pawning his model and patent papers to pay his passage, he landed in New York to find that his machine had become famous during his absence. Facsimiles of it had been constructed by unscrupulous mechanics who paid no attention to the patents of the inventor, and these copies had been exhibited in many places as "wonders," and had even been adopted in many important branches of manufacture. Howe at once set to work to defend his rights. He found friends to help him, and in August, 1850, began those famous suits which lasted four years, and were at length decided in his favor. In 1850 Howe removed to New York and began to manufacture machines. He was in partnership with a Mr. Bliss, but his business was small, and in 1855, at Mr. Bliss's death, he was enabled to buy his interest, and thus became the sole owner of his patent.

Soon after this his business began to increase, and continued until his own proper profits, and the royalty which the courts compelled other manufacturers to pay him for the use of his invention, grew from $300 to $200,000 per annum. In 1867, when the extension of his patent expired, it is stated that he had earned a total of two million dollars by it. It cost him a large sum to defend his rights, and he was far from being wealthy, as some supposed, although a very rich man. In the Paris Exposition of 1867 he exhibited his machines and received the gold medal of the exposition, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor in addition as a compliment to him as a manufacturer and inventor.

C. C. C.

HEROISM AT HOME.

EVERY month the Department will publish a little story of heroism *in the home*—not any one act of heroism, but the tale of how someone *lived* heroically, *lived* self-sacrifice *in everyday life*. It must be *true* and must be about somebody you know or have known or know definitely about. *It must not have over 500 words.*

Please state whether the names and places mentioned in your story are real or fictitious. The Department does not print real names in these stories. The names in the story will be left blank or fictitious names will be supplied. Please do not send in stories about someone rescuing another from drowning, or anything like that—we don't want stories of single acts of heroism, but of lives bravely and unselfishly lived out

A PRIZE FOR THE BEST TRUE STORY

Whoever sends in the best story each month will not only have it printed, but will receive a year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE *sent to any name you choose.*

This month's prize for "Heroism" goes to Maine, though Tennessee and Minnesota made the choice a hard one. It is gratifying that, from the first, contributions of stories of home heroism have come in steadily and plentifully. It is good to know of brave, beautiful lives and it should be

a great help to every one of us. Can't we carry our burdens as bravely as these quiet heroines and heroes?

Heroism at Home

The story I am going to give you is true in every particular, and the heroine is a neighbor of mine. When she was a tiny girl her parents, not caring anything about her, gave her away as they would give away a kitten, and never after took any interest in her. She grew up and married a poor man, and went to live in a little brown farmhouse on a small farm, yet to be paid for by hard toil. Here she lived for several years and here five children were born. One day a carriage stopped at her door and an old lady descended from it and informed her that she was her mother and had come to live with her, as the people with whom she had been living were going to take her to the poorhouse if she would not take her in. My heroine welcomed the mother, whom she had not seen since she was a little child, to her heart and her home, and for many years gave her a daughter's tender care; even when she was stricken with insanity she still kept her in her little cottage and cared for her till death relieved her of her burden.

A few years later, looking from her window one day, she saw an old man tottering slowly up the path to the door. She met him and asked him to enter and rest himself. He did so, and told her that he was her father, and that he had neither home, money nor friends; and if she turned him away he must go to the poorhouse. While his wife had been an inmate of the little cottage he had never been to see her, as they had parted years before. Did she turn him away? Not she. She thought of her hard-working husband, of the five children to feed and clothe, of the little home still under a mortgage, of the drudgery of her own daily life, of this new burden about to be added, and for a moment she shrank from it, only a moment, however, then she said softly and bravely: "Father, as long as John and I have a home, you are welcome to share it." And he did share it for nine years. Old, infirm and childish, he soon grew to be helpless, but her care never failed. Tending him as she would tend a child, she wore out the long years without a murmur, a brave, true-hearted heroine.—*Maine.*

An Unselfish Life

Mary was the oldest of six children. She had taught school and economized in every way to save money for a college education. Her father lost his farm on a mortgage, so they moved to town and Mary used her hard-earned money to buy them a home. Her mother and oldest brother died in a very short time. Although broken-hearted she did her work cheerfully and tried to be a mother to the younger ones. She taught school in the country, but came home every night to do the housework. When the boys had grown up she took her younger sister to the college town and worked to help pay her sister's expenses at college. Years of toil and self-sacrifice, however, had ruined her health. She died of consumption before her sister had finished her college course.—*Minnesota.*

Loyal and Strong

Emmit Hopkins was only sixteen years old when he ran away and married Ella Fisk, who was two years younger than her wilful sweetheart. Cares came quick and heavy. Little ones and bad health filled the young life of the child-wife. Doctors, surgical operations and medicine succeeded one another in the search for rest from pain. Out of this muddle of unrestrained impulse, nature anticipated, emerged a house full of helpless babies, a mother with a terrible habit of "drugs" and a father with hope and love scalded and withered. From the prescribed use of morphine to the excessive and constant taking of all manner of narcotics, Ella Hopkins proceeded, until she became a nuisance to the neighbors. Her home was neglected, dirt and bareness of walls and fireless hearth, sick children and

stupefied wife greeted his home-coming. And the four little ones—their pitiful condition was the common gossip. Five different times her husband sent Mrs. Hopkins to inebriate sanitariums to return cured, but only to fall again into her awful habit. He reasoned in his heart that it had been better for him to have left her to the course of nature and suffering than to have allowed the doctors to give those first doses of poison and have tipped open the gates of hell. Work hard and constantly as he would, his utmost industry could not pay the bills for doctors, medicine, food and clothing. He was bent and broken long before he had reached his thirtieth year. His outlook was cheerless and dark, and then there would creep into his ear cruel stories of his wife's doings while under the wicked power of these most potent drugs.

Her once rosy, fresh face was dull and parchment-like, and the bright eyes that in long gone days shone only with love had a furtive, hunted look. Alive, he was chained body to body to a corpse.

The courts were open for just such cases. The law would at his bidding swing wide the door to hope and freedom. He had the chisel in his hands to cut loose the fetters and abandon the drug-rottened thing the law called his wife. These thoughts burned in his brain and tossed him about. A new life, still young and all of possibility before him, and the rayless past forever forgotten.

Emmit Hopkins is now a middle-aged man, bowed, broken-hearted, alone and with little to say, but he is true to the rosy-cheeked child-wife, to the girl-mother of his little ones whom he buried years ago.—*Tennessee.*

VARIOUS HINTS.

EVERY month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "Various Hints."

The November prize under "Various Hints" is awarded to Miss Kate Lyles of Louisiana. The principle involved in her "hay cooker" is an important one and of late has come into considerable prominence. The German army has been at least partially equipped with "fireless ovens," and I believe our own army is taking it up.

MY DEAR MRS. MILLER:

I am sending you with this a little history of my "hay cooker." Would have rewritten it and corrected it if I had time.

I am to move next week so you know why I am busy. I expect to fill my hay cooker and have "the man" load it with the rest of the things and it will cook on its journey uptown to the new house.

Miss Kate Lyle, Louisiana.

The "Hay Cooker"

Do you know how to cook in hay? I want to tell you how I do it. It saves me so much time and trouble. Anything to be boiled can be cooked this way. You must have a tight box with a snug fitting cover. I use a common packing trunk. Fill it with hay, the kind that is fed to horses. Make a pillow of hay to fit in the top of the box. Make the pillow thick, as it mats down and becomes thin in spots.

Now for the cooking. Suppose you want to prepare hot oatmeal for breakfast. Let it boil on your stove

for ten minutes in a granite bucket covered with as much water as you would in a double boiler. At the end of ten minutes put this bucket down in a larger bucket or cooking-pot half filled with boiling water. Cover the larger bucket down tight with a cover and it is ready to go in the hay.

Make a "nest" or hole in the hay large enough and put your boiling pot down in it. Cover it down with the hay pillow and box top. All this must be done the night before it is needed. It will be warm next morning for breakfast and beautifully cooked. I have dinner at 12.30 and can start it at 7.30.

If I cook rice I cook it just like oatmeal. String beans can be put in another nest, potatoes in another, and sometimes when my box is crowded I put the potatoes around the rice in the boiling water. Bean jars, the common fifteen-cent kind, are fine for hay cooking. Of course you don't set the bean jars in boiling water. There are many little things to learn about it that experimenting will teach you. My sister made all her preserves in her hay cooker this year and the way she puts up figs and grapes in it is fine. There is satisfaction in knowing when you have your dinner on to cook that it cannot burn, no matter who calls you out of the kitchen. You can go shopping in the morning and come home in time to broil that "Packingtown" steak and serve a hot dinner to the only voter in the family. I hope this will benefit some poor woman who has to be cook and house-girl as well as madam.

Miss Kate Lyle, Louisiana.

Remedy for Scarlet Fever

Sulphate of zinc . . . . . 1 gram
Digitalis . . . . . 1 gram
Sugar . . . . . 1 teaspoonful

Dissolve in a wineglass of soft water which has been boiled and cooled. Take a teaspoonful every hour. Diminish dose for children according to age. Smallpox or scarlet fever will disappear in from twelve to twenty hours.

Effie Hill, Texas.

A Sure Death to Rats

Refined plaster Paris.

New cornmeal, 1 quart. Mix well together (dry) and place in dry places that rats use.

It constipates them and causes death in a few hours. This also will kill English sparrows.

R. H. Thomas, D.D.S., Georgia.

For Cockroaches

Plaster Paris.

Pulverized sugar. Equal parts. Mix well and place where they can get to it.

(These remedies are fine, as children will not be poisoned by handling them.)

R. H. Thomas, D.D.S., Georgia.

RECIPES, OLD AND NEW.

EVERY month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "Recipes, Old and New."

The prize this month goes to Miss Emma Hayes, of Georgia.

Today I send you my never-failing cake recipe:

1 cup butter
2 cups sugar
3 cups flour
4 eggs, well beaten
Flavor to taste
1 slight tablespoonful of baking powder.

This makes seven layers and any filling may be used.

Emma Hayes, Georgia.

Chow-Chow

One-fourth peck green tomatoes, one large head of cabbage, eight large onions, twelve cucumbers. Cut the vegetables into small pieces and pack them in salt overnight. Put in three dozen small onions, not cut up. The next morning run through a colander, pour on water and wash the salt off. Then put that to one side for an hour or two. Separate from this, mix a half-pint of horse-radish, quarter pound of white mustard, quarter ounce of celery seed, four tablespoons of turmeric, one small box of mustard, one pound of brown sugar. Mix these spices with three quarts of vinegar, let them boil and then pour them over the vegetables.

An Old Pudding

One cup of molasses, two-thirds cup of butter, one cup of water, four of flour, one teaspoon of soda, two of ground cloves and one of salt.

Simple Tapioca Pudding

Soak in warm water one teacup of tapioca; beat four eggs with three or four tablespoons of sugar. Melt in half-pint of milk one tablespoon of butter. Flavor with nutmeg or lemon. Stir all together and bake.

Fritters

Eight eggs, eight tablespoons of flour, one quart of milk. Beat together and drop into hot lard by the spoonful. (A teaspoon of baking powder may be used if desired.)

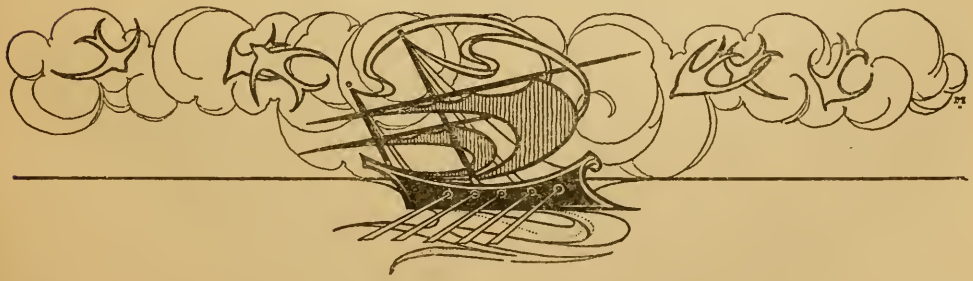
THE MONTH'S MEMENTO.

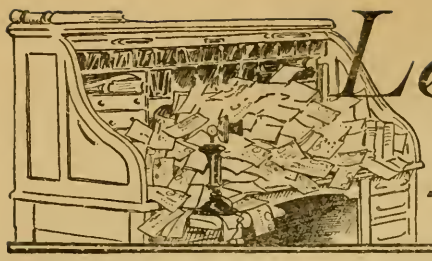
UNDER this head in every number we will have some little poem or prose extract from the work of some great man. There is no rule or limitation in selecting these. Anything that is good and helpful and aids to broader thinking and truer living may find place here.

Self-Examination

Let no soft slumber close mine eyes
Ere I have recollected thrice
The train of actions through each day;
Wherein my feet have worked their way?
What have I learned where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duties have I left undone?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to Virtue and to God.

Pythagoras.





Letters From The People

OUR readers are requested to be as brief as possible in their welcome letters to the MAGAZINE, as the great number of communications daily received makes it impossible to publish all of them or even to use more than extracts from many that are printed. Every effort, however, will be made to give the people all possible space for a direct voice in the MAGAZINE, and this Department is freely open to them.

S. C. D. Borden, Fall River, Mass.

I like its tone. It sounds the alarm to awake the slumbering mind of most men.

CLAIMS FOR SOCIALISM

D. Bartlett, Niangua, Mo.

You say that De Tocqueville says that government by the middle classes is carried on more economically than by the rich or the poor.

When he wrote it was the day of industry upon a small scale in which there could be a middle class of small proprietors owning small factories and other industries. There were no railroads, no electric light plants, no trolley cars, no oil trusts or sugar trusts; shoes were made by the village cobbler instead of great factories, etc., etc. In his day it was possible to have small industries owned by small capitalists where today such is an impossibility.

Therefore when you refer to what he says without remembering that he was referring to a different state of industry from what we have at present, I must say your argument seems very weak to me.

You also say that you do not believe the best way to happiness is to go through hell first, and that that seems to be the Socialist idea.

I call your attention to the fact that the Socialists have, for years, been the foremost in advocating everything that you now advocate, such as municipal ownership, initiative, referendum, etc., and also factory legislation protecting women and children, tenement legislation giving light and air to the people inhabiting them, and, in fact, socialists advocate everything that tends to make life bearable.

I cannot see how you think that Socialists want us to be in hell first. It is evident you have never read the Socialist platforms. It is true the Socialist predicts the unemployed problem as the result of the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, but does not wish this unemployed problem; he simply states that it is going to happen owing to the inevitable workings of our competitive system. Under the competitive system the worker sells his labor so cheap that he cannot buy back what he produces. Therefore there is a constant tendency to overproduction and unemployment.

There are a great many people in Missouri and the South that would like you to take up the question of Socialism and discuss it seriously and not make charges against it which cannot be substantiated.

J. Luther Kibler, Belfast Mills, Va.

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE!—the greatest periodical in America today. Your editorials mark you as the greatest, ablest political editor in the country. Your bold, fearless pen is a power which will soon be felt by those corrupt "powers that be" who have no respect for the public conscience. You speak the truth, and the truth must prevail. The revelation of "graft" is the darkness before the dawn, while the support your Magazine is receiving is ample evidence of the coming dawn. Let Plutocracy tremble—its days are numbered and the rule of the people is at hand—if you receive the universal support of the producers of wealth. This support you will receive as your Magazine becomes better known, for no periodical in America tears the mask from hypocrisy as does your incomparable publication. With the blessing of Providence upon your work your pen will prove mightier than the dollar.

The fiction you publish is unexcelled. "Pole Baker" is a classic.

John B. Stout, Hayward, Okla.

How I wonder at your patience and fortitude! How I admire your courage and patriotism which impel you to sacrifice personal, financial and political interests in the interest of a blind and unreasoning generation. However, I cannot follow out the orthodox prediction that you will "get your reward in another world." I believe you get it here in the approval of your conscience. There are very few of that class of people who are seeking "reward" either temporal or eternal among the ranks of the grand army who are fighting the forces of greed and grandeur.

FROM A SINGLE-TAXER

W. L. Crosman, Boston, Mass.

In your review of books in the January number "The Menace of Privilege," by Henry George, Jr., is dissected. Much emphasis is placed on the fact that national banks are not enumerated among special privileges. The author will have to account for this omission, but what I wish to state is that some currency reformers assert that the money question is as important as the land question, while others believe it is more important. It is claimed that money is to the body politic what blood is to the human body. But the analogy is imperfect. The human body cannot live without blood, but men lived and traded before money was invented. Land is as necessary to every person's existence as is the blood in their veins, but money is not. Suppose that today all the money in existence was destroyed, would any person suffer from want of the necessaries of life if the earth was accessible to all, the seasons propitious, the soil fertile and the people industrious? No. Now suppose that the money and property remained, but all cultivable land was sterilized; would all the money they had and all they could make save them from famine after the exhaustion of the supplies of food on hand? No. Then should not the land question take precedence of the money question?

What change in the amount or character of money could prevent the wealth produced by Irish tenants from being drained across the Irish Sea to the absentee owners of Irish land? What change in the amount or character of money could prevent wealth produced in the West from being drained to the East as long as so many toilers of the West are but tenants or mortgagees of landlords who live in the East or in Europe? In short, what system of currency or banking will prevent landlords from appropriating in the form of ground rent that value which attaches to land because of the growth of population and the industry, thrift and enterprise of the community?

Let us see how an ideal monetary and banking system will benefit landlords. The penniless man in order to secure some of the increase in the exchange medium must work for it or perform labor for some person who had money. What is the first thing that must be done by a person who is going to employ labor? If he is a farmer he must either buy or rent a farm; if a manufacturer he must procure a site; if a storekeeper he must secure a location for his store. All these require land. This is the first effect of an increase in the medium of exchange. The next is an increased demand for land, which increases its value, and increased value means more money for the landlord and he renders no service for the ground rent he appropriates. The Government issues money at one point; the landlord gathers it in at the other. If issuing money by the Government was abolished and a system of mutual banking was established by and for the people the result would be the same.

Land is the source of our living and the source of all wealth. Then the land question should be settled first, for it is the foundation on which we must depend for the security and permanency of all other reforms. It can be settled right by the adoption of the Single Tax, which means the abolition of all taxes now levied and appropriating by taxation the rent of land exclusive of improvements and use the same to defray the cost of administering public affairs. Once adopt this natural system of taxation and the worst possible money and banking system could not deprive the poorest worker of a decent living; but without the Single Tax the best possible money and banking system would only accentuate the evils of landlordism—the private pocketing of ground rent.

J. S. Adams, Demorest, Ga.

"By voting this ticket, I hereby declare that I am an organized Democrat, and I hereby pledge myself to support the organized democracy, both state and national."

"By using this hoe, I hereby declare that I am an organized corn hoer, and hereby pledge myself to assist John Smith in hoeing corn for both the state and nation."

Suppose John Smith, a manufacturer of hoes, stamps on the blade of each hoe turned out the above caption, does the act of using one of his hoes necessarily commit the user to the acceptance of the declaration and pledge stamped thereon?

In other words, can one man settle or determine in advance what significance a certain act of another (if committed) shall have?

THE NEGRO

Joel M. Berry, National Military Home, Ohio.

I have just received the April number of your splendid Magazine and am more than pleased with your editorials on the race question. They suit my ideas to a fraction. Nature never designed a negro to be a white man and whoever tries to improve upon the laws of nature only exposes his ignorance. The negro is all right in the sphere in which nature has placed him. But whenever Mr. Roosevelt or any other living man tries to make a white man out of him, then they want to go up head. It reminds me of a lot of ignoramuses getting together in council and trying to revise what they claim to be the inspired word of God. I like your fearless attacks upon falsehood wherever you find it. This is a world of progress and at the present time is running rapidly into what is very properly styled "Socialism." Old things are passing away. Behold, all things are becoming new. And he who don't keep pace with the times will have a hard row to hoe. For my part I am ready and willing to support any theory that comes

along that has for its motto "The world is my country and to do good my religion."

I heartily agree with your motto, "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none." But I cannot agree with those who are trying so strenuously to make a white man out of a negro. Why there should be this difference in color and construction of the mental faculties is a question not to be solved by human wisdom. But when it comes to the equalizing part then we want to be counted out.

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M. S. L., Wilmington, N. C.

You have the best magazine on the market, but I am afraid that you are just one hundred years ahead of the times and that you will be a bigger man in history than you are now. The educational feature is one of the Magazine's strong cards, and makes it very popular with the better educated classes as well as those seeking information in the small channels. Keep on giving the trust and monopoly kings hell. Living expenses are increasing fabulously and salaries and wages not keeping pace.

AGAINST SOCIALISM

J. C. Patterson, San Francisco, Cal.

On page 230 of your December number an assertion is made by a Socialist that, with your permission, I would like you to answer. He says: "I cannot see where there is any material difference between the Populist doctrines as you state them and the Socialist as they state them."

I want to say that Socialism is just the opposite of what I shall state as Populism. We Populists believe in Government money, in free trade, in private ownership of land, and in private ownership or right to conduct our own business. We abhor the trusts, and are opposed to granting special privileges. We are not in favor of any particular class; but, true to our name, are for equal rights to all the people. We are, therefore, not in favor of a "class struggle," for we positively know that, with a just exchange medium, uniform justice will be done to all the people; and more than exact justice no reasonable person can expect.

We are not opposed to the workingman or his unions. We are strongly in favor of Government and Municipal Ownership of public utilities. These are a few of the many things that go to make a great difference between Populism and Socialism. In fact as much difference as between the Populist and the two old parties.

It may sound queer to this Socialist and to many others to hear of the Socialists, who are themselves mostly of the laboring class, denounced by me as the enemies of labor, the enemies of Government and Municipal Ownership, and the upholders and abettors of special privileges. But it is true, nevertheless, as proven in the election of Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, in his contest for the municipal ownership of the street railways. A contest between capital and labor. Labor won, but the Socialist vote was 2,300 against. Again, the late election of Mayor Schmidt, of San Francisco. A square fight between capital and labor. Labor again won, but we had as usual the Socialist vote against us. In extenuation of what they have done in these two instances, they may say that they had good and sufficient reasons for doing so and that it was not because they hated labor On the contrary they will assert they love the laboring man, having sprung from his loins and being a part of him, But let me say that no excuse of theirs can alter the fact that every vote they cast was against labor and in favor of capital. The two old parties vote against us every election for reasons of their own; and, like the Socialists, both claim great love for the workingman. But we are beginning to realize that they are our political enemies. And so are the Socialists.

The Government Ownership of money, when put to a vote in their National Socialist Convention, was voted down and that clause was, in consequence, left out of their platform. This concession of theirs greatly pleased the money power, for they well know that whomsoever owns or controls the money of a country controls that country's political destinies, its revenues and its wealth. This concession of the leaders of Socialism to the money power left them in the position of a helpless set of visionary idealists whose success from that one venal act became an impossibility.

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A. Faurson, Northfield, Minn.

Some time ago in an editorial you referred to Tillman's efforts to control the liquor traffic in his state in a rather sarcastic way. My belief has been that Senator Tillman, so far as the liquor traffic is concerned, has taken a step in the right direction. Do you not think that if this country is to be saved from ruin something very radical must be resorted to in order to check the ravages of this horrible traffic?

R. F. D.

D. J. Henderson, Sr., Ocilla, Ga.

In traveling over public roads and where R. F. D. routes have been established, when I see the post with the little metallic box fastened to its top marked "U. S.," in front of each house, I often exclaim: "There stands a monument to Tom Watson's foresight, love and loyalty to the laboring masses of the people." While other congressmen were falling over each other in their effort to do something for the fellow who lived in town within a stone's throw of his post-office, Watson was mindful of the poor old farmer who lived miles away from him. Give us Watson and Hearst to head the ticket in 1908. Then you may label the bottle what you please. I will assure you the medicine will be what a large major-

ity of the people want and just what at least 90 per cent. of them need.

FREE SPEECH AND FREE PRESS

John Bradford, Sheridan, Wyo.

It has been the proud boast of the American people for centuries that they had the right of free speech and a free press, but it has remained for the Republican Party and the Roosevelt Administration to upset this theory and demonstrate its fiction. Within recent years there has developed a system of espionage and suppression by Government officials over certain newspapers and magazines that is vicious as well as dangerous in the extreme. That the success or failure of a newspaper or magazine should depend upon the political bias of petty Government officials is the most vicious form of monarchy and an idea that every loyal American will repudiate and resent. The vicious and un-American methods of the present Administration borders upon the criminal and are a menace to good citizenship. If the Chief Executive, Mr. Roosevelt, and the postal authorities will not correct the conditions, the people and citizens must.

A. D. King, Hufsmith, Tex.

It is a matter of necessity to organize the farming class in a business capacity against the trusts and combines in this Government to ever teach them how to vote against those hellish laws passed by so-called United States Congress. Your exposure of those laws and the formation of banks and trusts, as they stand on record in the department in Washington, D. C., are the authority that should be in the hands of every organizer.

CHANGE THE NAME "POPULIST"

T. B. Dame, Hanson, Ky.

There are at least three million Republicans in the Republican Party that would vote our principle, but few of them would vote for the name of Populist. Over half the Democrats would vote our ticket if it were called by the name of Antimonopoly. The Socialists would disband their squad after 1908 if they saw there was a reform party organized by some other name than Populist. These things I know by talking to Republicans, Democrats and Socialists. They say the Populists are right, but there is no chance for them. They have sold out and passed out so much there can be no confidence in them. This is true. I will just say the Populists can't win in twenty years under the name "Populist." There is no hope for reform in twenty years as the political parties now stand. You may say, What must we do? I say, Call a convention, invite Democrats, Republicans, Socialists and all labor organizations to send delegates to this convention. Tell them this convention is for the purpose of forming an Antimonopoly Party. Name the party "Antimonopoly." This will force the name of monopoly to the other party. Then we will see the name Democrat, Republican, etc., play out in 1809. You can get this thing up.

C. Westergaard, Buffalo, N. D.

The parcels post is a thing that ought to be made an issue. The five express companies have surely had their hands in the people's pockets long enough, and when Wanamaker was Postmaster-General he said that these five express companies were insurmountable and the only obstacle for this splendid parcels post idea.

FOR A NEW PARTY

M. S. Carroll, Filbert, S. C.

I am a Democrat and have always voted the Democratic ticket, but I have come to believe that the party as a party is about as rotten as the Republican Party, and only fit for the junk pile, and is so far away from decency and civilization that the stench cannot reach them. I am for a new party, a clean party, and they can call it the People's Party, or the Radical Party, or any other old name they may choose just so it is clean and democratic in principle, and what I mean by being democratic in principle is that it may be for the masses as against the favored few.

A PLATFORM

E. T. M. Hurlbut, Sebastopol, Cal.

Now, I will say that I am a doctor *not* a politician; but your elucidation of the national banking system has opened my eyes, as it has all other eyes that have read the June number, '05. This February number is full of meat with the backbone thrown in. I have given it into the hands of all parties, Democratic, Republican and old Populists—all among our solid men. All approve the idea of national and municipal ownership of public utilities, but when you talk about Single Tax and say "Populists" or "Hearst" the jig is up in this community, and as near as I can learn that is the general feeling throughout the state.

It has been evident to the minds of some, if not all, of our best statesmen that the Populist Party would have succeeded if it had not been loaded down with so many reforms. Too many of the populace are not educated up to the idea of woman's suffrage, referendum, temperance, etc. (I am telling you what the consensus of opinion is among our best men of all sides of the question; not simply my own opinion). It is their view that a party with one plank, at most two, and possibly the United States Banking System, would be more likely to carry.

ONCE A DEMOCRAT

A. M. Brannon, Damascus, Ark.

To the voters throughout this American land I wish to express my joy over the

strength and popularity of the Populist platform and principles. For three successive state elections I have voted for a man of the Democratic Party for Governor and last March voted for him for United States Senator and elected him every time I voted for him, and I did this because he was against the corporations and the corporations against him, not because he said he was a Democrat, but because he stood for Democratic principles, and during the last campaign, before the primaries, he told us that in 1896 the Democrats stole the Populist platform—stole all they had—and at the primaries he got about 12,000 more votes than the other good man, who was also a Democrat, but depended on the name and the party to elect him, and so I have decided once for all that if the Populist platform and principles will elect a man to the United States Senate after they have been stolen and dragged around for ten years, they ought to be good enought to elect Thomas E. Watson and some other good men to the Presidency in 1908. I am now organizing Populist clubs. I am glad to see the batteries turned loose on Socialism.

UNJUST ELECTION

Peter Nelson, Arberdeen, Wash.

Just returned from Alaska and obtained a March copy of your Magazine. I like your editorials, your grit and spirit in denouncing rascals, but one thing surprises me. I take about twenty papers at my hotel in Alaska and they all seem to agree that W. R. Hearst, without a doubt, was elected Mayor of New York. Why, that man McClellan must be lower than low in refusing a real count of the votes. It's not only a disgrace to New York City, but a disgrace to all the United States. It is hardly possible to realize such a thing can be tolerated in a civilized country. I have always been a Republican in politics, but should like to vote for a man like W. R. Hearst just to do my share against grafters, and I sincerely hope I get the opportunity; and to be sure I shall not miss any copies of your Magazine. It's simply splendid. It ought to be read by every man who prefers honesty to graft.

LIFE INSURANCE

George Haywood, Binghamton, N. Y.

Mr. Watson is as sound on life insurance in his article on assessment insurance in March as he is on other things—and that means *Wonderfully* sound! It looks as though "the correct scheme" has been touched upon though, by an association of able and honest men out in Des Moines, Ia. Their policyholders pay for expenses of management less than $2 per 1,000, and the company saves over $100,000 a year out of that, and places it in the reserve, and the president receives $6,000 a year salary and nobody else as much. (All say he is underpaid, except himself.) "Indemnity" is all they give. They give 2,000 insurance for less than your advertiser gives 100 for, and he has $8,000,000 with the state guaranteeing the rate never to increase, and that fund is increasing faster than the insurance in force is increasing. It is worrying old-line companies. Yes.

Henry Smith, Milwaukee, Wis.

Hereto attached find the way out in the Oklahoma Coal Question, by an old Greenbacker and the first People's Party Congressman elected in the United States, at the November election, 1886.

HENRY SMITH'S RECORD ON THE COAL-QUESTION IN THE FIFTIETH CONGRESS

March 28, 1888, in the House of Representatives.

Having under consideration the Bill 7901, to secure to actual settlers the public lands adapted to agriculture, to protect the forest on the public domain, and for other purposes—

Mr. Smith, of Wisconsin—I withdraw that amendment, and offer another in lieu of it, which I ask the Clerk to read.

Amend by striking out all of the section after the word "provide" and inserting as follows:

"Provided, however, That all deposits of coal or iron on the lands of the United States are hereby reserved to the United States, and no future grant or patent from the United States shall be held to include such deposits: Provided, That nothing herein contained shall prevent the owner of any land acquired subject to the exceptions and reservations of this section from using such deposits for his own private use: And provided further, That neither the right of the Government of the United States to control and regulate the use and disposition of such deposits and working thereof, nor the right of said Government to enter upon the lands containing such deposits, either by its officers, agents or lessees, shall ever be questioned, and the provisions of this section shall be expressed in all grants and patents for land hereafter disposed of by the United States."

The Speaker—The question is on agreeing to the amendment.

Mr. Payson—I think some explanation ought to be given of that amendment. It works a very radical change in the title, as well as the right of settlers to iron and coal deposits hereafter.

Mr. Smith, Wisconsin—In answer to the gentleman from Illinois, I will state the object of the amendment is to reserve the title of coal and iron in the people. We have lately seen a spectacle in the Reading investigations that caused everybody to stagger at the audacity of the gentlemen who con-

trol this product of nature that comes home to every man's household. My amendment is to the effect that title thereof shall never be parted with by the Government; and that at any time whenever it is necessary for the welfare of the people the Government can step in and regulate its production, distribution and compel its distribution at humane rates. One of the great economic questions of the day for two-thirds of the people of this country is fuel, and not only is this so for private use, but wherever steam is used to propel machinery, and for other purposes, it is of great import.

ON THE POPULIST PLATFORM

T. E. W., Spartanburg, S. C.

I buy your Magazine every month and give it the preference over all other publications. I am a traveling salesman and I notice that wherever I go the booksellers do not seem even to have a copy left over. You are doing a great work. I wish to call your attention to the fact that a Mr. Irby, of Lawrence, S. C., a son of former Senator Irby, is out for the Senate on what I consider a straight Populist platform, and even more than they ever contended for. He announces that he will make the race contending for national ownership of railroads, express companies, etc.; municipal ownership of all public utilities, even to include all cotton mills, oil mills, etc., or such are the ideas published in papers here, and he expects to run on these principles through the Democratic primaries. There are thousands of people in the United States who are Populists at heart and in principles, but who will not proclaim themselves as Populists on account of the prejudices they seem to have against the name. The platform is all O. K., as the Democratic Party is always stealing a plank from it off and on.

Ray E. Mayham, Rahway, N. J.

I might add—I see others are expressing their opinions—that I thoroughly enjoy your Magazine. It is very interesting, and certainly highly instructive. However, I do not agree with Mr. Watson on many things, especially as to party. I am a Democrat and hope I may always be one. I will think a long time and stand a great deal before I will leave the Democratic Party.

I must say I have a bone to pick with Mr. Watson on account of his campaign for the Presidency. I always looked upon it as a sort of Republican side-show. It certainly hurt us very much.

I want to especially commend his stand in behalf of the candidacy of Hoke Smith for Governor of Georgia. I was much gratified by his editorial on that subject. Another thing that impressed me very forcibly was his statement in another article that if he were to enter the Democratic Primary, he could probably be elected Senator from Georgia. Mr. Watson is sorely needed in the United States Senate and I am sure such a step on his part would certainly give great satisfaction to all who love this Republic and who hope and believe in true Democratic principles.

THE MONEY POWER

T. J. Bowles, M.D., Muncie, Ind.

The money power, during the last thirty years of its infamous existence, has cost this Republic (built by Paine, Jefferson, Franklin and Washington) in tears and sorrows and money a far greater sum than the slave power during the whole seventy-five years of its leprous existence, and when we think of the suffering and death, the poverty and crime, the cruelty and malice, the suicide and the cries of orphans, directly caused by this infamous monster, it is difficult to understand how any human being can throw the weight of his influence to perpetuate the rule of the Republican and Democratic parties.

At the altar of the money power may be found on their knees all the kings and tyrants of Europe; at the altar of this god may be found on their knees the Belmonts and the Morgans, the Dave Hills, Tom Platts and Depews, the Clevelands, the Hydes, the McCalls, the Alexanders and McCurdys, and every member of every trust and every syndicate in the United States.

This foul monster called the money power, made up as it is by the leaders of the two old parties, is the joint product of all the wickedness in the world; it has its origin in bandit chieftains and in the malevolent brain of misanthropic kings and tyrants, and it grows luxuriantly in desert hearts where serpents hiss and creep and crawl, and it lives and flourishes by robbery, hypocrisy and fraud, and all its joys spring from the wrecked and ruined homes of honest men and virtuous women.

To save the Republic reared by Jefferson and Paine, which cost the lives of 70,000 patriots, the slave power had to be destroyed by fire and sword, and if our children are to be saved from slavery far worse than was ever endured by the black man, the money power must be destroyed root and branch, and buried out of sight forever.

Beside this problem all other problems sink into insignificance; Army bills and tariff bills, interoceanic canals and finance, internal improvements and the race problem, public ownership of public utilities and many other questions can never profitably occupy the public mind until the money power is buried in the vast cemetery of the past, and the people rescued from the robbery and spoliation and plunder of this soulless Frankenstein, which now has its iron heel upon the goddess of liberty, and is in complete possession of the Government.

This devilish money power that is now controlling every department of the Government with despotic sway was created by the

people and can be destroyed by the people, provided every loyal man will forget that he is a Republican, Democrat, Prohibitionist, Socialist or Single-Taxer and remember only that he is a patriot, and give his support only to men who love the Republic and revere the memory of Jefferson and Lincoln and the patriots and heroes who have died for liberty.

The men who now direct and control the machinery of both the old political parties are pliant tools of the money power, and it would be idiotic and absurd for any citizen to expect to destroy this hydra-headed monster by supporting with his ballot any man who was acceptable to these Judas Iscariots.

There is an infinite distance between Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, and the Republican Party, as now constituted, can never be transformed, because the germs of patriotism in the hearts of its leaders have long since been crushed out, not only by plundering millions of people at home, but by exploiting and enslaving innocent and unoffending people miles from home. There can be no hope for the reformation of the Republican Party, because for thirty years its leaders have descended to immeasurable depths of infamy, and it would be infinite folly for any intelligent American citizen to cast his ballot for any one of the Benedict Arnolds who control this political party.

There is also an infinite distance from Jefferson and Jackson to Grover Cleveland and David B. Hill, both of whom are Don Quixotes for the money power, ever ready to do all its infamous and dirty work, and to perform all its devilish and humiliating offices.

Both of these hypocritical scoundrels are so devoted to their master that they always take an active part in nominating both the Republican and Democratic candidates for President, in order to insure the money power against any possible harm. An American citizen who votes for any man for President that is acceptable to these twin monsters should be sent to an asylum for the feeble-minded.

The only hope now left to destroy the money power and re-anchor the Republic to the Declaration of Independence is to drive the Benedict Arnolds and Judas Iscariots out of the Democratic Party into the Republican Party, where they properly belong, and arouse and awaken the honest men of all parties and align them, if possible, under the leadership of some illustrious patriot, who worships at the shrine of Jefferson and Lincoln.

SO use all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unlawful these winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shalt always drag her after thee. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick or the return of your absent friend, or some other quite external event, raises your spirits and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. It can never be so. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

EMERSON.

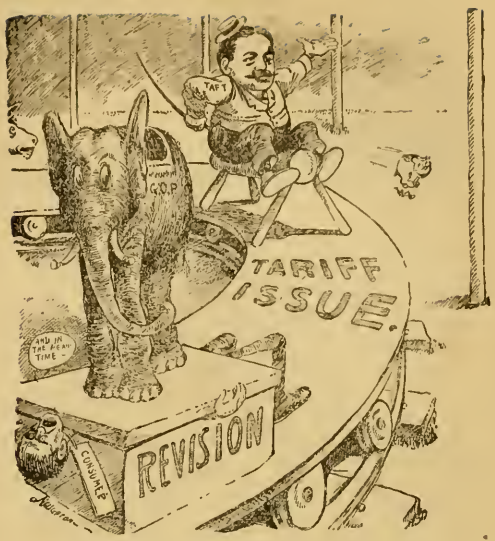
I SEE not any road of perfect peace which a man can walk, but to take counsel of his own bosom. Let him quit too much association, let him go home much, and establish himself in those courses he approves. The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honor, if need be in the tumult, or on the scaffold.

EMERSON.

IF history repeats itself, and the unexpected always happens, how incapable must man be of learning from experience.

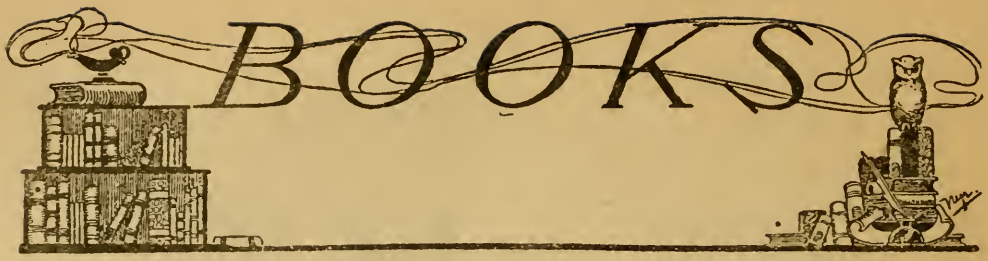
G. B. SHAW.

Which Way Would It Go?
Bart, in Minneapolis Journal.



Same Old Merry-go-'round
Naughton, in Duluth Evening Herald.

The Cyclone That Moves Like a Snail
Warren, in Boston Herald.



The Railways, The Trusts, and The People. By Prof. Frank Parsons, assisted by Ralph Albertson. Edited and published by Dr. C. F. Taylor, Philadelphia. Paper; two volumes; 544 pages, 25 cents each part; in cloth, one volume, $1.50.

This is another of Dr. Taylor's "Equity Series," perhaps the most successful series on economic questions ever attempted. Successful from the standpoint of education—not in a financial way, for Dr. Taylor does not try to make a profit from his books. He expects them to pay expenses, and I sincerely hope they do.

Neither the authors nor the editor need introduction to readers of WATSON'S MAGAZINE, for who has not read "The City for the People," "Rational Money" and "The Telegraph Monopoly"? Who has not seen the *Medical World?*

"The Railways, The Trusts, and The People" is not a book to be learned through a reviewer. It must be read and studied first-hand. For it contains such a mass of information on the subject of railroads, boiled down to the smallest compass and arranged with precision, that one feels a mere mention of the chapter titles is sufficient—unless one expects to make a book out of his review.

This is pre-eminently a handbook for the protagonist of public ownership, and I can foresee a wide sale for it before the polls close in 1908. Prof. Parsons, however, is no special pleader; he has weighed all the evidence and arrives at his conclusion without prejudice in favor of either private or public ownership.

He admits that there is much to be done before public ownership can hope to succeed. "The political evils of government railways saturated with partisanship and the spoils system cannot be contemplated without a revulsion that absolutely repudiates the suggestion. Such an alternative cannot be accepted for a moment. It would not give us public ownership, but private ownership in one of its worst and most demoralized forms—ownership by a gang of politicians and corruptionists under the forms of popular government."

However, as the present private ownership directly or indirectly is responsible for these gangs of politicians and corruptionists, I cannot see how much worse could happen under public ownership. Ordinary business interests have no lobby at Washington or at the state capitals—only the seekers for special privilege.

"But," he continues, "such a difficulty, though an obstacle in the path of public ownership, does not affect the question of its ultimate establishment, but only the question of the time and method of its establishment. Is public ownership—that is, *real* public ownership under a management actually aiming at the public good—better than private ownership or a management aiming at the private good? If it is better, then the fact that the spoils system and excess of partisanship are obstacles to such a plan is merely one more argument for the abolition of the spoils system and the modification of partisanship by the injection of a due proportion of common sense and civic patriotism.

"Justice demands public ownership of railroads, justice to the country as compared to the big cities; justice

to the cities themselves in their higher interests; justice to the working classes; justice to the ordinary passenger as against the passenger with a pull; justice to the small shipper against the big one; justice to the whole people whose interests require a transportation system that will not grant secret favors or special privileges, or otherwise use its power to build up one man or community at the expense of others, or disturb in any way the fair distribution of wealth, but will render impartial and efficient service at reasonable rates.

"Competition has failed to protect the public interests. It has operated very irregularly in time and place; less than a tenth of the places where railway stations are located have more than one road. So far as competition has been operative, it has intensified discrimination by enabling big shippers to play one road against another, by making rates at competitive points unreasonably low and non-competitive rates unreasonably high, etc. It has interfered with business foresight by introducing an uncertain, fortuitous, spasmodic element into industrial conditions. It has wasted vast amounts of capital. It has hurt the railroads and has done about as much harm as good to the public, and even the partial and imperfect protection from extortion it may afford in spots is temporary and can only last till the inevitable combination comes. Railway competition has been a failure in every country where it has been tried, and always must be a failure because of the monopoly element inherent in the railroad business, and also because of the ease with which combinations, open and secret, can be effected.

"Regulation has failed at the vital points in America and Europe. Rate regulation in England and in our States has made rates higher instead of lower than they would otherwise be. Nowhere, either in this country or in England, France or Italy, has regulation succeeded in stopping unjust discrimination. It failed to do this even under the powerful Government of Prussia. Regulation can secure safety and can fix rates, but it cannot secure impartial and efficient service in the public interest."

"President Roosevelt is doing what is probably the best thing that can be done under existing conditions. The people are not ready for public ownership yet. They must have a few more lessons in trustocracy, a few more coal strikes, Chicago battles and Pittsburg wars, a few more years of costly litigation, a few more attempts to find words in the English language strong enough, when arranged in proper form on legislative paper, to cause a corporation with its hand in the people's pocket, under sanction of the law, to refrain from availing itself of said legal situation for its own advantage and emolument and the advantage of its friends. The Hepburn bill is good. It is right to give the Commission power to fix a rate in place of one found upon complaint to be unjust and unreasonable. But it will not do the work that must be done. Secrecy, evasion, litigation, defiance and the political power of the railroads will devitalize the law. At best it could dip only a few cupfuls from the ocean. The great mass of shippers who know they are discriminated against will not complain for fear of reprisals. In a still larger number of cases the facts are not known except to those who have no interest to divulge them. The motive and the power to discriminate are left intact. You might as well leave a couple of lovers alone in the dark and tell them not to kiss each other under penalty of a penny for each offense as to leave the trust owners and the railroads up against each other and expect them to behave decorously.

"So long as the railways are owned by a few and operated for the private profit of a few there will be unjust discrimination; men who own coal mines, steel mills, packing-houses, oil refineries, etc., and also control railroads, will not give their competitors in business equal rights with themselves over the railway lines whose policy

they determine. So long as the railway managers are employed by and are the servants of a small body of stockholders, especially men who own the great trusts, favoritism is bound to continue. The only way to secure management of the railways in the public interest is to make the railways public property and the railway managers servants of the public.

"Public ownership will be the outcome. It is only a question of time, for it is the only position that approaches equilibrium. In every country where the railways are private the railroad problem is a vital issue; dissatisfaction is intense; reasonable adjustment has proved to be impossible. In countries where the roads are public there is, of course, more or less complaint, as there always will be in respect to any human institution, as there is in respect to the post-office and the public streets, but there is no such dissatisfaction as with us, no deep-seated antagonism to the system. In no country in the world where public ownership of railways prevails is there any agitation in favor of a return to private ownership. These are facts of the deepest significance.

"Public ownership will come. Every step toward good civil service conditions, toward honest administration, toward popular control of Government, brings it nearer. Every attempt at regulation that fails is one more argument for public ownership; and if by chance adequate regulation should be achieved and the roads be really run in harmony with the public interest, the railroads themselves would demand public ownership; demand that the Government should take the legal title and pay for it, as well as the beneficial ownership and actual control."

The contents of Volume I, which treats of the relations of the railways to the public, are as follows:

The Railway Empire, The Allied Interests, Railway Discrimination, Fostering Monopoly, Railways in Politics, Watered Stock and Capital Frauds, Gambling and Manipulation of Stock, Railroad Graft and Official Abuse, Railways and the Postal Service, The Express, The Chaos of Rates, Taxation Without Representation, Railways and Panics, Railway Strikes, Railway Wars, Defiance of Law, Nullification of the Protective Tariff, Railway Potentates, The Failure of Control, How Far and Why, The Irrepressible Conflict.

And the contents of the second volume, "The Railroad Problem," are:

The Problem, The Supreme Test, Lessons from Other Lands, The Aim, Contrasts in General Policy, Management, The Rate Question, Railway Employees, Industrial, Political and Social Effects, Remedies, Appendix A, B, C and D, Latest Note.

We cannot too strongly recommend this work to our readers. No public speaker or student who desires to know the railroad question can afford to be without it—a veritable Golconda of information.

Both volumes in paper and WATSON'S MAGAZINE a year for $1.75. The cloth bound volume and WATSON'S a year $2.50. C. Q. D.

A Square Deal. Theodore Roosevelt. Allendale Press, Allendale, N. J.

This book of attractive title has been compiled by Horace Markley from addresses delivered by President Roosevelt on various occasions. To quote from the compiler's foreword: "There is here presented a fearless expression of views upon the paramount problems of the age—social, economic and political. . . ." Mr. Markley's selections bear out this promise and one may read Roosevelt doctrine on a score of subjects. We do not think we exaggerate when we say the book contains all Mr. Roosevelt's philosophy, which is surely to ascribe to it a unique value. Moreover, it is handsomely published and contains, as frontispiece, an excellent new portrait of President Roosevelt.

R. D.

The Confessions of a Monopolist. By Frederic C Howe. Public

Publishing Co., Chicago; cloth, 157 pp., $1.00.

Mr. Howe dedicates his book "To those to whom justice is the law of life, monopoly the creature of legislation, poverty the product of privilege, and liberty a living inspiration."

"This," says the author in his preface, "is the story of something for nothing—of making the other fellow pay. This making the other fellow pay, of getting something for nothing, explains the lust for franchises, mining rights, tariff privileges, railway control, tax evasions. All these things mean monopoly, and all monopoly is bottomed on legislation.

"And monopoly laws are born in corruption. The commercialism of the press, of education, even of sweet charity, is part of the price we pay for the special privileges created by law. The desire of something for nothing, of making the other fellow pay, of monopoly in some form or other, is the cause of corruption. Monopoly and corruption are cause and effect. Together, they work in Congress, in our commonwealths, in our municipalities. It is always so. It has always been so. Privilege gives birth to corruption, just as the poisonous sewer breeds disease. Equal chance, a fair field and no favors, the 'square deal,' are never corrupt. They do not appear in legislative halls nor in council chambers. For these things mean labor for labor, value for value, something for something. This is why the little business man, the retail and wholesale dealer, the jobber and the manufacturer are not the business men whose business corrupts politics.

"No law can create labor value. But laws can unjustly distribute labor value; they can create privilege, and privilege despoils labor of its product. Laws pass on to monopoly the pennies, dimes and dollars of labor.

"Monopoly, too, means millions for the few, taken from the dollars of the many. It may be in the city franchises, it may be in mining royalties, it may be in railway rates, it may be in tariff monopolies. The motive is something for nothing—make the other fellow pay.

"But monopoly does not end here. Even the sacrifice of our political institutions, even the shifting of taxes to the defenseless many, even the control of all life and industry by privilege, do not measure the whole cost of monopoly. These are but the palpable losses, the openly manifest ones. Monopoly palsies industry, trade, life itself. It incloses the land and the nation's resources. It limits opportunity to work. It erects its barriers about our resources; not to use them, but to exact a monopoly price from those who do. Monopoly denies to man opportunity. It fences in millions of acres of soil, of coal and iron mines and of city lots. It closes the door to competition and to labor. This is why America is not only the richest, but in some respects the most poverty-marked of nations. This is why enterprise is strangled and labor walks the streets looking for a job.

"Here is the confession of a monopolist. It is the story of no one monopolist, but of all monopolists. It shows the rules of the game. The portrait presented is not the portrait of any one monopolist senator; it is the composite of many, and the setting may be laid in any one of the Northern States. For the United States Senate is the refuge of monopoly. Its members no longer are representatives of the commonwealths which name them, but of the big business interests whose directors, attorneys and agents they are."

Senator Palmer, the confessing monopolist, tells his story in the first person. In the first chapter he shows "the boy the father of the man," and does not recall anything remarkable in his childhood. He inherited a zeal for trade, a passion for making money, was always swapping things. His first business venture was a lemonade stand on circus day. He and a neighbor boy formed a partnership on equal terms. The other fellow supplied the location, the equipment, the lemons, and tended bar—*and got half the profits!*

Young Palmer was by no means

industrious. He was seldom on time while a clerk in his father's store. The men called him lazy. When about fourteen years old, while a pupil in the grammar school, he secured an exclusive right to sell the New York dailies in his home town. Previously a number of boys had handled these papers. In a month they were cut off—could get no supplies, except through him. Soon they were working for him. He made collections Saturday afternoon and loafed the rest of the time—and had a better income than half the skilled mechanics.

Later he came to grief. The news company contracted with an older man and thus changed monopolists. Then young Palmer went to college; joined the fraternity which had most of the good fellows in it, loafed a fair share of the time; and after four years was graduated about middle of his class.

At college, finding his funds running low, he secured permission to open a book shop in an unoccupied room. Here he placed a student in charge—and went through the course with plenty of money to supply his needs. Before the end of that year he had made a contract with the railway station-master, in consideration of a certain monthly payment, for the exclusive privilege of coming on the railway premises with hacks and transfer wagons. He then purchased several carriages and an express wagon. His drivers were alone permitted to come within a thousand feet of the station—and he got all the traffic!

Leaving college, young Palmer tried to study law, finally landing in a Western city, where he entered the law office of Judge Johnson. But the law did not suit him. After several years of indifferent success, one day Judge Johnson, who was careless about his own business, put Palmer to work examining the proposed right of way of a new railroad about to enter the city. Learning where the terminus was to be, he went out and secured options on a quantity of land. This lay the foundation of his fortune. The railroad was built as planned; and Palmer sold many of his options for 200 to 300 per cent. advance; yet held many of them.

But his holdings were covered with small buildings which he did not care to replace then with better ones and he found the taxes burdensome. In self-defense he entered local politics, helped elect his man, and thereafter enjoyed some immunity. A little later the president of a bank in which Palmer had become director said he thought a street railway would be a good thing for the city and suggested that Palmer go in with him and secure the franchise. Palmer knew nothing of street railroading and had nothing to invest.

"Oh," said the bank president, "you can leave all that to me if we can only secure the franchise. You won't need very much capital, and we can secure men of experience to handle it."

So Palmer worked the political side and secured a twenty-five-year franchise; but he was obliged to give up $15,000 to Murphy, boss of the Council, before the franchise was granted. It was then easy sailing; for they had no trouble in borrowing half a million dollars—and you know the old, old story of watering stock.

From this on, I need tell you but little of Palmer's rise. Naturally, a bunch of reformers eventually began kicking and Palmer had the fight of his life to retain control of the City Council. How he won is interesting—but every person who reads it will think it actually happened in his own particular city. There is really nothing so stereotyped as political corruption. From street railway magnate and banker, to coal operator, then president of a trust company, then railroad baron, were natural steps in the evolution of Palmer. Then state boss and then United States senator all in proper order. Mr. Howe has overlooked nothing.

Senator Palmer closes his interesting autobiography with "Some Rules of the Game." He says: "Long before

my election to the Senate I had learned two things pretty thoroughly. One was, if you want to get rich—that is, very rich—in this world, make Society work for you. Not a handful of men, not even such an army as the Steel Trust employs, but Society itself. The other thing was, that this can only be done by making a business of politics. The two things run together and cannot be separated."

"I have recently noticed that Mr. John D. Rockefeller says that the only way for a man to get on in this world is to save, to be economical, to 'watch his gas bills.' That's all very well if one expects to spend his life as a bank clerk. It's good advice for a trust company to post on its windows and urge upon its depositors. It was probably all right when Benjamin Franklin got out his almanac; but this sort of Smilesian philosophy won't make a man rich. I suppose if a man saved long enough and hard enough, he might possibly in time own his own cottage in some little suburban village forty miles from New York. But if he failed to learn anything more than that about business it would never make him anything more than a second-rate bank clerk. No! Men don't grow rich by saving their gas bills any more than they do by working overtime for somebody else. The great captains of industry and the financial leaders of today didn't follow this road. Along with the rest of them, Mr. Rockefeller made Society work for him. If a man has any push and enterprise, he has more chance of success if he indulges in fast horses or a private yacht than if he puts his money in the bank at 4 per cent.

"It's much the same way with competitive business. Just about the time you get a good thing started someone else comes along with something better, or hard times intervene and cut off the profits, if they do not land you in bankruptcy. The fact is the average business mortality in the United States is about 3 per cent. a year. That is, 100 per cent. every thirty-three years. In other words, a man has just a fighting chance of business in business at the end of his life if he follows such advice or enters the strictly competitive field of business.

"And you cannot make a great deal of money, and by that I mean millions, by just having a lot of other men work for you. Not but that there are great opportunities in manufacturing enterprises, and considerable money is made that way; but it involves the hardest sort of work, years of experience, an awful brain fag, with the odds pretty heavy against success.

"The secret of great wealth, and I have studied this problem like one in mathematics for a quarter of a century, is to make Society work for you. If you are big enough, make the whole world work for you. If you cannot do that, be content to have America work for you. If that is impossible, get some city. Even the latter is a big enough proposition to put millions in your purse.

"This may seem like a Chinese puzzle, but it's true, and it is the most valuable business principle worth knowing. Mr. Rockefeller may think he made his hundreds of millions by economy, by saving on his gas bills, but he didn't. He managed to get the people of the globe to work for him. He did it by securing a monopoly of a commodity that all the world used. And Carnegie, Morgan, Vanderbilt, Gould, Astor, Hill and Harriman, the big leaders of finance, did the same thing. Only they were less ambitious. They were content with one nation. They confined their operations to America."

"Few men have brains enough to make more than a living with their hands; there is a considerably larger number who can beat the daily demands of life by working with their brains. But it's like educating every boy with the idea that he may be President of the United States, to say that he can get rich by economy, thrift and frugality. The fact is the Presidency doesn't go round fast enough to take care of more than one boy in a dozen million. And a man

must be far more than ordinary to get rich in a profession or in some big industry, even where he has thousands of men to work for him."

"As I said before, Poor Richard's Almanac is about as influential today in the making of a millionaire as is Thomas à Kempis's 'Imitation of Christ.' It's not thrift, prudence or the saving of gas bills that makes the millionaire; it's the getting possession of a monopoly, and then making Society work for you. With that in one hand, and with the other hand on politics, one can do more in a few weeks' time than can a whole army by watching its pennies, dimes and dollars."

"These are the symbols, more magic than those of some prince of the Arabian Nights, by which to rule the game. First, let Society work for you; and, second, make a business of politics. Upon an understanding of these rules the great fortunes of America have almost all been reared, from those of the early Argonauts who built the Pacific railways from the sale of Government bonds and generous land grants, to the modern princes of finance who have capitalized iron ore underlying the barren lumber lands of Minnesota at thousands of millions, the franchises of New York at hundreds of millions, and the sugar, tobacco and many other trusts at many times their value. These are the rules of big business. They have superseded the teachings of our parents and are reducible to a simple maxim: Get a monopoly; let Society work for you; and remember that the best of all business is politics, for a legislative grant, franchise, subsidy or tax exemption is worth more than a Kimberley or Comstock lode, since it does not require any labor, either mental or physical, for its exploitation."

Mr. Howe has done well to avoid the pit into which many reformers have fallen: attempting to make a romance of political economy. Few authors have ever been able to combine love and economics into a readable story. Bellamy tried it in "Looking Backward" and in "Equality"—and failed. Hundreds of lesser lights have failed. True, Dickens revolutionized Chancery practice by "Bleak House"; but De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe" attracted no attention as a politico-economic tract.

Political economy may not be "the dismal science," but it seems a poor setting for a picture of the grand passion. One might use political economy as a sort of condiment for a love story—just a sprinkle of the salt; not more. But the conditions cannot be reversed. And the "alternating" method sometimes employed produces a sandwich of sole leather between pieces of angel food.

C. Q. D.

The $30,000 Bequest, and Other Stories. By Mark Twain. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York.

One would like to recommend this book, but on second thoughts it would only be useless and futile and stupid and silly to try it. Just the heading for this "review" would do as well as any accumulation of language that could follow it. If there's anyone who doesn't want a book by Mark Twain, he probably can't read anyway, and most likely he's deaf, too, and can't be read aloud to. There's no use talking up a book to that kind—they aren't literary. There used to be a man named Higginson that lived out along the Ohio River—it's all right to say "along," because he lived in a shanty-boat and kept moving up or down according as people got tired of missing things about the premises—and who didn't have any feet but cork ones. Well, one day there came along an ambitious drummer—one of the kind that believes there isn't anything can keep them from making a sale once their mind is set on it. His line was a kind of foot-ease powder, and everybody said it was all right and did the work. Some way or another he happened to come on old man Higginson's shanty-boat tied up to the shore, and the old man sitting in the door of his little cabin

whittling, with his cork feet where the drummer couldn't see them. Well, the drummer opened out to sell him a box of foot-ease and the old man just let him run along and run along and then he dragged up his feet without saying anything and began running his knife-blade into them up to the handle. The drummer quit talking for maybe half a minute, and the old man drawled out that he "guessed he didn't need no more foot-ease than what he had already." Well, the proper thing for that drummer to have done was to have fainted or set up the drinks or *given* him a box of foot-ease for nothing, seeing he didn't need it, and there wasn't any money in the transaction anyway. Did he *do* it? Would you believe it, he went right on and talked foot-ease for near an hour, trying to show how it was just the thing to make cork feet water-tight if they fell overboard, till the old man kicked him clear up on the bank with one of his cork feet, which were light, but had on heavy boots with brass strips on the heel and along the sole like they used to wear. It always seemed, somehow, as if that drummer had let his professional pride get the best of him and just wasted his time, and his house's time, by trying to sell one box of foot-ease where there wasn't any market to speak of, when there were thousands of other people everywhere that would have been glad, yes, and *proud*, to get some. It would have been just as sensible for him to have hunted up old man Higginson's real feet and tried to do business with them, only one of them was down somewhere around Lookout Mountain, and the other one up in Vermont, which would have been troublesome.

It's the same way about trying to get a man that can't read and can't hear interested in a book by Mark Twain. There isn't any considerable chance of doing business and in the meantime there are millions and millions of people just waiting to hear about a new book by him. You don't *need* to argue or explain—all you have to do is just to say there is one and you won't need any drummers to get trade. It might be taken as a kindness to say this last book of his has thirty-seven stories by him and a biography of him, but even that isn't necessary.

Back in 1873 or 1874 there was an old shyster lawyer out in Missouri that went to the golden wedding of a friend of his. The friend's name was Henry Bamqush, and the two of them had made mud-pies and played one-ole-cat together. Bamqush's wife had always been a little sensitive over his name—some held it was Indian, but mostly folks said there was Dutch in it. The only one who had what you might call an opinion of his own about it was a little German tailor who was a widower. His wife had been red-headed and had a hare-lip. Her sister Minna used to say— But, just as I said in the beginning, there isn't any need of recommending a new book by Mark Twain. All the people need is to know there is one.

A. S. H.

Alterations and Adaptations of Shakespeare. By Frederick W. Kilbourne, Ph.D. The Poet Lore Company, Boston, Richard G. Badger, Publisher.

To anyone interested in Shakespeare this book will prove extremely interesting, and to the teacher it will be found invaluable.

"General knowledge rarely goes beyond such facts as that Tate gave 'Lear' a happy ending or that Cibber is responsible for certain phrases, as the well-known 'Richard's himself again,' which are still heard when 'Richard the Third' is played, and which are sometimes popularly attributed to Shakespeare. Even professed Shakespearean students, however, know little or nothing of the great body of these versions, which in the eighteenth century nearly or quite displaced the original plays"

The book affords an easy opportunity to profit by Dr. Kilbourne's extensive investigations into material whose bulk

would be appalling to the everyday lover of Shakespeare. One gains a valuable insight into the history of the stage, former valuations of the Bard of Avon and the pitiful and futile attempts to improve upon his work, and if the author's style is not especially happy, he is quickly forgiven for the service he has done.

A. S. H.

From a Cornish Window. By A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q"). E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A very charming book of essays "written at intervals, and in part for recreation, during years in which their author has striven to maintain a cheerful mind while a popular philosophy which he believed to be cheap took possession of men and translated itself into politics which he knew to be nasty." This philosophy against which he arrays himself was "expounded by an American Insurance 'Lobbyist:' a few days ago, before the Armstrong Committee: 'The Insurance world today is the greatest financial proposition in the United States; *and, as great affairs always do, it commands a higher law.*' "

It brings these essays home to us nationally, as it must also do to each of us individually. "But why (you will ask) do I drag this doctrine into a dedication? Because . . . I have fought against it for close upon seventeen years . . . so long a time that it has taught me to prize my bruises and prefer that, if anybody hereafter care to know me, he shall know me as one whose spirit took its cheer in intervals of a fight against detestable things." These are no political diatribes—rather political antidotes and tonics, not polemic but healing. It is the human, the altruistic, the esthetic and the literary that appeal and, incidentally, here is a bitter-sweet dose for those that scoff at "the literary" and fly therefrom, for behold! our essays are exquisitely artistic and individual, and yet so human, of so common experience that their reading must be a joy and warming to the heart. Those who have read "Q's" romances and novels will not need this telling. It is possible that the world may some day wake up, as the world has a way of doing, to find Mr. Quiller-Couch a much bigger man than it had dreamed.

A. S. H.

Disenchanted (Désenchantées). By Pierre Loti. Translated by Clara Bell. The Macmillan Company, New York.

In this, as in all the author has written, is displayed his wonderful sentimental realism, but the sentimental is perhaps more repressed, in detail at least, and the realism impresses one as more wonderful than ever. "A purely imaginary tale" says the author's preface. "The only real thing in it is the high level of culture now prevailing in the harems of Turkey, and the suffering that comes of it." "This suffering," he adds, "more striking perhaps to my eyes as a foreigner is already an anxiety to my dear friends, the Turks, and they would fain diminish it."

Those who devoutly prim their mouths at the word "harem" may as well unprim them at once and let their brains and hearts prepare for action. The story has as much delicacy from the moral as from the artistic point of view, and the material itself can furnish no qualms even for those strait-laced to the point of suffocation. The attack is upon the system that makes Mohammedan women, no matter how cultured according to our own Western standards, mere puppets who, though they realize only too keenly the hopelessness of individual freedom and development, are helpless against laws adapted only to the antiquated period that gave them birth. There is, perhaps, a suggestion that the situation would be less acute if the education and culture of Turkish women were, for the present at least, not carried to quite such an extreme of excellence.

The story is of a Turkish woman who, through sympathy with his works, ventures into anonymous correspondence with *André Lhéry*, a well-known

romance writer, who has a warm place in his heart for the land of the Turks, largely through a romance of his own youth. For reasons quite apart from this, *Lhéry* secures a post at Constantinople and the correspondence leads to a series of dangerous secret interviews between him and *Djenan* and her two cousins. It is they that teach him what the life of a high-born Turkish woman is, so that he may espouse their cause in a book he is to write—"Disenchanted." There is more than the writing of a book that comes of these meetings, but the romance can be told only in the book itself. It is not "the Turkey of the novels of 1830—nargilehs, sweetmeats, and the divan all day," that is presented, but the real Turkey of today, equally exclusive and seclusive, but with electric lights, pianos, phonographs and all that modern Western science, art and culture can furnish. The picture is marvelously painted, so that through its pages one lives a life rather than reads a book. This is no more than one could expect from a master-hand like that of Loti, but in this his latest book he seems even to have outdone himself.

A. S. H.

Rambles on the Riviera. By Francis Miltoun. With many illustrations reproduced from paintings made on the spot by Blanche McManus. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

"This book makes no pretense at being a work of historical or archeological importance; nor yet is it a conventional book of travel or a glorified guide-book. It is merely a record of things seen and heard, with some personal observations on the picturesque, romantic and topographical aspects of one of the most varied and beautiful touring-grounds in all the world, and is the result of many pleasant wanderings of the author and artist, chiefly by highway and byway, in and out of the beaten track, in preference to travel by rail."

In these words of the author lies the secret of the book's charm, for it is one of those rare books of foreign lands that preserve a comfortable and refreshing attitude of intimacy with the reader, seeming really to have in view his entertainment rather than the opportunity to exploit the writer's vast knowledge of his subject—a book for the reader rather than of the author. And even under less skilful handling the material of this volume could hardly be other than vastly interesting to anyone with breadth enough to hold a mental horizon larger than his county lines. Gaul, Goth, Greek, Roman, Carthaginian, Frank and Lombard have left the mark of their civilization in Provence and along this same famous Riviera, and its resulting people are a race apart. What Mr. Miltoun has to say would be of comparatively little interest if he had followed usual tourist methods, and it is just because the author and artist have taken pains to wander away from the beaten track and into the less frequented nooks and corners that their material is so rich in interest and value. The illustrations, as in the others of this series, are excellent.

A. S. H.

The Saint (Il Santo). By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated from the Italian by M. Agnetti Pritchard. With an Introduction by William Roscoe Thayer. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A book that should be welcomed in America with the eager interest it has met in Europe. It is a bold revelation of the religious situation in Italy as the author sees it, and is regarded in that country as of such importance that it has been condemned by the Congregation of the Index on the one hand, and, on the other, eagerly accepted as a creed by the Christian Democrats. Published on this side of the water only because the author's agreement with his American publisher antedates the condemnation by the Congregation and its proscription in Italy, the book has also been translated into several other foreign languages and everywhere leaves a strong impression.

It is a great and wonderful picture of the Italy of today in high places and in low, from a point of view new in literature. And, last of all, it is a novel of which the hero, "a medieval in faith, a man of today in intelligence," is the centre of a movement toward more spirit and less form in modern Catholicism. So convincing is the portrait of this man, Il Santo, that we do not need the assurance offered by Mr. Thayer in his introduction that the anomaly of asceticism in our hero is explained by qualities deep in Italian character. The Saint explains himself.

He is real in his simplicity, his clear vision, his inspiration, his asceticism. Our sympathy, unlike Mr. Thayer's, does not go unreservedly to *Jeanne* in her lover's renunciation of the world. The psychological necessity that would not have it otherwise is an intrinsic part of the portrait of the man.

The love-interest with which the story is loosely bound up is not strong enough to supply the unity that one half expects from it, finding it nowhere else. Yet *Jeanne* is very real to us, like all the characters of this remarkable book.

It is the immense variety of type and color in these characters, together with the strength of the drawing, that, more than anything else, gives "The Saint" its effect of movement, wonderful in a novel given to large problems and serious discussion. The Pope (as he is pictured in that admirable interview), cynical statesmen, great ladies, progressive scholars, discontented students, the priests and the peasantry of the hills—this strange procession passes through the life of the Saint.

The effect of a book of action is thus skilfully added to the final impression of a book of thought.

M. D. J. H.

MEN are more like than unlike one another: let us make them know one another better, that they may be all humbled and strengthened with a sense of their fraternity.

W. D. Howells.

WHAT a deal of cold business doth a man misspend the better part of his life in! In scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and writing news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner.

Ben Jonson.

I HAVE considered our whole life is like a play: wherein every man forgetful of himself is in travail with expression of another. Nay, we so insist in imitating others, as we cannot, when it is necessary, return to ourselves, like children, that imitate the vices of stammerers so long, till at last they become such, and make the habit to another nature, as it is never forgotten.

Ben Jonson.

Railroad Passes

THE United States Senate by a vote of 38 to 35, abolished the issuing of railroad passes to all except employees. It was brought about by an amendment to the railroad rate bill. The House will have to concur in the amendment before it becomes a law. It is reported that the roads are delighted at the measures. The railroad agents in the Senate had to do something in that body to conciliate railroad corporations for prospective railroad legislation, supposed to be antagonistic to railroad interests.—*Dorchester Standard, Cambridge, Md.*

IF the Standard Oil contributed toward the election of the present administration, it must wish it had its money back.—*Valley View, East Grand Forks, Minn.*

Child Slavery

BLACK slavery is a thing of the past, but in its stead has risen an institution more horrible than the mind of man can readily conceive: child slavery in the great factories in both North and South. And the masses are opposed to it, but the classes that control legislation favor it, and stoop to almost any crime in order to prevent adverse legislation that will destroy it. For the sake of gold they sell their brother or sister into slavery worse than the labor in the open fields that was considered a curse by their parents.—*News, Santa Anna, Tex.*

EUROPE is acquiring quite a collection of Willie Astors and Jimmy Hydes. She is welcome to them.—*Plain Dealer, Lake City, Mich.*

No Real Check

ROOSEVELT has submitted to a court review in the railroad rate bill pending in Congress; this will show his cloven hoof. Nine United States Supreme Judges, who, no doubt, were recommended for their positions by railroad kings and other corporations, will have to pass upon all railroad cases that railroad officials and like corporations demand, and hence a United States Congress, President and all, have done nothing to check railroads and other corporation robbery. The trusts know their friends, and keep them in office continually. See!—*Ford Norman's Semi-Monthly Magazine, Albia, Ia.*

Why Fares Are High

THE real value of the railroads in this country is about $4,000,000,000; fictitious value after the stock is thoroughly watered is about $13,000,000,000, and it is upon this fictitious value that the public is paying a goodly interest. If the railroads earn a fair dividend on this inflated valuation, and it is presumed they do, for the owners are not in business for their health, then the public is paying rates three times as high as they should pay.—*Tribune, Palisade, Col.*

Spelling Reform

"I HAVE every respect for the President, and pin my faith to his judgment in all matters," says Jacob A. Riis, whom Mr. Roosevelt calls "New York's Most Useful Citizen," "but I must draw the line on simplified spelling."

The line must be drawn by every friend of the President sooner or later, and there is no better place for drawing it than on the spelling question.—*Daily Record, Long Branch, N. J.*

KIRKWOOD, Mo., has passed an ordinance making it a felony to tell a lie in the town limits. Standpatters are warned that it is safer to talk about the Dingley schedules about eight miles down the road.—*Louisville Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky.*

Senator Bailey

SENATOR JOSEPH BAILEY, of Texas, is trying hard to make the people believe that he can serve Standard Oil and be a patriotic statesman as well. Senator Bailey aspires to become the great Democratic leader. He is a brilliant man, but not brilliant enough to fool the people into believing that he will serve them for $5,000 a year, when at the same time he accepts a fee of $225,000 for a little legal work done for the Rockefeller crowd.—*Green Lake Breeze, Spicer, Kandiyohi County, Minn.*

A Home Shot

IT is real pleasant reading when we find a Republican newspaper throwing off the gag and saying things right out plain Most of them are so effectually muzzled that they can only say what the party leaders expect of them, however much it may strain them to hold down their real sentiments, but

occasionally one breaks away, as in this from the Emporia (Kan.) *Gazette:*

"We have been invited to send a dollar contribution to the Republican campaign fund that is being raised by popular subscription, and to which President Roosevelt recently subscribed. We would like to have our dollar in such select company all right, but we've done all the contributing we intend to this year. We have recently completed building a house at a cost of something over $4,000, and for every foot of lumber, every pane of glass, every sack of cement, every pound of nails, and in fact for nearly every bit of material that went into it we made a good, liberal contribution through the Trusts that control them, and we guess we have done our share. It may be treason for a Republican newspaper to talk this way, but facts are facts, and it sort of relieves our conscience to tell the truth about the Trusts once in a while. We'll just let the several Trusts to which we have had to pay unwilling tribute in the past year pay our dollar for us. We need it and they don't.—*The Advertiser, Montgomery, Ala.*

A New Trust

THAT was quite a disturbance, down there in Cuba, but now that Secretary Taft has gone down to sit on those fellows the thing seems about wound up—except the final annexation of that country to the United States. Let the thing happen at once. Sooner or later every one of the little governments will have to be added to this country, and we might as well commence now. Trusts seem to be a favorite institution in this country anyway, so let's have a big trust of governments. All the American governments under one head—that would be a trust worth while.—*The Recorder, Kingsburg, Cal.*

MR. FAIRBANKS replied to Mr. Bryan, and then Senator Beveridge took up the good work and replied the next night. Does it take two eminent Indianians working in relays to demolish the breastworks of words with which the Nebraska orator is surrounded?—*The Sun, Helena, Andrew Co., Mo.*

A WESTERN editor decided to try "fonetic" spelling in his paper and the experience seemed a success until he got the following: "Dere Sur—I tuk yuer paper fur leven yeres, butt ef yew kant spel eny beter than hev bin doin fer last to munths yew may stoppit."—*The Star, San Saba, San Saba Co., Tex.*

Dangerous to Criminals

ALTHOUGH Mr. Bryan is not a candidate for office he is now described as "a dangerous man," and it is noticeable that this description comes from men who in 1896 claimed that the Hydes, the McCurdys and the Depews stood for national honor.

There were in Mr. Bryan's 1896 speeches many references to this charge that he was "a dangerous man."

For instance, in a speech delivered at Battery D, Chicago, during the 1896 campaign, Mr. Bryan said:

"They tell you that I will not enforce the law. My friends, the fear of these people is not that I will refuse to enforce the law; their fear is that I will enforce the law. They know that I entertain old-fashioned ideas upon this subject, and that according to my ideas the big criminals should wear striped clothes as well as the little criminals. I want to say to you that I believe in enforcing the law against all classes of society, and those who believe in that policy are better friends of the Government than those who would make scapegoats of little criminals and then let the big ones run at large to run the Government itself. The very men who would suffer most from the enforcement of law are the ones who seem to be most troubled. They are not afraid that I will encourage lawlessness, but they know that, if I am elected, the Trusts will not select the attorney-general."

At Ottumwa, Ia., Mr. Bryan said: "My friends, you have been told that I am a dangerous man. There is nothing in my past life, either public or private, that justifies any citizen in saying that my election would be a menace to law and order, or to our form of government, or to the welfare of society; but there is much in what I have said and done to create a suspicion that my election would be a menace to those who have been living on what other people have earned.'—*The Commoner, Lincoln, Neb.*

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS, the author, has written an entertaining advertisement in which he tells about how he became converted to life insurance, but the story is incomplete; he forgot to mention the price.—*The Herald, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Hearst

H. H. ROGERS expresses the opinion that Hearst cannot win the New York governorship, and it may be taken simply as his personal forecast of the strength of the contending forces. Unhappily it is the work of men like Rogers, in their attempts to defy courts and public sentiment and to break the laws for corporation benefit, on which Hearst has traded and retained his strength with radicals and malcontents. It may be counted on that Hearst will endeavor to show that Hughes will have the support of men like Rogers for their own purposes.—*The Narragansett Times, Wakefield, R. I.*

Cigarettes and Education

Two little boys, going down the street, each with his school books under his arm, and

each with a cigarette in his mouth. They will never amount to anything if they keep that up. School books and cigarettes do not go together. They are discordant and belligerent.

This is not an attack on tobacco from a moral standpoint. It is only to say that in the formative period of a boy's life the use of tobacco will knock him out. And this applies to the university as well as to the grammar school. The educational institution that does not get abreast of this fact fails so far of its mission.

There go those two innocent boys, interlacing their delicate little nervous systems into a will-destroying habit; there they go, blinding their moral consciousness with a narcotic; there they go, cultivating a sensual disposition instead of a love of gladsome knowledge.

How blindly they go—with no kind hand to lead them into more hopeful ways. They are forming their fate. They are establishing the quality of their lives. It may be a little wayward streak, that will come about all right after a while. Maybe. Maybe that boy reaching over the edge of the precipice won't fall. But many have. Maybe he will alight all right, if he does fall. But many haven't.

It is dangerous business. It ought to be one of the chief concerns of our educational forces. When the cigarette fume mingles with the delicate texture of the brain and enfeebles the little nervous force there, education hasn't half a chance.—*Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio.*

Power of Weekly Press

THE power of the weekly press is not to be underestimated. The country editor is close to the people. He knows what every man in his community is talking about and thinking about: knows where he stands. He can reach him directly and almost personally as through a personal conversation. As a molder of the opinion of the public which it reaches the weekly paper has few equals. The country editor can get his finger on the pulse of the community.

The independent editor of a weekly paper is not usually rich in money or in this world's goods. If he were he would not be a country editor. But he is rich in something else if he is untrammeled, and that something else is character.—*Atlanta Journal, Atlanta, Ga.*

Needs the People's Help

W. J. BRYAN declares that no one having an interest in a favor-seeking franchised corporation should be a member of any committee in the Democratic Party or be nominated for any office. Should this be carried out it means an entire reorganization of the party—it means a new party regardless of what it calls itself. Bryan has the sympathy of the people, but can he carry out his plan? We hope so, but it will be the greatest feat ever performed by one man if he does.—*Custer County Beacon, Broken Bow, Neb.*

Postal Savings System Needed

THE movement for the establishment of postal savings banks, started by the big failure of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank in Chicago, is rapidly growing, and when Congress meets again the question will probably have attained such proportions as to command serious attention. The postal savings system has been established in many countries and everywhere works satisfactorily. The movement to establish it here will no doubt be opposed by the savings bank interests as tending to divert deposits from them. It is possible, however, that instead of hurting the banking business, the Government's enterprise would help them by the encouragement it would give to thrift and economy. The postal savings system would give every village and cross-roads settlement that has a post-office facilities for saving money. It would be a convenience for those whose lives are spent on the road, and for those who go from home in search of employment. The deposits with the Government would be absolutely safe. The interest rate on deposits would not be as large as the banks allow, but depositors would have no fears to keep them awake nights.

This country has been slow in introducing the postal savings system. It is far behind England, Germany, France, Italy and other countries in this respect. One reason for this, perhaps, is that there never has been a determined effort to secure the necessary action from Congress. It is not certain that the present movement will command attention in Washington, but it will at least awaken interest and start discussion.—*Herald, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

MR. BAILEY says he has been offered a salary of $50,000 per year if he would quit the Senate and practice law. Well, that isn't much compared to what his profession is worth to him while he stays in the Senate. —*Times, Temple, Tex.*

Tom Johnson Not Dead

THE press is always working overtime in its efforts to kill Tom Johnson politically. This, no doubt, is inspired by the wish being father to the thought. For ten long years we have heard of Mr. Johnson's political demise. He has been pronounced politically dead innumerable times, and the plutocratic press has always found a tomb for the last resting-place of this political corpse with no hopes of resurrection.

This familiar story is again being broadly circulated since the meeting of the Ohio state convention. When the smoke of the battle, however, will have cleared away, the

chances are a hundred to one that Tom Johnson's ideas concerning public policies have been carefully taken care of in the party declaration of principles. Even his so-called enemies will be whooping it up for the very principles for which Mr. Johnson is contending. It was Mr. Johnson's idea for the Democrats of Ohio some years ago to declare in favor of a two-cent per mile rate. At the time, this idea was scouted, and at the election the candidates standing upon that platform went down before an avalanche of adverse ballots. Today, however, everybody is in favor of this original Tom Johnson idea. Even the Republicans of ring-ruled and corrupt Pennsylvania have been forced to favor a two-cent rate measure.

And so Johnson is pronounced dead every twelve months, but whether dead or alive, the Johnson ideas somehow have the persistency of everlastingly marching on.—*Commoner, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE New York *World* kills the Democratic Party every day before breakfast.—*Girard Herald, Erie Co., Pa.*

MR. ROCKEFELLER says that we Americans hustle too much. We would be glad to stop—but Mr. Rockefeller needs the money and won't let us.—*Chronicle, Centerville, S. D.*

How to Fight the Machine

THE difficulty, almost impossibility, of reform within the party is again illustrated, this time in New Jersey.

Winston Churchill failed in New Hampshire by a narrow margin, but it was sufficient, and in all probability will never become narrower. Now Everett Colby has fallen short of victory against the machine of his own party by a very wide margin.

The Independent Republicans in Rhode Island are acting far more wisely. They are fighting the corrupt machine from the outside.

Victory is almost assured.—*State, Providence, R. I.*

SOMETHING is stirring in the politics of the country. The protests of the editors who have always fought the people's fight are being heeded. Soon it will become fashionable and perhaps profitable to jump on the Trusts. Then, as rats desert a sinking ship, those papers that have existed as parasites of the corporate interests will bellow loudly against their former masters. Hirelings are first to turn traitors.—*News, Monticello, Fla.*

Graft Still Unchecked

THE suicide of Hipple, the criminal proceedings brought against several of those who are held to be responsible with him for the wrecking of the Real Estate Trust Company, of Philadelphia, and the arrest, in Morocco, of Stensland, of the Milwaukee Avenue Bank of Chicago, are calculated to make people think about the wages of dishonesty.—*Wall Street Journal.*

True! And the moral cannot be too often emphasized. But when people remember the many instances of graft and embezzlement revealed, say, during the past year: when they recall the misappropriation of policyholders' money by insurance officials—misappropriations in which the Republican Party itself was the direct beneficiary; when they see all the laws enacted for the protection of the public from the encroachments of great corporations violated with impunity—the anti-rebate law utterly ignored, the law prohibiting conspiracy in restraint of trade ruthlessly violated—when they see these things and then observe that none of the individuals responsible for this gigantic wrongdoing have been sent to jail, the people may be pardoned if they reach the conclusion that under the Republican administration prison sentence is not part of the wages of dishonesty.—*Commoner, Lincoln, Neb.*

Simply a Game

RAILROAD companies everywhere are not only reducing passenger rates to two cents per mile, but are cutting down freight charges. They see that the people finally mean business and that they better reduce the charges themselves, somewhat, than to have it done for them and reduced radically.—*Free Lance, Schuyler, Neb.*

New York Politics

THE nomination of Hearst for Governor of New York by the Democratic convention is a terrific shock to some people. Heretofore there has been no discernible difference between a New York Democrat and a New York Republican. It was six of one and half a dozen of the other. Each set of candidates have been the creatures of their respective party machines with no difference in their principles whatever. Their idea has been solely to get and retain the offices for their respective organizations. As for doing anything for the people who cast the votes, such a notion would have been laughed at by either party machine.

Now that one of the parties has been true to its name and its traditional purposes and nominated a real Democrat, a man who is devoted to the people and who all his life has fought in their interest, those who have heretofore rested in security in the enjoyment of the profits of every sort of monopoly, indifferent to which party should win, are shocked. They understand that a real contest is at hand and that they are represented on only one side instead of both, as heretofore. Therefore they and their dependents and sympathizers in both parties are beginning to turn their best energies to the abuse of the Democratic

Party for nominating a Democrat, and to work for the election of the Republican candidate.—*Free Lance, Spartanburg, S. C.*

DOUBTLESS Mr. Fairbanks thinks it is mighty rude of the Republicans of the State of Washington to demand that Roosevelt run again. Where, he would like to know, are their manners?—*Twin County Echo, Rocky Mount, N. C.*

NEITHER Joseph G. Cannon nor any other standpatter can carry the Middle West, where the insurrection against corporation rule includes the tariff with its protection of husky infant industries, now grown to plethoric and full-fed maturity on the tax levied on the public by tariff discrimination. On no such platform of tariff privilege as he lays down can Joseph G. Cannon or anybody else be elected to the Presidency.—*Milwaukee Free Press.*

It Is Our Fault

WE ought to try to be just to the men in office. And we cannot be just unless we remember that the people themselves are very largely responsible for the conditions which they deplore. When they learn to distinguish between the honest man and the demagogue; when they loyally sustain the former and sternly set the other aside, and when they make it clear that faithful service to the public will bring the reward of public confidence, we shall get better men in office and an improved condition of things.—*Times, Logansport, Ind.*

MR. BRYAN is still in the South picking out the small shot he fired into himself when he was in New York, and is apparently enjoying the operation.—*Spectator, Columbia, Ky.*

Sinclair and Socialism

SINCLAIR published a little autobiography in *Appleton's Magazine* for October. It clears up some things and accounts for his Socialism. According to his own story he went to college, but never pursued any study only long enough to find what it was about and then took up another. He never was a student of anything, got into trouble, tried to sell his stories, failed and wrote "The Jungle," which made a hit. Here is a young man who knows nothing of government, transportation, finance, taxation, law or any of those things that have occupied the lives of the greatest thinkers who have ever lived, who turns all at once a teacher of the world and proclaims Socialism as the remedy for all the ills of which mankind complains. Compare him with the real reformers, all workingmen, who have laid the foundations for better government in Australia and New Zealand. These are men who, though belonging to the wage workers, have spent their leisure hours in the study of the complex questions of government and commerce, and did not give up their research as soon as they found what it was all about, but hung on until they had mastered the questions. Senator Pearce, John Christian Watson, parliamentary leader, and Thomas Price, premier, all workingmen, stand out in bold contrast to such a career as that of Upton Sinclair. It is the difference between Socialism, the dreams of a novelist, and that of cold, logical thinkers. The latter are pushing the world on toward a happier day, but Sinclair and his theories——. —*Investigator, Omaha, Neb.*

Shaw's Weak Reply

JAMES H. BARRY, of the San Francisco *Star*, is a "sarcastic cuss." Here is a sample:

"Secretary of the Treasury Shaw attempts to crush Mr. Bryan's theory of government ownership of railways with the triumphant query: 'Does anybody suppose that if all lines were controlled by Congress, any road could be double-tracked and rock-ballasted until all other lines had been placed in the same condition?' We must confess that this profound argument has merits. For one thing it would make a wooden Indian laugh, and that is no small feat. We will cheerfully admit that if Congress were forbidden by public clamor to double-track one line until it had double-tracked all the others, Congress would be in a peculiar pickle. The little boy forbidden to enter the water until he had learned to swim found himself in the same predicament."—*Southern Mercury, Dallas, Tex.*

HAVE you read the Populist platform adopted at the Democratic State Convention? How wise it must make some of those old "Pops" feel when they see both the Republicans and the Democrats advocating principles that the Populists put forward ten years ago.—*Green Lake Breeze, Spicer, Kandiyohi, Minn.*

IF the reply to Mr. Bryan made by Mr. Shaw is the best the administration can do in that line, we venture the friendly advice that it would do well to return to the formidable task of regulating the output of babies and the spelling of the English language, and leave problems of political economy to mer who have graduated from the primer class in the study of that science.—*Southern Mercury, Dallas, Tex.*

Bryan and Public Ownership

MR. BRYAN seems to realize that his New York speech, in which he advocated the ownership by the general Government of the railroads, does not meet the views of his party, and he has made several explanations. One explanation was contained in a letter to Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi. In this letter Mr. Bryan wrote:

"You are right in saying I prefer private ownership, if I thought private ownership consistent with pure politics and justice to the public. I came reluctantly to my present position and I believe that you and other Democrats will be brought reluctantly to the same position. As for the party, I can only act when the voters are ready to act, and it is impossible at this time to say how far public opinion will support the suggestion I have made."

Now that Mr. Bryan is no longer in favor of public ownership of the railroads it is to be hoped the matter will be allowed a rest.—*Sentinel, Easton, Pa.*

The Visional City

BY GERALD GOULD

I GATHERED with a careless hand,
There, where the waters night and day
Are languid in the idle bay,
A little heap of golden sand;
And, as I saw it, in my sight
Awoke a vision, brief and bright,
A city in a pleasant land.

I saw no mound of earth, but fair
Turrets and domes and citadels,
With murmuring of many bells;
The spires were white in the blue air,
And men by thousands went and came,
Rapid and restless, and, like flame,
Blown by their passions here and there.

With careless hand I swept away
The little mound before I knew;
The visioned city vanished, too,
And fall'n beneath my fingers lay.
Ah, God! how many hast Thou seen,
Cities that are not and have been,
By silent hill and idle bay?

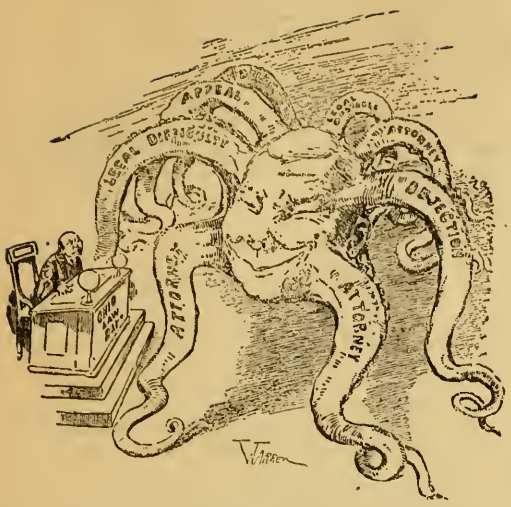
(*Selected.*)

YOUTH, which is forgiven everything, forgives itself nothing: age, which forgives itself everything, is forgiven nothing.

G. B. SHAW.

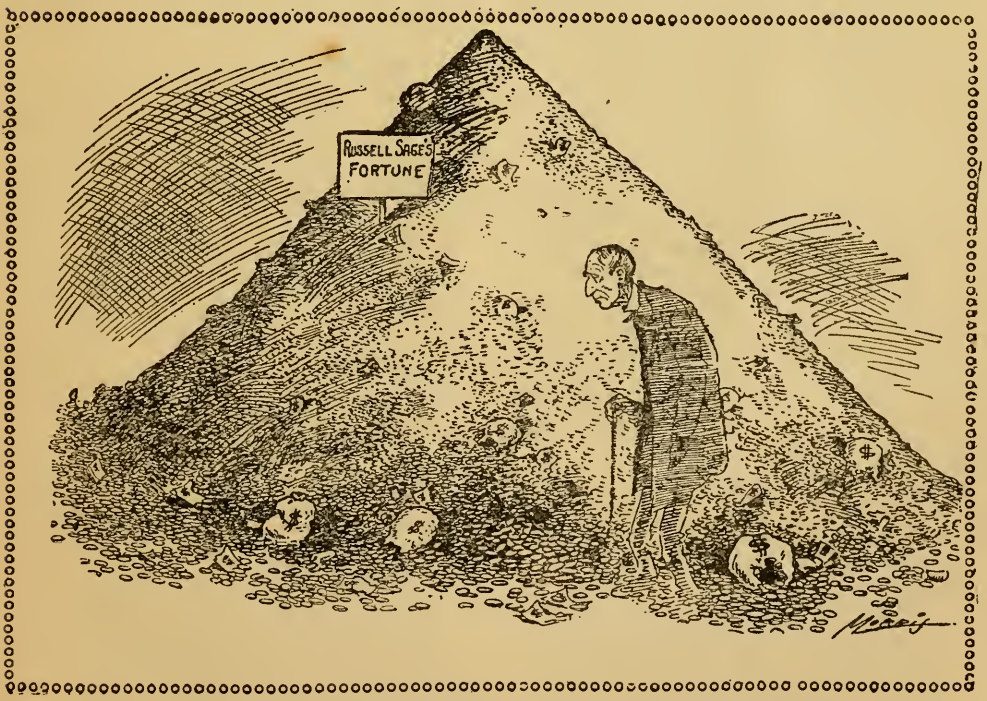
MAN is the only animal which esteems itself rich in proportion to the number and voracity of its parasites.

G. B. SHAW.



J. D. R.—"Good morning, judge—here I am—now what can I do for you?"
Warren, in Boston Herald.

A Certain Old Party is Suspected of Having Designs Upon Teddy Roosevelt
Bart, in Minneapolis Journal.



Russell Sage's Epitaph: I have done the best that I could by the light of the day
Morris, in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Home News

September 8.—Havana is surrounded by the insurgent forces. President Palma fears capture. The rebels have refused the Government's offer of a ten days' armistice.

Papers of Frank K. Hipple, suicide, and late president of the Real Estate Trust Company at Philadelphia, show that he was not only an embezzler of more than $200,000 of depositors' money, but also that he was a forger to an amount in excess of a quarter of a million dollars.

September 9.—At Havana last night President Palma of Cuba issued a call for Congress to convene in special session September 14.

September 11.—At Portland, Me., yesterday Governor William T. Cobb, Republican, standing on a platform devoted almost exclusively to the continuance of the prohibitory law in the state, was re-elected by nearly the smallest margin of votes ever given a Republican in the state. Congressman Charles E. Littlefield, Republican, of the Second District, was re-elected by a greatly reduced plurality. He had been bitterly opposed by Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, who fought him because he had opposed labor measures in the House.

At Washington, yesterday, the new Government spelling primer was issued by the Government Printing Office. The preface states that the President's spelling order for simplified spelling applies not only to White House documents, but also to publications from all the departments.

September 12.—At New York City the convention of the Independence League opened yesterday A full independent slate is probable, with William R. Hearst as nominee for Governor.

Reports from Washington indicate that the Government is prepared to intervene in Cuba to adjust differences between the Cuban Government and the revolutionists. Anxiety is felt in Havana lest the insurgents attack the city.

At St. Louis yesterday William J. Bryan was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm by an audience of 12,000 persons.

At Dover, Del., the Democratic State Convention indorsed William J. Bryan for the Presidential nomination as "one whose clear vision saw the evils of plutocracy and predatory wealth which have come upon us."

September 13.—Yesterday amid great enthusiasm William R. Hearst was nominated for Governor of New York at the Independence League Convention in New York City.

Cuban insurgents have blocked railway traffic by blowing up bridges in the provinces of Santa Clara and Pinar del Rio. The arrival of the American cruiser *Denver* at Havana has caused excitement in that city, where it is believed American intervention is bound to come, because the insurgents have threatened to begin a campaign of pillage.

At the Democratic State Convention of California, held at Sacramento, Theodore A. Bell was nominated for Governor and Thomas O. Toland for Lieutenant-Governor. The following resolution was adopted by the convention: Resolved, that in the so-called Independence League we recognize a political machine created by W. R. Hearst for his own political preferment and of which he is the undisputed boss, and an ingenious endeavor to forestall and prevent the nomination for President and to compass the defeat of America's greatest citizen, William Jennings Bryan. We therefore denounce such purposes and call upon all true Democrats to oppose such ends.

The first official trip through the north branch of the Pennsylvania's tunnel under the North River, New York, was made yesterday. The total length of the north tube is 13,700 feet; length under water 6,100 feet. The tube is 23 feet in diameter.

At the Democratic State Convention at Hartford, Conn., yesterday Charles F. Thayer, of Norwich, received the nomination for Governor. William J Bryan was not indorsed by the convention.

At Chicago yesterday twenty indictments were returned against Paul O. Stensland, president of the wrecked Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, and Henry W. Hering, the cashier.

September 14.—Yesterday a detachment of

120 sailors, with arms and machine guns, was landed from the U. S. cruiser *Denver*. The Government at Washington ordered the detachment to be returned at once to the vessel, leaving only a small guard for the U. S. legation.

At Denver, Col., the Democratic State Convention nominated Alva Adams for Governor. The platform indorses William J. Bryan.

On September 15 Lieut.-Gen. Henry C. Corbin, the ranking officer of the army, will go on the retired list for age. In a report made public today, he says:

"I desire to recommend once more, in the interests of the moral welfare and discipline of the troops, the removal, if practicable, of the legislative prohibition against the sale of beer and light wines in the post exchanges. It would seem unnecessary to argue to a fair-minded person the superiority of a system which provides a mild alcoholic beverage at reasonable cost in moderate quantities under strict military control to one which results in luring the soldier away from his barrack to neighboring dives, where his body and soul are poisoned and ruined by vile liquors, with accompanying vice, and where his money is taken from him by gamblers and thieves."

Daniel O'Day, one of the five leaders of the Standard Oil Company, died yesterday at Royan, France.

As the result of a six-hour conference at Sagamore Hill yesterday between President Roosevelt, Secretary of War Taft, Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte, and Acting Secretary of State Bacon, Messrs. Taft and Bacon are to start at once for Cuba as the special representatives of the American Government. It will be their mission to make a thorough investigation and to render such aid as may be necessary to the task of bringing about an immediate cessation of hostilities and the permanent pacification of the island, which is declared by the President to be imperative.

September 16.—Many applications for permission to change freight rates are being received by the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington. In every instance the carriers desire to make reductions. It is hinted that the carriers are preparing for the operation of the Hepburn law, under which freight rates cannot be changed with the facility that was formerly the rule.

At St. Louis yesterday H. Clay Pierce, of the Waters-Pierce Co., an ally of Standard Oil, testified on the witness stand that in 1905 he had retained Senator Bailey, of Texas, to look after the Pierce interests in various corporations.

At Chicago the cause of municipal ownership won a decided victory when Judge Thomas G. Windes, in the Circuit Court, refused to enjoin the city authorities from issuing certificates under the Mueller law for the purchase of the local street railway companies in any sum not over $75,000,000.

The Mueller law was the act passed by the State Legislature under which the City of Chicago was authorized to issue certificates in amount not exceeding $75,000,000 for the purpose of acquiring and operating the street railways of the city. A committee of taxpayers opposed to municipal ownership attacked the constitutionality of the law, and at the same time the legality of certain ordinances passed by the City Council of the City of Chicago, also looking to the control by the city of the street car systems. The city filed a demurrer to the bill of complaint entered by the committee.

September 17.—It is reported from Havana that the action of President Roosevelt in sending Secretary of War Taft and Assistant Secretary of State Bacon to Cuba has impressed the Cubans with the necessity of suspending hostilities. President Palma hopes to avoid an inquiry.

The Republican State Convention at Helena passed resolutions declaring for the initiative and referendum and for the election of senators by direct vote.

September 19.—At the Interstate Commerce Commission rehearing of the Peavey Elevator Company case at Chicago yesterday President Stickney, of the Chicago Great Western Railroad, the man who is back of the fight against the Union Pacific Company, gave the details of an alleged trust, augmented by the Union Pacific, and of how two men were crushed financially by it.

One of these men is E. M. S. Lefting, a former grain dealer of Lexington, Neb., who has written the Commission that he wishes to testify in the present inquiry. Mr. Stickney did not divulge the name of the other man.

According to Mr. Stickney, this man invested $30,000 in the grain business in Nebraska. He was having a hard time fighting rate discrimination when he received a check for $5,000 for the Peavey Elevator Company. He saw that a mistake had been made in sending him the check, and asked the Union Pacific, which sent the check, to give him a rebate of the same kind.

The man also found a letter accompanying the check, addressed to the Peavey Elevator Company. The railroad, Mr. Stickney declared, told the man he would be taken care of if he gave back the letter he had received by mistake. The letter and check were both returned to the railroad. Shortly after,

Mr. Stickney declares, the man was put out of business altogether.

September 20.—Secretary Taft, on mission of peace to Cuba, arrived at Havana and was received by President Palma. A deadlock exists between the Government and the revolutionists.

September 21.—Congressman Robert Hitt, of Illinois, died yesterday at the age of seventy-six.

September 23.—Mobs at Atlanta, Ga., killed ten negroes, following criminal assaults made on three white women in the course of one evening. Governor Terrell has summoned the militia to restore order.

Crisis at Havana is approaching. Fifteen hundred marines from American warships are about to land in the city.

September 24.—Rioting continues in Atlanta. Negro servants are leaving the city. Leading citizens condemn rioters and demand cessation of race agitation.

The foreign commerce of the United States has crossed the three-billion-dollar line. In the twelve months ending with August the imports were $1,254,399,735 and the exports $1,759,417,898, a total for the twelve months of $3,013,817,633. The total for the fiscal year 1906 exceeded $3,000,000,000 if the trade with the non-contiguous territory were included, but in this case the three-billion-dollar line is passed without including the trade with the non-contiguous territory, which is no longer considered by the Board of Statistics as foreign trade.

September 25.—Rioting between negroes and whites is reported from the outskirts of Atlanta as a result of the Atlanta riots.

September 26.—President Palma of Cuba abdicates, and all his supporters in the Cuban Congress quit with him. Cuba is without a government.

At Atlanta 3,000 troops keep peace between blacks and whites. Negroes are being disarmed by soldiers.

The vote at the primaries in New Jersey yesterday indicates the return of United States Senator John F. Dryden to the Senate.

September 27.—At Saratoga, N. Y., the Republican State Convention nominated for Governor Charles Evans Hughes, the insurance investigator, on suggestion from President Roosevelt.

At Buffalo, N. Y., the Democratic State Convention nominated William Randolph Hearst for Governor.

At Chicago, Paul O. Stensland, to whose confessed embezzlement of $400,000 was due chiefly the collapse of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, of which he was president, was sentenced to serve from one to ten years in the penitentiary.

Within three hours after Stensland's arrival in Chicago today from Morocco, whither he fled before the bank failed, the ex-bank president pleaded guilty and received sentence. Before another three hours had elapsed he had begun service of the sentence at Joliet Prison.

Stensland pleaded guilty on two indictments, charging embezzlement and violation of the state banking laws. A fine of $120 was imposed on the latter charge, which was based upon the acceptance of $60 in deposits after the bank was insolvent. The prison sentences imposed, which will operate concurrently, are from one to five and from one to ten years, making the longest term possible ten years.

September 28.—At Oklahoma City, Okla., before an audience of 15,000 people, William J. Bryan referred in his speech to the nomination of William R. Hearst by the New York State Democratic Convention for Governor in these words: "I am much gratified at the nomination of Mr. Hearst, because I feel that he will make not only a strong race, but also a good Governor after his election."

A tropical hurricane has been churning the waters of the Gulf of Mexico for the past twenty-four hours. Pensacola, Fla., is in ruins. Mobile, Ala., is cut off from telegraphic communication.

The amendment to the New York State Labor law prohibiting the employment of children under sixteen in any business after 7 P.M. takes effect October 1.

September 29.—Secretary of War Taft, it is reported from Havana, will tomorrow declare himself Military Governor of Cuba. President Palma will sail for New York tomorrow.

September 30.—The tropical cyclone that struck Mobile, Ala., on the night of September 26, and lasted till noon of September 27, caused the death of 100 persons and a property loss of $10,000,000.

Secretary of War Taft became Provisional Governor of Cuba yesterday. The action of the United States Government in this particular is well received by the Cubans. More than 5,000 American troops are being sent to Cuba.

October 1.—Attorney-General Moody has directed that suits be brought against a large number of railroads for violation of the Safety Appliance law. The largest number of violations attributed to any railroad is 51, against the Delaware & Hudson Co.

October 3.—A despatch from Seward, Alaska, says that the party led by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Antarctic explorer, climbed Mount McKinley on September 15. They found the temperature at the top 16 degrees below zero. The day was cloudy, and two barometers failed to work. For this reason the scientists were unable to accurately compute the height of Mc-

Kinley. They estimated it at 22,800 feet. The summit is divided into two pinnacles, of which the Cook party climbed one.

October 4.—Hoke Smith was elected Governor of Georgia.

October 5.—John B. Moran, at the Massachusetts Democratic State Convention, was nominated by acclamation for Governor.

October 6.—Tornadoes in the vicinity of New Orleans caused the loss of several lives and property damage of $1,000,000.

October 7.—Charles E. Magoon will succeed Secretary of War Taft as Provisional Governor of Cuba, exercising all the powers vested in General Leonard Wood when he ruled Cuba as Military Governor.

Foreign News

September 8.—At St. Petersburg the Social Revolutionists, at a meeting held after the publication of the Government program, adopt a resolution to continue Terrorism and to aim at the lives of the highest officials.

September 10.—At Siedlce, Russian Poland, on September 8 hundreds of civilians, Christians and Jews, were murdered and robbed by troops. The casualties are estimated at two hundred killed and one thousand wounded. Rioting between troops and revolutionists is reported from Warsaw.

September 12.—At Warsaw, Poland, rioting and bloodshed still continue.

September 15.—Of the seventeen railways in Japan to be purchased by the Government, in accordance with the law for the nationalization of railways, passed by the Diet last session, six are to be bought before the end of the year. The total price to be paid by the treasury is $123,500,883, to be paid in the form of state bonds bearing 5 per cent. interest, and the bonds are to be handed over within five years, counted from the date of purchase.

September 16.—General Trepoff, Commandant of the Russian Imperial Palace, and of all Russian reactionaries the most hated by the people, died yesterday at St. Petersburg.

September 17.—It is reported from St. Petersburg that the horrors of the massacre at Siedlce, Russian Poland, have prompted the Government to abolish the worst anti-Jew laws, and that provisional rules are being drafted which will insure to the Jews the right of travel and sojourn, and the right to acquire lands except such as belong to peasants.

September 19-20.—Typhoon at Hongkong. Five thousand Chinese are reported dead. The property losses are estimated at several millions.

September 26.—The Cagayan Valley, in the northern part of the Island of Luzon, was devastated by a typhoon September 18. Barrios, Gallaran, Amlung and Baggao were totally destroyed and four other towns were badly damaged. Cagayan is the principal tobacco section of the island, and the crops were practically destroyed. No estimate has been made of the amount of damage done, but the loss of life is known to have been slight.

September 29.—It is reported from St. Petersburg that a well-laid plot against the life of the Emperor, and one with all the chances of success on its side, was uncovered yesterday by the arrest of two armed Terrorists, a man and a woman, in the quarters of one of the Palace servants within the inclosure of the Alexandra Palace, Peterhof, the Emperor's secluded and closely guarded Summer residence on Cronstadt Bay.

October 2.—It was announced at Paris that the International Aeronauts' race had been won by Frank P. Lakin, of the Sixth United States Cavalry.

Along The Firing Line

By The Circulation Manager.

"WE are still in the fight," writes Hon. J. H. Calderhead, former State Auditor of Montana, inclosing a clipping from the Anaconda *Standard* of September 27, in which appears an account of the People's Party convention held in Butte the day before. Mr. Calderhead was chosen as standard-bearer for congressional honors. No nomination was made for Supreme Justice. The platform is rather too long for publication in full here. In it the people of the whole country "are to be congratulated upon the accession to its ranks, in fact and in principle, if not in name, of those ardent advocates of the fundamental truths of the People's Party, William Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt and William Randolph Hearst." Allegiance is again renewed "to the old-fashioned American spirit of equality before the law." The practice "of states appealing to the military arm of the Government in times of industrial disturbance" is deplored. Emphatic condemnation is accorded Colorado and Idaho officials for the kidnapping of certain members of the Western Federation on the charge of murdering former Governor Steunenberg. Sympathy is expressed for the Russian Jews. And, after reaffirming the fundamental principles of the People's Party, as expressed in its several national platforms, the following specific planks were adopted:

1. That eight hours shall constitute a day's work in all employments, and that if there is any weakness in our present eight-hour laws that the same shall be remedied by our next legislature.

2. We favor just and equal taxation, but we denounce the policy which taxes the poor man to the limit of endurance and almost wholly relieves the rich man and the great corporations.

3. We demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

4. We demand the submission by the coming legislature of a constitutional amendment providing for direct legislation and the imperative mandate.

5. We demand the popular election of all public officials, whether they be Federal, state, county or city.

6. Further realizing that the greatest boon that can be conferred upon any citizen is the right to cast his ballot for the enactment of laws he is compelled to obey, and realizing that all the citizens of the state are compelled to obey the laws so made, and the injustice of disfranchising any portion, we declare ourselves not alone in favor of equal pay for equal work for both sexes, but also in favor of a law granting the right of the ballot to all our citizens over the age of twenty-one years, regardless of sex.

7. We demand the enactment of a law that will place the authority to make the levy for school purposes with a board of school trustees of each and every district, the county commissioners to make the levy as requested and the constituted authorities to make the collections as directed.

8. We demand a law creating a railroad commission; that competent authority of law be placed behind that commission; that it have the services of the prosecuting authorities of the

state and the counties placed at its disposal.

9. We demand that household goods to the amount of three hundred dollars for every head of a family be exempt from taxation.

10. We demand the public ownership of all public utilities that are natural monopolies, such as railroads, telephones, street cars, telegraph, electric lighting, waterworks, and so forth, holding that no person or corporation is privileged to confiscate that which fully belongs to the whole people.

11. We stand for irreconcilable hostility to appropriation by corporations of franchise values created by the community and belonging to the community. Respect for local rights and home rule should authorize the enactment of statutes empowering the state, counties, cities and towns to acquire, under the right of eminent domain, title to all such public necessities, and if successful at the polls, we pledge our legislature to the enactment of such a law.

12. As to those other trusts and monopolies, such as the Beef Trust and others, which are not public utilities or natural monopolies, we demand that those special privileges which they now enjoy, and which alone enable them to exist, should be immediately withdrawn. Corporations, being the creatures of government, should be subject to such government regulation and control as will adequately protect the public.

13. We demand the taxation of monopoly privileges while they remain in private hands, to the extent of the value of the privilege granted.

14. We desire to express our opposition to trusts and combines dictating and controlling the legislation of the state and the destiny of the people, and pledge our united efforts to the enactment and enforcement of legislation to abolish the same.

15. We proclaim to the voters of Montana that if successful at the polls we will do all in our power in support of a law and constitutional provision providing that the people directly shall have a hand in dictating and controlling the legislation through the medium of the initiative and referendum.

16. Realizing that a great many of our citizens are people of small means and a large proportion of our membership wage-earners, and believing that the wage-earner is entitled to the full value of the wealth which his labor creates, and that in providing the daily necessaries of life cash will purchase more than credit, we declare ourselves in favor of a semi-monthly payday.

17. We further declare our unalterable opposition to government by injunction, and pledge our members to the legislature, if elected, to the enactment of a law curtailing the power of the courts in granting injunctions restraining or hindering industrial organizations and industrial enterprises engaged in the lawful conduct of their affairs.

18. We are further unalterably opposed to government by precedent in these modern times, and fully realizing that the conditions surrounding employer and employee are different today to what they were centuries ago, when precedents were established exonerating employers from all liabilities where injuries resulted from the act of a fellow-servant, we are in favor of, and pledge our members to the legislature to the enactment of a law making employers liable for the negligent act of their employees, whether the above-mentioned employees are fellow-servants or not.

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The unexpected doesn't always happen. It need never happen, if men were endowed with more of the Sherlock Holmes faculty of inductive reasoning. Unfortunately, I'm not much of a practitioner along the Holmes line, but I've made several good guesses in this department lately. In the August number I mentioned that the Prohibitionists had nominated District Attorney John B. Moran for Governor, and that "he stands a good show of securing the Democratic indorsement if the rank and file can

dominate the machine." The rank and file won. Mr. Moran was given the Democratic nomination without much of a struggle; and our old-time Populist friend, E. Gerry Brown, of Brocton, was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. I don't want to break my record for good guessing—but here's one more: Moran will be the next Governor of Massachusetts, if he lives.

* * * * *

Hon. Hoke Smith was elected Governor of Georgia a few days ago. This election was merely a formality. The real victory was won in the primaries in September. Mr. Smith happened to be in New York on Election Day and so was spared the embarrassment of voting for himself. After Inauguration Day he will have the hardest work of his life to fulfil the promises made during the campaign. Here's hoping that the people of Georgia may have no cause to regret their choice. I have no reason to believe they will; but they must be patient. Governor Smith cannot accomplish all in the first few months. Give him reasonable time to perform the great reform work he has begun.

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In the October number I gave an account of the Independence League State Convention held in this city September 12. As that number was on sale the very day of the Democratic State Convention at Buffalo (September 25), I could give no news of it. I made no guess as to results there, because it was impossible to forecast what action Tammany might take. Mr. Hearst had a big up-State following, notwithstanding Norman E. Mack had come out against him after the league convention; but without Tammany he could not have been nominated, in all probability. The league candidates for Lieutenant-Governor and Secretary of State were also indorsed, and the remainder of the ticket named by the Democratic convention. As the league ticket must go on by petition, a fusion will not be hard to bring about.

Except for the *News* and Mr. Hearst's own papers, every daily in New York is fighting for Mr. Hughes, the Republican candidate. Some of these papers are cock-sure of Mr. Hearst's defeat, but the *World* seems frightened. It believes Mr. Hearst is a very strong candidate and warns its readers that only the hardest kind of work will defeat him. As might be expected, the point of attack is the alleged "deal" between Hearst and Murphy, the leader of Tammany. Last year the Hearst papers scored Murphy unmercifully for stealing the mayoralty election for McClellan. One cartoon showed Murphy in prison garb, and this is being reproduced every day as a thumb-nail corner piece to larger cartoons.

Looked at dispassionately, I cannot believe that Mr. Hearst or his friends made any deal whatever with Murphy. They had no need to do so. Mr. Hearst, beyond question, would be just as strong without the Democratic indorsement, except with those voters who look for the emblem and vote the Democratic ticket regardless. And for every vote gained thus he will doubtless lose an equal number of independents who believe he did make a tie-up with Tammany. Even a little independent movement is sufficient to frighten the old party leaders; and one the size of the Independence League, with its carefully constructed organization, must have caused some "coniption fits." If the Democratic Party refused to nominate Hearst, its disorganized condition would be known to all the world on Election Day, for either he or the Republican candidate would be elected. The Democrats would be a bad third in the race.

But by indorsing Mr. Hearst Democracy's feeble condition could be kept a secret. If he wins, it will be heralded as a Democratic victory; if he loses, he loses as a Democrat, and is down and out. The party still lives, but Mr. Hearst as a Presidential possibility is done for.

Charlie Murphy is a politician.

There may be shrewder ones, but he has sense enough to see a brick wall. He did exactly what any other sane politician would have done under the circumstances. No matter what hard things had been said of him by the Hearst papers, he could not allow personal feeling to stand in the way of his keeping a firm grip on Tammany. And he threw the Tammany vote to Hearst, not because he liked the man, not because of any deal, but because he couldn't do otherwise and retain his leadership.

Mr. Hearst, in his letter accepting the league nomination, makes it very plain that he is the league's candidate. And at this writing (October 10) he has not accepted the Democratic nomination. Many of his ardent supporters are hoping he will either refuse it or ignore it altogether.

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Now and then a magazine editor gets "a lemon handed to him" in the shape of a plagiarism. We have been caught twice by the same person. In our August number, page 209, appears a poem entitled "The Haunted House," and in the October number, page 517, "The Magic of the Invisible," by George E. Woods. Both these are stolen, we are informed by one of our readers. The first appeared some years ago in *Harper's*, and the last in *Century* of 1901 or 1902, about September. Our editors were in high glee when Mr. Woods submitted his manuscripts, for they believed they had made a discovery. They had; but not the kind they bargained for. While they regret being thus imposed upon, they appreciate Mr. Woods's good taste in stealing something really fit to print.

* * * * *

The Kansas Populists have a straight ticket in the field; but up in Nebraska there is a fusion between Populists and Democrats. The Kansas ticket is as follows:

Governor—Horace Keefer, Leavenworth county.

Lieutenant-Governor—Joseph Wright, Smith county.

Secretary of State—Robert Heiserman, Riley county.

Treasurer—D. C. Kay, Graham county.

Attorney-General—George H. Bailey, Jewell county.

Superintendent of Public Instruction—D. O. Kemphill, Norton county.

Auditor—E. C. Fowler, Shawnee county.

Insurance Commissioner—C. H. Mingenbacker, McPherson county.

Justices of the Supreme Court (long terms)—H. C. Root and W. A. Eyster, Shawnee county. Nominations for short terms were left to State Central Committee.

Railroad Commissioner—G. R. Sellyard, Greenwood county. Two places to be filled by State Central Committee.

State Printer—Charles A. Southwick, Clay county.

Chairman state central committee—George W. Hanna, Clay county.

Secretary and Treasurer State Central Committee—E. C. Fowler, Shawnee county.

The Nebraska ticket (fusion) is as follows:

Ashton C. Shallenberger, of Alma, for Governor.

William H. Green, of Creighton, for Lieutenant-Governor.

Carl R. Goucher, of Wahoo, for Secretary of State.

Frank C. Babcock, of Hastings, for Treasurer.

J. S. Canaday, of Minden, for Auditor.

J.V. Wolfe, of Lancaster, for Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings.

R. H. Watson, of Valentine, for State Superintendent.

A. P. Fitzsimmons, of Tecumseh; George Horst, of Polk county; John Davis, of Fillmore county, for Railroad Commissioners.

T. S. Allen, of Lincoln, for Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee.

Herbert S. Daniels, of Omaha, for Secretary of the State Central Committee.

Messrs. Canaday and Wolfe are Populists; the remainder, Democrats.

DISCRIMINATION

OUR readers will recollect that when application was made for re-ent y of WATSON'S MAGAZINE (when we dropped the word "Tom" from the title) the Post-office Department objected to several hundred subscriptions which had been taken in combination with the Jefferson Bible. We sent out a letter to each subscriber who received the book, asking whether it was the book or the Magazine which induced him to subscribe. Ninety-five per cent. of the replies were that the subscriber primarily desired the Magazine, and took the book as a secondary consideration. We submitted these to the department, but to no avail; so we are still putting a three-cent stamp on each copy sent out to those subscribers.

The department's reasoning is: You offered a dollar book and a dollar magazine for $1.35; therefore you received only 35 cents for the magazine one year, and that is not half of your then subscription price; hence, such subscription is not legitimate and cannot go at the cent a pound rate of postage.

A subscriber of ours in Michigan writes us as follows: "*Men and Women*, a Catholic $1 magazine, published in Cincinnati, in May, 1906, offered 75 per cent. commission and cash awards for largest clubs. *Farm and Home*, semi-monthly, Springfield, Mass., offers 25 cents commission for 35 cent subscriptions in blocks of 25, and a premium worth 10 cents and up. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, offers 25 per cent. and cash awards that push the commission above the 50 per cent. limit. *American Home*, 15 cent monthly, New York City, offers 5 years for 50 cents and half of this to the agent, plus large cash and other awards.

"Now, why does the United States Post-office Department discriminate against WATSON'S? I don't wish to hurt those journals—all good fellows; but 'special privileges to none'; and why should the special privilege of paying higher postage be awarded to WATSON'S?"

We are inclined to agree with the department that no publication ought to accept less than half its advertised rate for subscriptions. That is, after general agents and sub-agents have been paid, or the value of combinations deducted, at least one-half the advertised price should be received by the publishers. In the Jefferson Bible case we put in the book at actual cost to us, and received just about 95 cents for the Magazine. The book was originally printed as a dollar book, although we never knew of one being retailed for that price. And we inadvertently used the expression "a dollar book" just as one speaks of a dollar watch which Macy sells for 79 cents. However, the incident is closed so far as we are concerned, and whether the conditions now prevail as our subscriber has pointed out we do not know. Nor have we any desire to cause any other publisher trouble with the department.

A commission, such as suggested by the Publishers' Association, is evidently needed badly. It would constitute a court to adjudicate such cases and be much more satisfactory than the fiat of some clerk in the department.

Another form of discrimination is in the matter of advertisements containing corner coupons. The law permits the insertion in periodicals of advertisements "attached permanently to the same," and the Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-office Department some time ago rendered an opinion as follows:

"The word 'permanently' as used in the statute can convey but one meaning, namely, that which is made a part of the periodical with the intention that it shall remain attached indefinitely. The law intends that the peri-

odical shall remain a complete and unaltered whole."

Evidently, then, a coupon of any kind, size or shape would be objectionable, but notwithstanding this, the department does permit certain coupons, as, for example, the Dodd, Mead & Co. coupon in our October number—a triangular affair 1½ by 2 inches. But our entire August issue was held up a whole day at the post-office because of a railroad advertisement which has an 1½-inch coupon across the bottom of the page. Cutting out either coupon mutilates the page and leaves it an incomplete and altered whole. In *Ridgway's* for October 13 is a coupon which, if cut out, would leave a triangular hole near the centre of the page. Department rulings are difficult sometimes to reconcile with good reasoning —and this is one of the times.

On the Rosebud Reservation

BY ANNE DOROTHY HEILMAN

HALF hidden in a cloud of alkali dust, the Snake Flats stage came dashing down the main street of the town and halted in front of the leading hotel, the "Waldorf," a rough wooden structure with a sagging porch and sprawling steps. The driver, missing the customary crowd of loungers, always gathered to see the stage come in announced his arrival by an ear-splitting yell.

"Just throw out the mail-bag, Danny," called out the landlord from the open door of the hotel barroom. "The Chicago drummer's goin' back with you, but he's busy now, swappin' lies with Doc Billings. One of 'em's sure to set 'em up soon's they get through; the boys air all in here listenin'. Come in an' join us."

"I'm half an hour late, already, Buck," responded the driver, as he tossed out the mail pouch and clambered slowly and stiffly down from his high seat. "Hey! Don't be in such a hurry gittin' back behind your bar. I've a surprise for you today, old boy."

Buck eyed Danny suspiciously as he reluctantly descended the steps. "Wot you givin' us now?" he growled. "If it's another paralyzed Injin you're plannin' to unload on me you kin just drive on. My hotel's all upsot yet since Pieface's last high-lonesome."

The driver said nothing, but with a grin and an impressive wink, pulled off his tattered hat with a flourish as he opened the stage door.

A general exodus from the barroom took place as a slender young woman, dressed in deep mourning, emerged from the stage and entered the hotel. The traveling man, grip in hand, passed the new arrival on the wide porch with an unmistakable look of recognition on his face; turned as if to address her, but being warned by the impatient driver that if he expected to make connections with the Fargo train no time was to be lost, hurried to the stage. His only reply to the storm of interrogation from the curious crowd was a series of aggravating winks as he deliberately cut a huge wedge from a colossal plug and carefully settled it in his cheek.

"Look out for yourselves," was his parting exhortation as the stage pulled out with a terrific clatter. "This'll be a hard winter on shorn lambs, my boys."

Unsuccessful in their attempt to extract information from the jocose drummer, the crowd disconsolately re-

turned to the barroom and devoted considerable time to discussion of probabilities and possibilities. After much conversation and many drinks it was decided to await patiently Buck's return for definite information.

"Just give him half an hour," advised Colonel Swisher philosophically, "and he'll be in possession of all details in regard to her name, age, affairs, pedigree and present intentions."

The colonel was right; he generally was. When the landlord returned his fat, good-natured face fairly bristled with importance and information.

"She's a widow," he breathlessly announced without any unnecessary circumlocution. "Mrs. Lily Rivers, from Chicago. Come out to Yankton for the opening, but there was sich a tough crowd an' sich poor accommodations she struck out to the Flats for a little peace an' comfort. She seemed kinder upsot over meetin' that drummer here, an' mighty cur'us to know when he'd be back ag'in. Has plenty o' money, wants the best of everything an' never kicked about prices.

"No," he added in rebuttal of a suggestion from Doc Billings. "No, she ain't no lunger, leastways she don't look it. She's a writer an' is sorter lookin' up truck fer a story, local color, she called it."

"That explains Donovan's chaff," said the colonel judicially. "He meant to insinuate that she'd write us up as local curiosities, I presume. Where is she now, Buck?"

"I toted out a rockin'-chair on the side porch an' she's settin' there, restin'. Good-looker? Why, boys, she's a reg'lar beaut!"

The boys were doubters—they strolled singly and collectively around by the side porch and their verdict was unanimous and their praises extravagant. Buck's reputation for veracity and good judgment soared above par.

All sorts and conditions of men floated in and out of Buck Wilson's tavern. Some of them boarded there; some liked Buck and showed it by loafing on his premises. After the widow's arrival they came thicker and faster than ever. Buck found it necessary to employ extra help in the kitchen and barroom. In a week's time every man within a radius of fifty miles was in love with his handsome guest; yet she dispersed her favors with such innocent enjoyment—free from any suspicion of coquetry—that there were no heart-burnings, and the unlucky man who nourished a fancied slight would have been laughed at by his fellows. She gave much leisure to rocking back and forth on the side porch, her hands idle, her eyes vacant, her lips dumb.

"A nice contented home sort o' woman," observed Doc Billings approvingly. "Not a flighty, flirting romp, like the Wilson girls." Doc's attentions to Liddy Wilson had been decidedly pronounced—before the widow's advent.

All the men cheerfully took turns at entertaining the interesting visitor, but the ones who acted most persistently as guide, philosopher and friend were the philosophical colonel and Doc Billings—so titled because of a rumor that he had received a medical education in the East somewhere—the owner of the X-Bar-X cattle ranch, one of the richest outfits in the state.

She fraternized with them all and held court usually on the porch, which commanded an extensive, but not inspiring view of the surrounding country. The Dakota prairie lay scorching brown in the hot August sun, the monotonous level broken only by an occasional shack. She thought it all ugly, drearily ugly, and wondered audibly how one could live in a treeless country and not go mad.

The colonel gravely assured her that her ideas in regard to the merits and charms of the country were painfully obsolete. "Any common sense Dakotan will tell you," he declared, "that water isn't necessary and the best land is that which is not encumbered with trees."

Colonel Swisher was a short, stout, fat little man with the signs of wear on the top of his head, a shaggy red face and jolly-looking blue eyes. He

was considered a power in the Flats—a gossip, a philosopher and reputedly rich.

"This view of the Lower Brûlé is considered exceptionally fine," he reiterated, "by those who are not so unreasonable as to insist on trees and water in their scenery. But I'll admit that even the oldest and most prosperous inhabitants often take a hand at abusing the place when there's nothing else convenient to vent their ill-humor on. Just notice that fellow pigeon-toeing this way," indicating with a pudgy finger a tall, loose-jointed individual clad in an odd assortment of dilapidated garments, with an appearance of chronic tiredness. "Now that chap, not satisfied with cussing everything in sight and out of sight, in season and out of season, composes yards of rhymes, abusing and vilifying the land, the climate and the natives. He looks like a typical hobo, but he can draw his check any day for fifty thousand dollars or better, and he made it all here, every dollar of it."

Peter Judd, that was his name in Dakota, drifted up to the porch, gave a whistling sigh in token of the heat, and then drifted to a convenient chair beside Doc Billings, from which he began to swing the remnants of a hat between his legs and to take an exhaustive sidelong survey of the occupant of the rocker.

Buck came out of the barroom and seated himself communicably on the steps. "Needin' rain badly, Pete," he remarked, "an' from present indications we all expect it soon."

"We do," Pete answered gloomily; "we do expect rain, and we expect Christmas."

"I was just telling Mrs. Rivers about your remarkable talent for versifying, Pete," said the colonel, with a comprehensive wave of his hand toward the lady, which in Snake Flats etiquette constituted an introduction. "Won't you favor us with the toast you gave the traveling man, last week?"

Pete, nothing loth, cleared his throat portentously and expectorated voluminously. Hitching his chair around to a position that gave him a better view of his fair auditor, and staring steadfastly at her with a pair of mismated eyes, he solemnly recited:

"Here's to the land of drought and heat
Where nothing grows for man to eat;
Our horses are of bronco race,
Starvation stares them in the face.
Our cattle have no grass to eat—
Our pigs go screaming down the street.
Pray, stranger, pray, before too late,
For strength to leave this hoodooed state.
We cannot leave, we have to stay,
We are too poor to move away.

"Well, I'll allow that I *did* feel rather proud of that rhyme," said Pete modestly, on being warmly congratulated by his audience, "but that there red-headed drummer just beat me all holler. No sooner had we h'isted in our corn juice after I'd sprung that toast on him than he ups and gets off this verse:

"Dakota land, Dakota land,
Upon your burning soil we stand;
We look away across the plains
And wonder why it never rains,
Until Gabriel on his trump doth sound
And says the rain has gone around.

"I'll have to admit that the composin' of my verses cost me consid'able time and trouble; but he just reels off those lines, extemporaneous-like, without turnin' a hair."

"That fellow's all there," acknowledged the colonel. "By the way, he appeared to know you, Mrs. Rivers. His name is Henry Donovan and he travels for a big harvester concern in Chicago."

"Yes, I recognized Mr. Donovan," faltered the widow. "He was interested in business with my dear husband at one time. His unexpected appearance affected me at first; I was trying so hard to forget—" her eyes filled and her lips trembled piteously.

Doc Billings, transfixing the in-

quisitive colonel with an angry glance, hurriedly changed the subject by drawing her attention to a gaudy harvester machine, rattling noisily down the street in full gear, canvas set, every wheel revolving, a large flag stuck rakishly in the whip-socket; a dignified Indian in gay raiment serenely occupying the elevated seat.

"Chief Tub-Without-Hoops is slinging on unlimited style today," he remarked. "Size him up well, Mrs. Rivers: he's considered quite a curiosity."

"His name certainly is," she gasped in astonishment, with a burst of irrepressible laughter. "Is it really his name?"

"It's the English translation," volunteered Colonel Swisher. "I can't articulate the Sioux pronunciation. I understand he was so named because it's impossible to fill him up with whisky, his capacity in that respect being utterly unlimited."

The chief tied his sorry bronchos to a hitching post, pompously acknowledged the salutations of the group on the porch and strutted majestically into the barroom.

The widow eyed the showy turnout in silent wonder.

"What does he want with that machine?" she finally asked. "I haven't seen the slightest indications of any harvest hereabout."

"And there won't be any afore the second coming," cordially agreed Mr. Judd. "But that cuts no figger with Hank Donovan; he sells machines, harvest or no harvest. That identical layout was billed to Fargo, but was sent on here by mistake; then the drummer blew in, a-roundin' it up. As he didn't want the trouble or expense of shippin' it back to Fargo he talks old Tub into buyin' it, under the impression that he's gettin' the very latest thing in automobiles. 'Twas a bona fide sale, all right. The chief gave his note and Donovan delivered the goods. He'll be along to get the cash next payday, when old Tub draws his quarterly instalment from a protecting government."

"It's a wonderful country," mused the widow.

"It's all of that," agreed the men.

"This town is quite near the reservation, is it not? How far is it to the village?"

"About ten miles, but you're right on the Rosebud Reservation now," responded Doc Billings. "No one is allowed to sell or even give liquor to Indians on the reservation, so Buck built this joint with the barroom just over the line. The Indians, as a rule, are too lazy to work their land. That nearest ranch," pointing to a forlorn shack on the outskirts of the town, "belongs to Chief Crazy Snake."

"You must know quantities of interesting things about the Indians, Mr. Judd," hazarded the widow. "I want to collect all the information I possibly can while I'm in their country."

"Pete's the very man for that line of business," advised Doc Billings. "He's a prime favorite with the tribe, and attends all the weddings, christenings, medicine feasts, corn dances and pow-wows in the reservation."

"How they come to get so stuck on me was this way," said Pete as he reflectively took a huge bite of tobacco. "Me and Buck-kneed Todd and Baldy Jones started out to hunt buffalo about the time that old Tub's youngest son strayed away from the village and got himself lost. Now you know an Indian is allowed a hundred and sixty acres of land for each and every kid, so they natchelly set a heap of store by their young 'uns; so the hull tribe started out on the search and made a furious commotion prancin' around the prairie, until commanded to stop by their old medicine-man, who'd worked a spell and divined that the kid'd been made away with by the evil spirits as a sort of retribution on old Tub, who, it seems, hadn't been as regular and generous with his donations as he might be."

"Well, as I was sayin', we was out on a hunt, but hadn't sighted no big game, and one day I hiked out by myself and was ridin' along, meditatin' on our bad

luck and keepin' my eye peeled for any old buffalo that might be browsin' around, unsuspicious-like, and just as I got to the edge of a bunch of scrub my bronco shied, and there come out of the brush a little Indian kid, three or four years old. He'd got a bunch of leaves and twigs in his fist which he was suckin' for dear life. I kin speak their lingo some, and I questioned the little tad to find out how he'd come there and if anyone was with him, but nary a word did he say, not even whimpered, but stood with his eyes bulgin' out starin' at me and gnawin' away at the leaves ravenous-like. Well, after I'd whooped and yelled and got no answer from nobody I sized up the situation correctly and h'isted him up afore me on the saddle; the young savage doin' his level best at bitin', kickin' and scratchin' the hull time, an' set off for the Indian village without waitin' to go back to camp and notify the boys.

"Along in the afternoon by mighty hard ridin' I reached the town. The bucks had given up the search all right and was all settin' around on the ground smokin' away sociably and watchin' the squaws hoein' corn. When they ketched sight of me and the kid they raised a big hullabaloo of rejoicin', and old Tub was the biggest and gayest duck in the puddle, for he was wise to the fack of that quarter-section of land still bein' his'n.

"When the old medicine-man came rubberin' around to locate the cause of the commotion the reception the chief gave him was beautiful to see and a baleful warnin' to the old fakir not to indulge in no more sich mistakes in future. After callin' him all the juicy, five-pronged names he could lay his tongue to, old Tub landed him a kick that ackshelly h'isted the old fossil plumb into a deep mud puddle in which the children and pigs was wallerin'.

"Well, they all give me the glad hand and escorted me to the chief's lodge, which is the biggest and toniest in the town. Pipes and fire-water galore was passed around and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. After we'd smoked and pow-wowed and drunk consid'able, I said I must be goin', but Tub wouldn't hear to it, but insisted I must stay to supper. He ordered the two squaws that was settin' in the lodge, cobbling away at a lot of moccasins, to git busy, and they set to work real brisk, gittin' out all sorts of chuck. Two young girls come in to help, and I caught on from what was said that there was to be a reg'lar banquet. The squaws was right faggoty-lookin' old pelicans, their clothes was throwed on reckless-like and their hair looked, for all the world, like hayricks after a hurricane; but the girls was quite spruce-lookin'; their clothes was clean and tidy and tricked out with all sorts of trinkets and their hair all slicked up and decked out with beads and buckles and feathers.

"So much company kept droppin' in, promiscuous-like, to sorter inspeck me and congratulate the chief about his land that 'twas evident there wan't enough grub to go round; so after parleyin' a while one of the squaws went out and ketched a big brindle dog that was moochin' around outside and killed it. I seen her doin' it and watched her dressin' it and gittin' it ready for the pot. The girls hustled around and built up a big fire and began mixing up some interestin'-lookin' messes. They were real peart and lively; I sure did admire them girls," emphasized Pete, with a sheepish, reminiscent grin, "and they paid consid'able attention to me, but that's another story.

"That was a right good supper and I was powerful hungry, because I'd had no dinner, and I ate with the best of 'em. I'd kind of made up my mind that I'd skip the dog and I'd try to keep my eye on the platter they dished him out on; but I'd got flustered and missed it. I ate some of everything they had, and I reckon I got dog along with the rest; I vow I couldn't tell the dif'rence, everything tasted real good to me, but I rec'lect that when I'd got back to camp it took a whalin' big jolt of whisky to kill the taste.

"That was ten years ago and they've

never missed askin' me to all their doin's ever since. The last and swellest of all was when old Crazy Snake's daughter married Pieface Charley. The Brûlé Sioux kin put on a heap of style when they set out to, and they sure cut things loose that day. There was prizefights and chicken fights, foot races, pony races, a greased pig and a greased pole, balloon ascensions and fireworks till you couldn't rest. It was a great occasion, sorry you wa'n't here then, Mis' Rivers. But if you say so I'll round old Tub up right now and git a bid for the hull gang to the very next blow-out they hev."

"Pete means well," explained the colonel, as that worthy, having been assured of the widow's readiness to attend a "blow-out," wended his way to the barroom whence sounds of high revelry proceeded. "He means well, but occasionally in his enthusiasm, gets separated from his good intentions. That story about the dog sounds suspiciously like one I read lately. I've met exaggerators, regular Ananias-like prevaricators, in my day, but I must admit that Pete is the most phenomenal economizer of the truth I've ever met, even in Dakota."

Pete soon returned, a triumphant, lopsided grin betokening the success of his mission.

"The cowboys of the Circle Y ranch hev bantered the Indians for a race next Sunday," he announced breathlessly. "They've all chipped in and got a genu*ine* Mexican saddle and bridle for the prize. The race'll be a hot one, Pieface Charley and Kid Waters hev both got rattlin' good critters; the rest don't amount to shucks. I'm to invite all my friends and Tub'll hev a bang-up banquet spread for us. Doc kin take you and the agent's wife in his buckboard; all the others as don't want to go horseback kin ride in my shay. We'll take Buck and the girls, too. There's bound to be lots of fun on the side and we'll hev a reg'lar hog-killin' time."

Chief Tub-Without-Hoops, half drunk, but genial, followed the loquacious Pete and repeated the invitation in an impressive manner. The party solemnly agreed to be on hand.

To Mrs. Rivers the new experience was like a powerful elixir. She had all a town-bred girl's curiosity and interest in reservation life, and walked about the village freely, keenly watching the cowboys as they circled around on their agile ponies and talking to the squaws and their numerous progeny. The gorgeous evening, with its brilliant sunlight and freshening breeze, the shouts and jests of the cowboys, the barking of the swarm of dogs, the Indians in their gay raiment, all filled her with excitement.

The western sky was ablaze with red and gold when the bickering contestants were at last lined up in something like order. Owing to the lateness of the hour a single heat had been agreed on. Chief Tub gave the signal, and with a terrific yell the cavalcade sprang forward. Many cur-dogs were ridden screaming under-foot, and the others, addled by the excitement, fell into fierce, promiscuous battles.

Necks and eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of the first that should appear after rounding the flag. In a few seconds the two favorites were seen, their riders bending low over their necks, and behind them, almost hidden in a cloud of dust, the crowd of yelling, waving, shooting horsemen.

As they neared the village, and the Indian was seen to be plainly in the lead, the excitement among the spectators was intense; groans, yells, curses and exultant war-whoops filled the air. Down the street behind the leaders, yelling wild oaths, shooting off their revolvers, flinging hats wildly in the air, and all enveloped in a cloud of dust, thundered the pursuing cavalcade.

The turmoil that followed the race was beyond description. The Indians were frantic with delight; Pieface was lifted bodily from his panting bronco, hoisted on the shoulders of two brawny bucks and triumphantly escorted by a horde of howling admirers to the judge's stand, followed by a flood of profanity from the crestfallen cowboys.

Chief Tub bestowed the prize on the winner with a few condescending words of praise; then, picking up the half-emptied jug, strutted slowly to his lodge, looking superbly reserved and dignified in spite of the difficulty he obviously experienced in keeping his equilibrium.

The Snake Flats party left the village with the usual expressions of farewell and their minds full of new and strange impressions; by this time the sun had gone down and the wind of evening came sauntering across Dakota.

The next day's mail included a bulky package for Mrs. Rivers, which seemingly caused her considerable annoyance and anxiety.

"I will have to go to Omaha soon—tomorrow if possible," she confided to the sympathetic Doc. "Oh, I'm coming back!" she cried, blushing charmingly at his loud and violent remonstrance. "The final payment is due on a large business block, included in my husband's estate; and there are troublesome formalities about deeds and transfers that absolutely require my presence. My banker stupidly sent me this"—showing him a certified check for a large amount—"instead of the money by express as I requested him. I haven't a single acquaintance in Omaha and it will be impossible to obtain security or identification or whatever is required. I know no more about business than a child and hate the very thought of notes, checks, drafts and identifications; and I don't want to wait there until communication is made with Chicago. If you will cash this tiresome check for me I can be back in three days."

Upon Doc's attempting to impress her with the fact that it would be vastly better to submit to the necessary delay than to risk traveling with such a large amount of money, he realized the truth of her assertion that she knew no more about business than a child. She insisted with a stamp of her pretty foot that she would not be annoyed with hunting up means of identification or waiting word from Chicago, and that she was perfectly capable of taking charge of a much larger sum of money.

As Doc was somewhat prejudiced against banks, and banks in small frontier towns in particular—a circumstance which he had previously confided to the widow—and usually kept a large supply of money in his fireproof safe, he indulgently humored her and rode over to his ranch in the early morning.

"Hadn't I better accompany you on this trip?" he asked anxiously, on his return. "So many suspicious characters are traveling on the railroad, following the crowds that have come on for the opening of the reservation. I hear that Yankton is filled to the brim with sharpers, confidence men and sneak-thieves."

"No—oh, no! it wouldn't look well, not before the year is out," she added softly. "And I don't want you to neglect your business for me; you've been away from your ranch altogether too much lately."

"I'd sacrifice all my business interests for you, but——"

"For me?" She bent her eyes full on him, and looked into his. She had dark, lustrous eyes, around which long lashes curled; eyes into which there leaped a sudden fire, that glowed darkly, like burning velvet.

He said no more, but produced a large and luxurious roll of yellow notes, from which he counted five thousand dollars.

A gathering greater than usual was on hand that evening to see the stage pull out for Yankton, where it made connection with the railroad for Omaha, for everyone in town had learned that the handsome widow was going to the city for a few days. She shook hands with the landlord, Doc, Pete and the colonel and waved good-bye to a large and varied assortment of men, cordially inviting them all to be on the lookout for her return in three days.

Snake Flats relapsed into dreariness unutterable; Pete and the colonel loafed no more on Buck's side porch

and Doc remained in strict seclusion at his ranch until the evening of the third day. Although all were deeply disappointed when the stage pulled in without the expected passenger, no very great concern was manifested until the fourth day passed without the widow's appearance. An unexpected and steady downpour of rain added to the general gloom.

"Didn't see nothink of her," said Danny gloomily, in response to numerous questions. "But I seed that redheaded drummer over there; he'll be here tomorrow; he knows somethink, I'm doggoned sure, for he burst out a-laughin' when I asked him 'bout her. Naw, didn't say nothink, only grinned like a Chessy-cat."

"If she don't come tomorrow or if Donovan can't give us any information concerning her safety or whereabouts, I'll go to Omaha myself," said Doc Billings that night after the other clients had dispersed and the four friends were holding solemn council in the barroom. "I should not have allowed her to go on that long journey alone and with so much money and the place fairly swarming with sharpers. If anything happens to her, I'll never forgive myself."

In their anxiety, confidences had been exchanged. Pete acknowledged cashing a check for two thousand, the colonel one for fifteen hundred and the landlord a check for seven hundred dollars.

"Do you think it's possible we've been had?" hazarded Buck. "Seems mighty strange that banker feller'd send so many checks 'stead of a draft. Now if there's anythin' wrong with them checks——"

"The checks are all right," advised the colonel judicially. "I understand plainly why she failed to confide in either of us about having so many cashed—she knew we'd never allow her to go alone if we knew it. She don't know any more about business than a child. I feel very uneasy about her safety."

"So do I," chanted Pete. "What with worryin' about her and this confounded rain, my nerves are ackshelly raw. It never rains here when it's needed. I couldn't feel more upsot if I was in jail for horse-stealin' and lookin' forward to a business visit from a lot o' meddlin' vigilantes."

The speaker paused, glanced around Buck's bright, comfortable barroom, the shining array of bottles and glasses beyond, and the three gloomy faces fronting the stove, which glowed with a crackling fire; wagged his cadaverous face despondently to and fro and lifted his glass from the counter and, in spite of his deprecating remarks, took a long draught of the steaming punch with every symptom of satisfaction.

"I feel sartin sure she's in thar," hopefully remarked the landlord the next afternoon as the eagerly awaited stage hove in sight. "I allus sets 'em up to Danny when he brings me a customer, an' I kin tell by the cock of his old head when he's expectin' a drink."

The lumbering old vehicle had not come to a stop before the colonel and Doc together sprang to open the door, but to their surprise and stupefaction no one appeared but the Chicago drummer, bland, genial, debonair.

"Glad you're all here to meet me, boys," he cried, shaking hands affably all around, a knowing smile flitting over his face as he scrutinized the four disconsolate faces. "Real kind and friendly of you, I'm sure; sorry I won't have much time to tarry with you—have to go back with Danny soon as I straighten out that little account of the chief's," and he dashed across the street to the Indian agents', pursued by the excited men, besieging him with inquiries designed to extract such information as he might be supposed to possess in regard to the non-arrival of the fair widow.

"Do you mean Sue Gladsby?" he asked after hurriedly concluding his business with the agent. "No, haven't seen her since I met her here, last trip. I wondered then what lay she was on."

"It's Mrs. Lily Rivers we're askin'

for, young feller," snapped out Buck in a truculent voice, fixing the communicative drummer with a filmy eye. "Not any Gladsby woman with a 'lay.'"

"It's Sue Gladsby, all right—Slippery Sue, as she's known to the detectives. I met her with her husband in Yankton the very day I came over here last month. A Chicago detective recognized them and the sheriff lost no time in ordering the pair out of town."

"It's clearly a case of mistaken identity," declared the colonel in his most judicial manner. "This lady's husband has been dead nearly a year. Why, she said you were interested in business with him at one time."

"Interested in business with him!" exclaimed the drummer, with a grim and retrospective smile. "I was, but only to the extent of a hundred dollars. The trick was done so smoothly that I never squealed; but as I'd left the note with a bank for collection before I knew I'd been bit, I was summoned as a witness at the trial. The detectives had traced up their whole history; they were shown to be low-down, contemptible, swindling robbers; in the widows-and-orphans-swindling class. Their latest graft—the one that landed them within the stern clutches of the law—was to send out a number of alleged drummers through the West and then mail them from Chicago checks certified by their own private 'bank'—checks which they proceeded to cash in hotel offices and bars, the"—with a suggestive look at the belligerent landlord—"natural lair of the born sucker.

"The checks were usually drawn for small amounts except where the fair Sue took the field. Her favorite and most successful scheme was to pass as a guileless widow—in the interesting stage of mitigated grief—too unsophisticated to understand the intricacies of having checks cashed at the bank in due form. She'd gain the confidence of an impressionable old jay, and occasionally of an unlimited number of old jays with large, juicy bank accounts and corresponding lack of common sense; when she received a check for a large amount, which she'd explain was necessary to complete the payment on some fancy priced real estate, the aforementioned jays would fall over each other in their haste to cash the check and so spare her any annoyance about identifications or delay."

Buck, who had been charging all around the room in his excitement, now collapsed into a seat and poured out a slow, monotonous sequence of curses in a savage monotone.

"I hope you're not taking this seriously," remonstrated Doc in a strained voice. "Donovan is only getting off one of his prehistoric jokes for our benefit." But the landlord continued to curse.

"It was thought by many that a regular syndicate of swindlers was concerned in the work," continued Mr. Donovan, amiably disregarding Doc's hostile attitude, "but it was proven conclusively that the whole thing was manipulated by Gladsby and his rubber stamp at the Chicago end of the line. Sue really was the brains of the concern. Owing to the favorable impression she produced on the prosecuting attorney, judge and jury, they were let off with a comparatively light sentence, which has evidently been shortened by the good behavior clause, as I thought them still doing time in Joliet. I was surprised to meet them in Yankton, and astounded when I learned from Danny that they'd worked the same old graft here."

"Danny is a bald-headed, doddering old leaker!" shouted Pete savagely. "I'll fix Danny!"

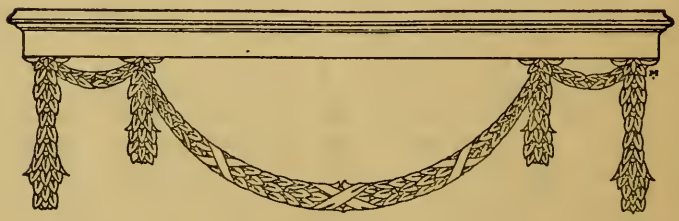
"Keep your shirt on, Pete," advised the drummer composedly, winking portentously at the interested agent. "Danny never intimated that Sue had succeeded in shearing any of the fat, unshorn sheep of the Flat's fold. But he *did* acknowledge, with numerous profane lamentations, that he'd been touched for three hundred dollars, all he'd succeeded in hoarding during five years' driving through alkali and

sleet. I rather think they were in a hurry to raise the wind and skip the country, for there isn't a dodge from Maine to California where they wouldn't be spotted—that is, in anything worth while."

Doc's full-blooded visage was purple with wrath. "It's evident you're laboring under a delusion, sir!" he protested stoutly. "Mrs. Rivers is a noted authoress. She was looking for local color."

"It's more evident she was looking for local suckers," said the drummer, "and from the appearance of things in general, it's also evident that she found them. Mark my words, boys—you'll never see a dollar of your money or your festive widow again."

And they never did.



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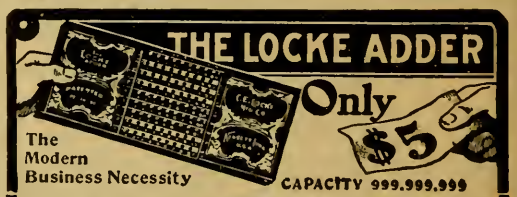

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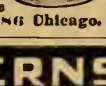

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HERE is the explanation of the Duplex principle: When you hit a tin pan with a stick, which **side** of the tin pan gives forth the noise? Why, both sides, of course.

If you collect the waves from **one** side of the vibrating pan, you get only **half** the noise. That's plain, isn't it?

Well, the same thing holds true of the diaphragm of a phonograph.

In every talking machine made heretofore, one-half of the sound waves were **wasted.** You got just one-half the sound that the diaphragm made—the rest was lost.

The **Duplex** is the first and the only phonograph to collect the vibrations and get **all** the sound from **both** sides of the diaphragm.

Because the reproducer or sound box of the Duplex has **two** vibrating diaphragms and **two** horns (as you see) to amplify the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.

The **Duplex,** therefore, gives you **all** the music produced—with any other you lose one-half.

Compare the volume of sound produced by it with the volume of **any** other—no matter what its price—and hear for yourself.

Purer, Sweeter Tone

BUT that is not all, by any means.

For the Duplex Phonograph not only produces **more music**—a greater volume—but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means.

By using **two** diaphragms in the Duplex we are able to dispense **entirely** with **all** springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by its jerking pull **roughens** the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the **squeaking,** squawking, harsh, metallic sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph.

In the Duplex the wave grooves of the record remain perfectly smooth—there is nothing to roughen them—and the result is an **exact reproduction** of the original sound.

As a special guarantee against the presence of harshness resulting from vibration, the points of contact between the horns and reproducer are protected by rubber—an exclusive feature of the Duplex Phonograph.

Direct From Our Factory

WE ask the privilege of **proving** to you that the Duplex gives a double volume of music, of purer, sweeter tone than any other phonograph made. We want to prove it at our expense. We ask you to let us send you one **at our expense**—under an arrangement mutually satisfactory—for use in your home one week.

Invite your neighbors and musical friends to hear it, and if they do not pronounce it better—in volume and in tone—than the **best** old style phonograph, return it at once at our expense. That's a fair offer, but it isn't all.

We save you in the price exactly $70.15—because we save you all the jobbers', middlemen's, and dealers', profits. We are *actual manufacturers*—not jobbers—and sell direct to you at factory prices.

Sold through dealers the Duplex would cost you at least $100—and it would be a bargain at that. Bought direct from our factory it costs you (one profit added) only **$29.85**

And you get a seven days' trial in your own home—and are under no obligation to keep it if you are not satisfied. You run no risk, for this advertisement could not appear in this magazine if we did not carry out our promises.

Music in Your Home

THINK what a Duplex Phonograph will mean to you! The variety of entertainment you can command at trifling expense is practically unlimited.

You can enjoy a delightful selection of songs, poems, piano, banjo, guitar, or violin music, short stories, anecdotes or dialect pieces, all reproduced by the marvelous two horned Duplex with the faultless fidelity of an instantaneous photograph.

You can bring to your family and friends, in all their original beauty, the priceless gems of musical art, the classic performances of famous Artists like Paderewski, D'Albert, Raoul Pugno, and Jan Kubelik.

Or, you can listen, entranced, to the magic notes of melody fresh from the throat of a Patti, Melba, or Calve, and the great dramatic tenors, Caruso and Tamagno.

And, best of all, you can hear once more the voice of dear old Joe Jefferson, as, with matchless pathos, he delivers the lines of Rip Van Winkle so familiar to a former generation.

With every DUPLEX we send free three 10-inch records.

Write to-day for catalog and full particulars of our FREE trial offer. You will never regret it. Please address

The Duplex Phonograph Co., 153 Patterson Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Ingersoll

WATCHES

8,000 Ingersoll Watches a day—made, regulated, sold and guaranteed; and every one of them stem-wind and push-in stem-set!

The Ingersoll is a true-timing, long-enduring, handsome, dependable watch. Sold to you by any one of 50,000 reputable dealers at less than the factory cost of regulating an ordinary watch—at less than the repair-cost of a broken mainspring in other watches.

The Ingersoll is

The Only "Dollar Watch"

but there are all sorts of makeshift imitations sold at a dollar and even less. A dollar is not much to pay for a watch, but it's altogether too much to throw away. Be sure you say "Ingersoll" and look for that name on the dial. Then you'll put your dollar into a real time-keeper, backed up by a guarantee that MEANS something. Only about 40 Ingersoll watches out of 14,000 ever need the guarantee—but you get it just the same.

OTHER INGERSOLLS:

THE ECLIPSE is the second Ingersoll in popularity and is a more elaborate watch than the Yankee. Solid German-silver case, engine-turned if desired; it has a hinged back and porcelate dial. Also finished in Gun Metal or Gold Plate, $1.50.

THE TRIUMPH is more elaborate in style than the Eclipse. The case is plain, except for a fancy engine-turned center band. It is of solid white metal, with the heaviest possible plating of silver. The movement plate is a beautiful imitation of hand-engraving in oxidized relief. Also in brilliant gun-metal finish, $1.75.

The Midget—Ladies' Model—$2.00.

The "Midget" **looks** like a high-priced watch. It winds and sets the same way; it is **regulated** the same way, and it **keeps time** that way, too. It marks one of the three most revolutionary events in the making of timepieces. The production of the first Ingersoll Watch at a Dollar; this year's announcement of the New Ingersoll Dollar Watch made stem-wind and stem-set; and this latest triumph of Ingersoll patented machinery and factory organization—the dainty but dependable little "Midget," $2.00.

BOOKLET FREE.

Ingersoll Watches are sold in your own neighborhood by some good merchant. You will most likely see the Ingersoll sign in his window or on his counter. But if not locally obtainable, they are sent postpaid by us.

Every Genuine Ingersoll Watch has the Name INGERSOLL on the Dial.

The Ingersoll Dollar Chain has more gold than any $2.00 chain. Made in 12 patterns. Circular Free. Sold everywhere or postpaid for $1.00. Look for the Ingersoll guarantee tag on each.

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BECK-IDEN ACETYLENE LAMP

WITH several times the illuminating power of city gas or electricity, acetylene light is easy as daylight to the eyes. The new "Beck-Iden" is the perfect acetylene lamp. Simple, clean, without wick or chimney, odorless and smokeless. It burns ten hours with one filling, at a fuel cost of about one cent an hour. No other light as good.

Made of brass and finely burnished, and finished in bronze. Height 16 inches from base to burner.

If your dealer does not have this lamp write us for complete description. Write for booklet No. 18.

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It Is the Only CANDY

with sustaining nourishment for the "Between-Meals-Hunger" felt by all who work or play.

So boxed in caramel form that it is handy to carry when shopping, calling, traveling or working. Put it in the school-bag for recess.

Avoid the dangers of ordinary candy—Mackintosh's English Toffee is good and safe to eat at all times. Try it NOW.

Any dealer can supply you (5c., 10c., or $1.60 tin) or will send out and get it. If not, write to Dept. 68.

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Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

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are healthy children. Send them into the open air, but don't neglect to protect their little hands and faces from the painful chapping and chafing which winter and outdoor sports inflict on tender skins. The best protection is the daily use of

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